

# SEA SAGA

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Edited by  
L. KING-HALL

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Being  
THE NAVAL DIARIES  
OF FOUR GENERATIONS OF  
THE KING-HALL FAMILY

*"Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,  
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,  
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,  
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?"*

ROBERT BRIDGES

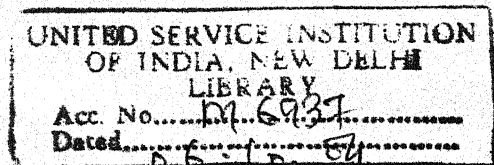
*"Les sentiments pour les progéniteurs ça fait partie  
des choses qu'il vaut mieux ne pas chercher trop à  
tirer au clair."*

ANDRÉ GIDE

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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

*My grateful thanks are due to Mr. Robert Arrowsmith, M.A. His keen but helpful criticism of the MS. was of the greatest assistance to me when constructing this book, and his comprehensive knowledge of history enabled him to give me invaluable advice.*

*I am also deeply indebted to Mr. Francis E. McMurtrie, without the benefit of whose inexhaustible erudition in naval lore, Sea Saga would have been the poorer, and I should have been adrift in "chartless seas."*

*I also wish to thank Mr. Alastair MacLeod for his kind encouragement and help.*

L. KING-HALL

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## INTRODUCTION TO THE FAMILY BEFORE THEY WENT TO SEA

"When I grow rich  
Say the bells of Shoreditch."

IN THE LATE 18TH CENTURY a family called Hall, of Quaker and weaver stock, lived in New Inn Yard, Shoreditch. Perhaps they heard the message of the bells, and decided to rise in the world. Riches did not come their way, but the family soon left New Inn Yard and exchanged the industrious, narrow existence of the weaver community for the adventurous life of the High Seas.

Joseph Hall, the father of the writer of the first of these diaries, was a Spitalfields weaver. He was a Yorkshireman, and there is evidence to prove that Saddlesworth, a village in the West Riding, was the place of his birth in 1758, and that Settle was the home of his forebears, for generations weavers and clothiers. They were living there in the time of Charles II.

Joseph was remembered by his grandson as an old man wearing knee breeches, a fancy waistcoat, silver buckles on his shoes and smoking a long clay pipe. He was pious and his wife's name was Mary. Nothing else is known about him.

Spitalfields, the home of the weavers, was a lively place in the eighteenth century. There were weavers' riots, as well as protests to Parliament, and its inhabitants had a habit of chanting and reciting as they plied their looms. Conversation was difficult owing to the noise of their work. They sang their way through the monotonous hours till the light faded from the long weavers' windows.

One of their ballads, dating from 1600, is agreeably entitled "The Weaver's Song in the Praise of Love and



Friendship," but they were considered to be a turbulent lot of fellows, and the genteel sometimes expressed surprise that such beautiful silks and cloths were produced in this poor, overcrowded locality. It is possible that Joseph Hall did not care for community singing. At any rate, though a Spitalfields weaver by trade, he lived in the neighbouring parish of Shoreditch.

New Inn Yard was built on the site of Hollywell Priory. In the eighteenth century it was surrounded by small gardens and courts.

A member of the family, who visited it in the '70's of the last century, remembers Joseph Hall's house before it was pulled down, and describes it as a comfortable two-storeyed dwelling in a terrace of houses of the type lived in by the respectable artisans of a hundred and fifty years ago. It had a workshop behind the living rooms. Joseph belonged to the small master and superior journeyman class.

The first of the family to go to sea was James Hall. James was the only surviving son of Joseph and Mary Hall. He was born on September 17th, 1784, and was christened at the parish church of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, which was near his home.

It was not a fortunate moment for a weaver's son to be born. The weaving trade was under the blight of a severe depression; the fashion for muslin was supposed to be one of the causes at that particular time. Silent looms brought all the miseries of unemployment on the community, and families were reduced to destitution. Many masters were obliged to become journeymen. The unskilled workers starved. Joseph must have been hard hit, for James did not get the doubtful benefit of the usual education of the artisan's child, which meant in eighteenth-century Shoreditch the payment of a few pence a week.

James went instead to the Spitalfields Parish School.

It was in Quaker Street, and was endowed by a benevolent hair merchant called Mr. John Cobb with the object of providing free education with uniform for boys and girls between the ages of seven and ten. The boy pupils were

dressed in blue jackets and waistcoats, leather trousers, bluchers, and glengarry caps.

The teachers, a master and mistress, taught the catechism, reading, and writing.

It did not seem a very promising start, though James was lucky in such hard times not to be working already in a crowded airless room, as a child apprentice in a trade which was so physically exacting that the weavers were noted for their small physique. There was at that date living in Wood Street, Spitalfields, a physician aged forty-two, called Daniel Williams.

How he met Joseph Hall's little son is not known. It was a fateful meeting for young James.

Years later he wrote on the fly-leaf of one of his diaries :

"Died on the 16th August 1831 at Stamford Hill near London, Sir Daniel Williams Kt. . . . in the seventy-ninth year of his age, born 1753. My entrance into life began under his auspices when in my eleventh year of age."

He added in Latin :

"In memory of this man I give thanks to God, and I know that I will never forget him as long as I live."

The physician took a fancy to James and gave him his chance in life by starting him in the medical profession and making himself responsible for the expenses of his training.

There were practically no medical schools in those days. The first step for a boy student was to be apprenticed to a general practitioner. This was the longest part of his training and usually lasted for five years, but James at the age of fourteen had reached the next rung on the rather rickety medical ladder of the period, and had gone to St. Thomas's Hospital as a pupil. Nothing is known of James's life between the time he left St. Thomas's and the date he began to keep diaries at the age of twenty-one in 1805, except that during that period he decided to go to sea. By his nineteenth year he had visited Rio de Janeiro.

What is certain is, that, by the age of twenty-one, he had evolved into an ambitious, adventurous young man of considerable accomplishments. His diaries testify to his linguistic

talents. He made entries in them with equal facility in French, Latin, Italian, Russian, and Greek. He was well read and was considered a charming and interesting companion by men of varying types, though he was inclined to be over-talkative, indiscreet, and obstinate in his dislikes. In appearance, when he was young, he was slight, of medium height, with bright colouring and expressive blue eyes. Judged by the then prevailing standards, he was a skilful doctor. He was very humane.

A roving, rather than an adventurous disposition, prevented him from settling on shore ; and he did not follow up an offer from Count Platoff, the Chief of the Don Cossacks, who asked him to become his personal physician.

His medical career was briefly as follows :

In 1808 he passed his regular examination for Assistant Surgeon and in the same year he qualified at the Royal College of Surgeons.

In 1814 he attended lectures in Surgery, Anatomy, and Dissection, at St. Thomas's, and lectures in Physiology, Theory, and Practice, Medicine and Chemistry, at Guy's, as well as lectures in Surgery by the famous Sir Astley Cooper. Every subsequent year till 1817 he managed to attend similar lectures.

In 1816 he took the diploma of the College of Surgeons and was enrolled as a member. Again, in 1825, he attended further lectures at St. Thomas's and Guy's.

In 1840 he took a diploma at the Glasgow University.

Why he joined the Imperial Russian Navy can be best told in his own words.

PART I  
THE DIARIES OF JAMES HALL

countenance, and to throw many obstacles to our comfort. Many were the insults which some of us suffered at the commencement, but time, that sovereign remedy for all evils, and the visible superiority of our knowledge of the science of medicine over theirs, reconciled us to each other.

One of the objects which the Russian Court had in view by sending the squadron was the security of Naples, then occupied by the combined Russian and English forces. The other and most probably the real object was to meet the Turks, against whom they were then preparing their thunder, although at peace ; this was their reason for engaging us in their service.

[The Third Coalition was formed in 1805, when Alexander I of Russia became ally of England, Austria and Sweden.

In the Adriatic, Russian interests were centred in the Ionian Islands, a republic of ten islands created in 1798 by Admiral Oushakov—an admiral about whom Nelson was fond of expressing frank and unflattering opinions.

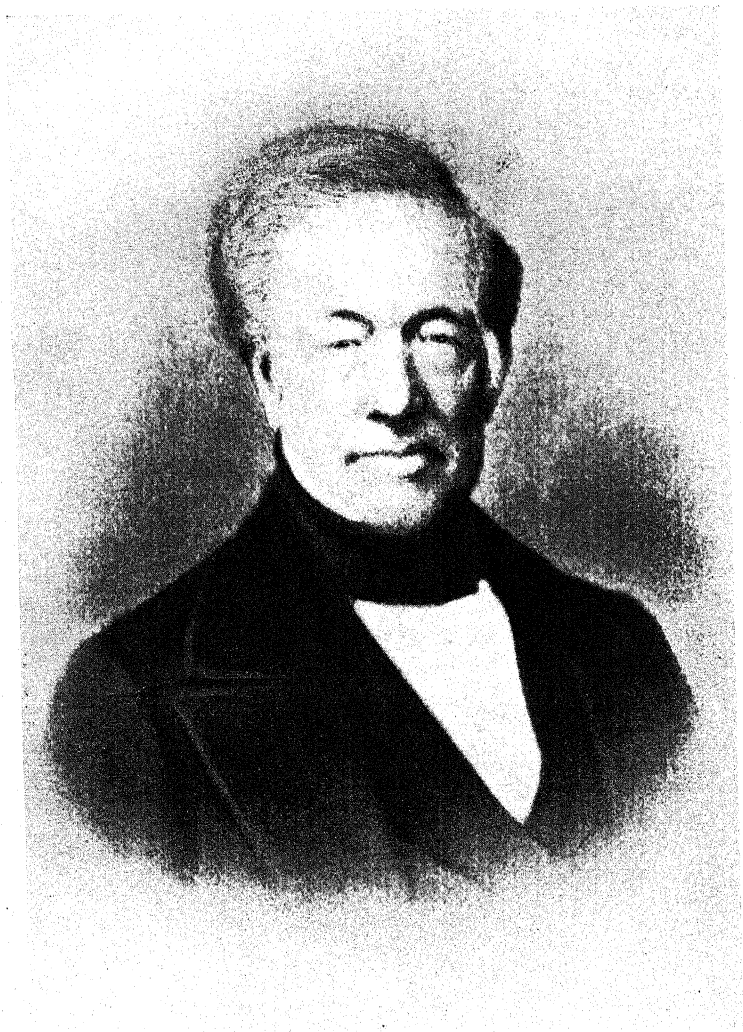
Russia decided to strengthen her forces in the Mediterranean, so Vice-Admiral Seniavin was appointed Commander-in-Chief, with five ships and a frigate.

Dmitri Nikolaevitch Seniavin was brought up in the British Navy. He was a fine sailor and organiser, but this expedition was too late to effect any serious changes in the political situation.

James served under Seniavin from November 1805 to August 1807. He gives many accounts of the rather desultory fighting between the Russians, supported by the Montenegrins, and the French occupying Dalmatia and the Islands.

The following extracts are typical of his life during that period. On arrival at Corfu, he joined the *Selafail*, the flagship of Vice-Admiral Seniavin.]

*His Imperial Majesty's Ship Selafail. 1805. Nov. 28th.*  
Spithead at 6 a.m. Unmoored ship per signal ; at 7 the pilot came on board ; at 9 got under weigh and stood down channel with a moderate breeze in company with H.I.M. ships *Orel*, of 80 guns, *Yaroslav*, *Moskva*, *St. Peter*, of 74 guns, *Kilduin*, 32 guns, and *Phoenix* and *Argus*, Gun



DR. JAMES HALL, R.N.

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Brigs, for the Mediterranean under command of Vice-Admiral Seniavin.

29th. Fresh breezes at W.S.W. and cloudy weather with squalls and rain throughout these 24 hours ; lost sight of all the ships except *Orel* ; distance in miles per log 30' ; (saw some of the Trafalgar ships.)

[This was the English fleet returning from Trafalgar. Seniavin saluted the dead Nelson's flag.]

*Sardinia. 1806. Jan. 9th.* Arrived at Cagliari, Sardinia, Jan. 9th ; fell in with the English fleet during the passage. Put under arrest for supporting my friend Cox. Anchored at Corfu Feb. 3rd. After three courts of enquiry I am released and acquitted.

*April 8th.* Several men-of-war are here from the Black Sea ; they have naval stores for the fleet. A man died this morning of typhus. The hospital is most infamously conducted ; it is situated in the midships of the lower deck between the fore and main hatchways, with the capstan in the middle, and a large medicine chest at one end ; they have also cots for the sick ; the place is very small, it can only contain eight cots, and in case of more than that number being necessary, they place other cots under these. The whole of the Hospital is well enclosed with thick red cloth. In this place are received the unfortunate men who chance to fall ill ; if their complaints are the least dangerous they certainly must die ; fresh air at night—so necessary—is excluded from them, as if contagious. The lower ports are firmly secured, and the sick are surrounded by the foul air of 400 or 500 men ; add to this their natural filthiness, and the lower deck is generally in a most abominable state ; the wet cables are generally suffered to be upon the deck from one port to another, thus adding to its nastiness. I am very happy that the weather has changed, and we are arrived in port, for if we had continued with bad weather at sea, I have every reason to suppose that we should have had a number of deaths.



*April 10th.* A general assembly of the Senators was held this day at Corfu ; they say that the Russians have demanded of the Republic to hoist the Imperial flag ; if they refuse, the Russian forces will leave them to the chance of being attacked by the French.

*Curzola.* We expect to land the marines at midnight and take the place ; the ships taken were deserted by their crews, who went on shore, as soon as they found it impossible to defend them, and joined their troops in the City, it not being more than 3 miles from them.

*May 10th.* At midnight the *St. Peter* got under weigh and anchored within a cable's length of the fort ; at 4 a.m. sent 5 boats well armed with 160 marines, to make a landing ; they were joined, near the shore, by the same number from *St. Peter*. On landing the troops, we found the place deserted by the French ; they had procured several small boats during the night and between 1 and 2 of the clock this morning they retreated to the Dalmatian (opposite) shore, bending their course towards Ragusa. Boats were dispatched after them and came up with one containing 15 soldiers ; other boats were seen 2 or 3 miles ahead. At noon our soldiers returned from the place, the Admiral not being able to leave a sufficient number to defend themselves, if the French return as we expect they will ; besides we have barely enough to attack Lezzina, where we expect to meet with some resistance. We find the French were 320 in number ; they received intelligence of the small number of Russians left to protect it. On entering the town, the Russians endeavoured to escape in a boat, upon which, the French fired upon them and made them prisoners.

Most of those wounded are in great danger ; one died this morning and some more will soon follow. To add to the general misfortune there are a great number ill of fever and typhus, and the fever is spreading among those wounded. They are all kept in the cockpit, lying upon the deck, with scarce any bedding and very little change of air, the place being very small, and the sick so numerous as to touch each

other. I was awoke during the middle of the night by the rare cries of a mouse which I suppose was bringing forth. The cries were equal, sharp and long, continuous and very pathetic, occasionally some very sharp cries in a louder tone were sent forth, immediately after which a repose of a few minutes succeeded.

Passed Sardinia, wind W. and by N., course E. and by S., carrying a press of sail. At 12 a strange sail ahead. She has lateen sails. At 4 p.m. fired several shots at her ; she showed French colours and carrying all sail and sweeping to make her escape. At dark she lowered her sails, altered her course and made her escape ; left off chasing ; the stranger was full of men.

*May 12th.* Saw a person to-day twenty days from France. He says Marseilles is deserted, neither commerce nor shipping. At Toulon there is a new ship of 120 guns and 3 or 4 frigates ready for sea. Sicily is still defended by English troops. The French are in Calabria in great numbers and meditate a descent upon Messina.

*May 31st.* We are informed that an attack was meditated upon us by 300 troops and fifteen gunboats. They were to have been here last night but the wind changed. We are in perfect readiness. We have put a large gun in each of the boats and another gun with an anchor to let go as soon as they come, that we may swing broadside to them.

*June 18th.* Bocca di Cattaro. We dispatched a sloop of war to cut out a vessel, the night before last, but she was obliged to retreat, as the vessel fired upon her ! Powder and balls suit my companions best at a distance ! Came in an Austrian Brig-of-war from Trieste, with a courier from the Court of St. Petersburg for the Admiral. He was informed at Trieste that the French Commander at Ragusa had sent a Flag of truce to the Archbishop, who commands the Army of the Montenegrins, to know by what right they cut off the heads of all the French prisoners. It is said that they answered that they only followed the example of the French in destroying their King.

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*July 7th.* I am afraid our friends (the Russians) will end this campaign with very little credit.

*August 12th.* We are informed that peace is made between the French and the Russians. General Lauriston, C.-in-C. in Dalmatia and aide-de-camp to Bonaparte, has received orders to organise the country.

*Tuesday, 13th.* Arrived a brig from Corfu with an account of the Peace. General Lauriston and suite dined with the Admiral ; the inhabitants of this country express great dissatisfaction at the thought of being forsaken by the Russians, and delivered into the hands of the French.

General Lauriston was standing on our quarterdeck in company with General Bellegarde and the Admiral, when an Englishman in the Russian service, looking on with not one of the most pleasant countenances, was accosted by a stranger in French with a " Qui est cet officier in Bleu ? " " C'est le general des Français." " Et celui la en Blanc ? " " Ah ! Monsieur, c'est le general des *Autre-chiens*."

[This " peace " was premature. James records the renewal of hostilities and the consequent skirmishes on land and sea till 1807, when Napoleon met the Czar at Tilsit and a treaty was concluded. The Russians took arms against their former allies the English.

James was the means of saving from being captured a squadron of English ships which were sailing into the anchorage of Corfu, ignorant of the fact that the Russians, who were in possession of the place, had recently turned it over to the French by reason of the new Treaty. As will be seen from his account of this spying expedition, he eluded the vigilance of the French and put to sea in a small boat just in time, as the British ships were entering the roads.]

*July 1807.* Wrote to the Admiral requesting my discharge.

*27th.* Arrived a Russian and French Courier from Naples, with intelligence of peace concluded between France, Russia and Prussia and an armistice with Turkey. The French and Italian ports are now opened to Russian vessels.

22nd. An English brig hove in sight.

24th. H.B.M.S. (His Britannic Majesty's Ship) *Weazle* fell in with a convoy (French) near Cassiope and captured a brig, a Colonel, two Captains, ten ladies, 250 soldiers and the military chest, containing 300,000 dollars.<sup>1</sup> All the baggage lost overboard during the confusion. The Colonel's wife was pregnant and became so alarmed at being made prisoner that labours came on and she died.

30th. I have the pleasure to receive permission to retire from the service of his Imperial Majesty.

Obtained passport.

August 20th, 1807. Employed on expedition. Mr. Kirke, the English Consul, was privately informed that General Cardenau would not take charge of the fortress till more troops came. He apprehended an attack from the English. He requested the Russian Governor-General Nazimoff to remain in possession of Corfu a short time. To this General N. objected. The orders he received from the Court of Petersburg peremptorily ordered him to surrender the Island without *hesitation, delay, or equivocation*, to the French. The Russians were breathing hatred and revenge, on account of their defeat at Tilsit, the news of which arrived only two days before that of the peace, and was followed in three days by the entry of the French troops. Time was not therefore allowed to compose their minds and prepare them easily to digest the present sudden and unexpected change of affairs. There were continually quarrels and fighting between them and the Russians. The English in the Island (only 5 or 6) thought that if the above intelligence was communicated to the English cruisers they would immediately take advantage of so favourable a moment. We knew there were some English men-of-war about the Adriatic; I volunteered to go, and was hastened in my departure by the appearance in the offing of an English frigate. I hired a Greek boat with four

<sup>1</sup> The force captured by the *Weazle* was that which the French had despatched to occupy and garrison Corfu.—Ed.

men, and disguised as a Russian officer, set out in the evening. At midnight I arrived at the ancient Cassiope and learnt that an English frigate had passed there a few hours before my arrival ; also that she had been firing at some French boats. It was then too dark for me to proceed in search of her ; I slept till break of day in the boat, hoping to see her. She was seen to anchor late in the evening in a bay, a few miles distance from where I was. As soon in the morning as the horizon was visible, we again went in search of her. Landing on the most western point of the Island I had the mortification to see her with two transports under a press of sail, and at too great a distance for me to overtake her. I stood off to the mouth of the Adriatic in hope of encountering some English man-of-war. At noon a long way from the land, I fell in with an Austrian merchant ship bound to Corfu ; I entered on board, letting my boat be towed. I devised a tale for being so far in the offing in a small boat. Towards sunset we approached the harbour, when I quitted the ship, and began to feel alarm from observing many French officers on the citadel. I afterwards was informed that they were looking for the approach of expected reinforcements ; but my fears were excited, especially as during the preceding night, having seen a large boat at anchor in a cove, I ran into a cove about a quarter of a mile from it, then landed, and crawled along the earth till I came opposite the strange boat ; the moon shone in full brightness and I was obliged to crouch among some brushwood. All was silent ; I hailed a boat by a cant word used by the officers of the British men-of-war that frequented Corfu. Having hailed thrice, I was answered in a foreign voice apparently French. I considered it to be a boat with French soldiers. I returned hastily to my boat. I learnt that the frigate seen in the offing was the *Ambuscade*, 32, Captain W. Durban. If I had spoken her, the Island of Corfu would have fallen into the hands of my country.

On Saturday afternoon, August 22nd, a man-of-war brig was seen in the offing. Everybody was expecting the arrival of troops from Otranto. General Cardenau's forces occupied

the works about the town and garrisoned the Island Vido, whose batteries defend the harbour. Towards night I discovered that the brig was my old acquaintance the *Weazle*, Captain J. Clavell. I hired a boat and left the harbour ; about ten at night I got on board ; it had been calm, now there was a breeze and in about half an hour the brig would have come to an anchor : she was going to the southward to Malta. They did not know the Island was in the possession of the French, and that France and Russia had made peace. Soon was the brig's head put to the northward, Captain C. went into the town, ascended a flight of steps and was just going to knock at (as he thought) the Minister's door when he was suddenly touched by a female, who beckoned to him to follow her ; she took him into her house and informed him that the Minister had fled, the French possessed the Island, and a colonel occupied Mr. Foresti's late residence ! He hastily took off his epaulet, and passing the gates unnoticed by the sentinels, got into his boat, and fortunately effected his escape. I gave him the letter which Mr. Kirke wrote some days before. To its contents I added all the intelligence I had collected, the most important of which was the following, that a body of troops were hourly expected from Otranto together with General Berthier. I advised Captain C. to clear the brig instantly for action, and to stand to the northward, where he would certainly fall in with the enemy during the night. I had the pleasure of seeing everything was arranged, my advice was taken and I left the crew in high spirits ; from my knowledge of Captain C. and his officers, I was assured the *Weazle* would do her duty. As I informed the Captain that I had written for my discharge from the Russian service, he advised me to remain on board the *Weazle* ; but I declined, as I wished to retire honourably, had I not thus acted, I should not have had the flattering testimonials which Admiral Seniavin afterwards conferred on me. At the dawn of day, the *Weazle* found herself in the midst of a convoy ; she opened her broadsides to the consternation of the slumbering enemy. Confusion became general, as when a wolf springs into the midst of a fold. There

were three men-of-war, but they fled. Many vessels ran ashore, the troops from many others took to their boats and hastened to the shore ; four sail were captured. Among the fugitives was the great General Berthier, who was to have made a grand entrée amidst salutes, and a Levée was to be held. All the authorities were in waiting, as many of the Convoy were seen in the offing. I was sensible that some disaster had happened, because the vessels were straggling, some crippled, some were ashore on the opposite coast. In the afternoon General Berthier and staff entered the town incog ; the vessels began to arrive and the miraculous escapes from the man-of-war's shots, related by the French soldiers on their being disembarked, amused me very much. I was told the particulars of the disaster that had befallen the French, the best part of the Grenadier Company had been captured, the Colonel was a prisoner, the General and staff had been forced to traverse the country partly on foot, and had entered on his new Government full of chagrin. He refused to hold an audience and sent a message to the Russian Commodore Liley, to ask why his ships did not protect the channels of Corfu from the insults of British Cruisers. The first act of the Governor was to seize all British property. Spies were planted about the houses of the few Englishmen that were on the Island, the Vice-Consul was made prisoner and Messrs. Holbrooke and Lind, Surgeons in the Russian Navy, were confined for a few hours ; a corporal's guard was sent to take my friend Mr. Kirke. He effected his escape on board the *Asia*, 64, commanded by Capt. Bailey. Strict enquiry was made to discover who the person was that went on board the English Brig, and a reward was offered. At this period my discharge arrived from Admiral Seniavin, and General Berthier hoping to obtain the exchange of the Consul for the Colonel, allowed Mr. Kirke passports on condition that he would promise to solicit the exchange of the Colonel. I embarked with Mr. Kirke in an Austrian vessel, destined to Malta.

Till the period of my departure and till I had lost sight of the Island my fears were not small. I dreaded that the Greek



boatmen might betray me. Why they did not, I cannot tell, as I had not bound them to my interest by any reward. I paid them handsomely. I believe the French suspected Captain Bailey to be the person who had caused them so much damage.

[James now joined the British Navy and became Assistant Surgeon in H.M.S. *Repulse* (74-gun Battleship), in the Mediterranean. She was commanded by Captain the Hon. A. K. Legge.]

*H.M.S. Repulse. 1807. Saturday, October 3rd.* Arrived Lord Collingwood in the *Ocean*, with *Queen*, *Repulse* and *Malta*.

*Monday, 5th.* Appointed to the *Repulse*, 74, as assistant surgeon. His Excellency Lord Forester arrived with Lord C.

*October 9th.* *Repulse* at Sea. Sailed this morning from Malta in company with Admiral Collingwood<sup>1</sup> and squadron.

*1808. April 17th.* Lord Collingwood appears to have formed a stratagem to decoy the Spanish Ships out of Port Mahon. During the night we altered our course and stood towards Minorca. At 8 we were off the Harbour, distant about 12 miles. We plainly discerned six Spanish men-of-war with colours hoisted and topgallant yards across; one of them has a flag at the fore. Lord C. made the signal to the *Apollo* to chase the *Leonidas*, which ship had purposely got to windward during the night. *Apollo* made all sail towards *Leonidas*, with French colours flying, and fired several guns; *Leonidas* immediately shewed English colours and kept the wind. Signal was then made to *Malta* and *Amphion* to chase under French colours another sail to windward, and astern of the *Leonidas*. Lord C. then hoisted a French Jack at the Main, and the Fleet hoisted French colours. At 10 tacked ship, performing the manœuvres in French way. At 11 Admiral gave our signal to chase *Leonidas*; she was distant three miles from us and about 2 miles from Port Mahon Harbour. Fired bow chasers several times.

<sup>1</sup> Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood was Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean.—Ed.



*Leonidas* returned the fire with her stern chasers ; beat to quarters. We cast loose the lower deck guns and fired our starboard broadside at her. At 11½ *Leonidas* tacked ; we did the same and gave her our starboard broadside, which she returned. A spirited fire was also kept up from our bow guns. At 2 p.m. the signal was made recalling us, together with *Malta* and *Apollo*. *Leonidas* close in shore. Signal was made to *Amphion* to part company. The Spaniards did not appear to make any movement. Four balls were flying at signal house ; the hulls of one or two of the Spanish ships were seen from our poop. One of them appears to be a frigate. Admiral and fleet steering E. At 4 p.m. bore to S.W. Distant 25 miles from the land. Signal was made to *Formidable* to make sail and hoist the recall flag.

[In June 1808, Spain rose in revolt against Joseph, brother of Napoleon. England now became Spain's ally.]

*Gibraltar, 9th.* The greatest bustle imaginable in the Garrison and other detachments. The fortifications of this renowned rock have been vastly increased since I was there with the Russians in 1805. Sailed this afternoon with 1500 troops to Cadiz.

*June 10th.* Intelligence was received by the Telegraph that the Spanish Gunboats commenced an attack upon the French ships in Cadiz on Thursday afternoon. At 5 a.m. got under weigh and proceeded towards Cadiz.

*June 11th.* At 1 p.m. hove to off Cadiz ; saw 12 sail of men-of-war, and several transports at anchor before Cadiz. Six French men-of-war lying at anchor at the farther end of Cadiz Harbour. Eight Spanish men-of-war at anchor out of gunshot of the French ships, who have very large Ensigns hoisted ; the Spaniards have their colours flying ; four of our men-of-war are at anchor at the entrance of the Harbour ; the remainder with transports, in all 35 sail, are at an anchor about 8 miles from Cadiz.

*June 12th.* The Spaniards wish us to enter the Harbour, but will not permit our troops to take possession of the

Forts ; an attack is to be made to-morrow upon the French ships by the Spanish Gunboats. Every Frenchman found in Cadiz is massacred.

*Cadiz. June 14th.* At 4 a.m. got under weigh and worked down to Cadiz outer roads. At 7½ saw the French ships strike their colours, each ship firing a gun as she lowered her flag. At 10 a.m. the Spanish flag was hoisted on board the French ships, and a feu de joie instantly took place, commencing with the batteries, finishing by the French ships.

[Since Trafalgar, Rosilly and his squadron had been blockaded by the British fleet.]

*July 24th.* Bonaparte is now at Bayonne, vowing to take vengeance upon the Spaniards, at the head of an army of 200,000 men. Prince Murat, alias Grand Duke de Berg, has left Madrid, it is said, and supposed to be gone to Bayonne. The Galician army, of 90,000 men, is expected to enter Madrid to-day, the French force there being only 15,000 men, and expresses are hourly expected to arrive here, with an account of their destruction.

The French Admiral Rosilly, who lately commanded the squadron which surrendered here, is reported to be very melancholy and weeps much for his present state. He commanded the fleets of France during the reign of Louis XVI. On the commencement of the Revolution, he went into retirement with his wife and family ; he was however not suffered to enjoy that tranquillity which seclusion offered him, for he received a short but peremptory note desiring him to proceed immediately to Cadiz and supersede Admiral Villeneuve, who had incurred the displeasure of his despotic Emperor for not sailing from Cadiz. Ad. Villeneuve having intelligence of that, left Cadiz in a great hurry, taking the Spaniards, much against their will, along with him. He was in hopes of regaining Bonaparte's favour, should he escape the English fleet and accomplish the purport of his expedition ; alas ! the glorious battle of Trafalgar ruined his hopes of pardon ; he returned to Cadiz, where he found Admiral

Rosilly, by whom he was superseded and went to Paris, where he was privately assassinated by order of Bonaparte. Rosilly, it is believed, will share the same fate !

27th. Anchored at Gibraltar. We have now received the pleasing intelligence that this ship is to go to England immediately with a convoy.

30th. Sailed the *Ocean*, and squadron for the Toulon station. The last intelligence from off that place mentions that the *Magnificent* was chased by two French line-of-battle ships, but escaped, and that the *Seahorse* had had an action with a small Turkish squadron and captured a frigate.

September 1st. Sailed that beautiful frigate the *Lavinia*, of 40 guns, for England.

September 2nd. The *Venus*, frigate, once the pride of our Russian fleet, is lying here with Sicilian colours flying, having been captured at Palermo, as before mentioned. The Sicilians are at war with the Algerines. A Lady of a most exalted patriotic mind has raised 8 Regiments of Volunteers at her private expense. A Gentleman in Sevilla has raised in like manner a corps of Cavalry.

September 20th. Admirals Collingwood and Purvis breakfasted on board here ; they then went and dined with the Governor of Cadiz. In the evening they went to the theatre, which was numerously attended. On their entrance they were loudly and repeatedly " huzza'd " and *Viva l'Inglese* resounded from every corner. The two Admirals returned here to sleep and early in the morning went to their ships.

October 2nd. Went on board the *Eliza*, brig, to see Miss Wetherell, who is ill.

October 6th. Calms and no prospect of soon seeing England. Again saw Miss W. who is better ; and passed a very pleasant hour in her and her friends' company.

October 13th. This evening we made the signal for the *Eliza*, brig, to part company ; she being bound to Bristol. I am chagrined in not being able to take a farewell of my fair patient. Night soon veiled the vessel from mine eyes.

[On their way to the Baltic, Seniavin put into Lisbon to escape the British fleet, which promptly blockaded him in the Tagus. He finally surrendered in 1808 to Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, on the understanding that he and his crews were to return to Russia and that his ships were to be given back when the war ended.

Seniavin's fleet arrived at Portsmouth with music and flags flying, the admiral declaring that he was in no sense a prisoner.

In 1813, two ships, the remnant of his fleet, sailed for Russia, the rest having been sold by the English Government as scrap-wood and the money handed over to the Russians. On his return to Russia, Seniavin found himself disgraced and discredited.]

*October 15th.* At 11 a.m. anchored with our convoy between Spithead and St. Helens. To my great surprise I beheld the Russian squadron in which I had served lying here as hostages; lower yards down, neither Pennants nor Colours flying, but lying in dirty neglected state, forming a forcible contrast between their former proud, and present degraded state.

*Spithead, 16th.* There are a great number of men-of-war lying here, together with Rear-Admiral Tyler and squadron, who brought Vice-Admiral Seniavin and Squadron from Lisbon. The Report is very current that this ship will be paid off, Capt. Legge having represented her in a very bad state. It will give me great joy if she is paid off, as I shall be enabled to pursue my studies.

*October 23rd.* I went on board my old ship and was most cordially received by the Captains and Officers. Capt. Rogenoff gave me a very honourable certificate, which will insure me a good reception in Russia should my prospects fail in my own country.

[*December 1808.* In December 1808, James was appointed to H.M.S. *La Pegase* (74-gun Battleship). She had been captured from the French in 1786.]

*Porchester Lake. H.M. Hospital Ship La Pegase. 1809. Feb. 25th.* Number of sick on board 86. Visited Forton Prison and saw many specimens of industry and French genius amongst the articles made there by the prisoners. La madre della invenzione è la necessita.

*March 10th.* Paid a visit to my Russian friends, by whom I was most handsomely entertained. This ship, it is said, will receive sick prisoners when the Russians retire.

*March 24th.* Wrote the Board requesting to be appointed to a Ship going to sea, on account of indisposition.

*March 28th.* My request is not granted, and recommended not to write again without the consent of the Surgeon.

[A LETTER FROM SENIAVIN]

*On board of the vessel Tverdyi,  
The Isle of Wight,*

*12-24 June, 1809.*

Sir,

The services which you have rendered to the Russian sick—since the arrival of His Imperial Majesty's Squadron in England—up to the present, are of such importance that it seems to me only fair and also my duty to give you a public testimony by this letter, hoping that in it you may find all the extent of my gratitude for the manner in which formerly you served the Squadron of His Imperial Majesty under my orders and now on board the *Pegase*.

I have the honour, etc.,

Sir,

Your v. humble and obedient Servant,

SENIAVIN.

[James Hall married Mary Miller, the daughter of Thomas Miller, Midshipman, Mate and Gunner. He had served in Lord Bridport's action, Rodney's action and the Battle of the Nile. His son Francis commanded the *Pegase* and was drowned in Portsmouth Harbour three days after James became his brother-in-law. Mary was considered a beauty

in naval circles. After her death, James married in 1829, his ward Fanny Miller, a connection whom they had brought up from birth.

She was a lively minx of sixteen with "sparkling black eyes." There was French blood in the Millers, a yeoman family from Ringwood, Hampshire.]

1809. *April 1st.* Oggi o bacciato una bellissima signora, e con questo atto, fatto all'improvviso il mio futuro e stabilito. Dio accordami la tua benedizione.

*April 12th.* Amo & Sono Amato !

*May 30th.* Oggi o compiuto tutte le cose che sono assolutamente necessario per la mia felicità !

*June 5th.* Oggi sono maritato alla mia carissima Maria !<sup>1</sup>

[In 1809 Sir Arthur Wellesley had landed in Portugal with an army to conduct a campaign against the French. In 1810 Maréchal Masséna invaded Portugal in a final effort to eject the English. The Convoy, mentioned by James, were reinforcements for Wellesley's army.

Romaña and Blake were Spanish generals. The latter was born in Ireland. James was now Surgeon in H.M.S. *Rattler* (10-gun Brig).]

*In the Tagus, March 1810. 28th.* At 11 this morning we anchored with the Convoy in Cascaes Bay ; at 2 the flood tide beginning we weighed and ran up the Tagus, where we anchored at 4 o'clock.

On passing Fort St. Julian I saw a great number of men employed fortifying the heights which are behind that fortress and command it ; several guns were mounted and they appeared to be making fortified lines of some extent on the land side. The *Caesar*, *Impetueux*, *Kent*, *Dolphin*, *Ulysses*, *Woodlark*, *Myrtle*, *Venus*, *Comus*, *Barfleur* and *Thracian* are

<sup>1</sup> 1809. *April 1st.* To-day I kissed a very lovely girl. My fate is settled by this act, done on the spur of the moment. O God, give me your blessing.

*April 12th.* I love and I am loved. \*

*May 30th.* To-day I finished all the arrangements which are absolutely necessary for my happiness.

*June 5th.* To-day I married my darling Mary.—Ed.

Cs

lying here, with a great number of transports. The only news here is that there has been much skirmishing with the French and our own party, and a battle is daily expected.

30th. Intelligence has been received from Spain stating that there are scarcely any French in Galicia, that Romañá and Blake have each collected an army, and that Barcelona is besieged. There are 2,000 French in that place, and the Spaniards besieging it amount to 15,000. Fortified lines to the extent of 60 miles are now forming, stretching from the right side of the Tagus round Lisbon and terminating on the sea side near Cascaes.

[Between the years 1810 and 1812, James was on the North America station in H.M.S. *Rattler* and H.M.S. *Indian*. He came in for the beginning of the war between Britain and America, which had been declared in June 1812. He was home by October 1812, and in December he was lent to the remnants of the Russian Fleet, which was still in English waters. Cholera broke out on board them. It was a disease which particularly interested James. He wrote a treatise on it.

In February 1813 he was appointed to H.M.S. *Jason* (32-gun Frigate).

Before Napoleon returned from Elba to electrify the world for the last time, there was a "happy family" feeling in the political air during the year 1814. The "Union" mentioned by James, was the Peace between England and France on the restoration of the House of Bourbon. The consequent comings and goings of foreign royalties on board the *Jason* caused a bustle which James thoroughly enjoyed. The Review of June 24th, 1814 was the last one at which only sailing ships took part.

James' friend, the Hon. J. W. King, was the captain, so he was well to the fore and made himself generally useful. Grandiloquent letters had to be sent: "I had the task of writing three copies—one to the Emperor of Russia, one to H.R.H. the Prince Regent, and the third to the Admiralty. We also sent a complimentary letter to Louis XVIII on his arrival, etc., etc." Louis XVIII was the brother of Louis XVI.



One incident on board led to unpleasant consequences. The Princess Caroline, wife of George IV, was leaving England after a stormy matrimonial career. While seated at breakfast with James, Captain King received a letter from the Duke of Clarence—afterwards William IV. The gallant Duke wrote : My dear King, You are going to be ordered to take the Princess Caroline to the Continent. If you do not commit adultery with her, you are a damned fool. You have my consent for it and I can assure you that you have that of my brother, the Regent. Yours, etc.,

James was subpoenaed and stated on oath that the letter had been read out in his presence. This affair, which did his career harm, is mentioned in the "Secret History of the Court of George IV" by Lady Anne Hamilton. Pages torn out of his Diary probably contained his own account.]

*1814. March 28th.* The weather proving very fair, and wind easterly, Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Catherine Pavlovna of Russia, the Prince Alexander her son, 3½ years old—Princess Wolkonsky, Madame Aledinsky, Maids of Honour—Prince Gagarine, and Colonel Alsineff, Chamberlains of the Court—a Governess, and Nurse—the Misses Ivanowa Vetter—Kreger—and Holubeff, ladies of the Bed Chamber—Dr. Bach, and a numerous retinue came on board at 2 o'clock ; the remainder of the Suite and Luggage being embarked on board a Transport, we hoisted a Russian Flag at the Fore, Union Jack at the Main, and Dutch at the Mizzen, Batteries and Ships saluting, and yards manned—H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence attended Her Imperial Highness, the barge being steered by the 3rd Lieutenant. We got under weigh and soon crossed the Bar, but touched the ground twice. A Packet passed us ; all the passengers cheered us—

[The party took up a great deal of room on board. The Duke of Clarence gave up his cabin to the visitors, and slept in the Gun-Room, for "the honour of the country" as he put it.]

*March 29th.* At 4 o'clock, the illustrious Visitors and suite quitted the Ship and landed at the Dockyard, every



testimony of joy being exhibited by double Royal Salutes—Manning Yards—Cheering &c. When the Grand Duchess came on board we were all much struck by her elegant gait. She was dressed in black velvet, a long lace veil, and high hat and feathers à la mode par gaise—She has rather a flat face, and nose, with large mouth and lips ; her eyes are large and blue. Her pronunciation is clear and sweet—Her manners &c. are entirely like a Princess which more than compensates for any deficiency of beauty. She speaks and writes correctly the English, Italian, Russian, German and French languages. She is about 25 years of age. At the Treaty of Tilsit, Bonaparte requested her in marriage of the Emperor Alexander, but she refused and gave her hand to the Duke of Oldenburg—Her affability and elegant manners captivated all our hearts. The Duke of Clarence paid most assiduous attention to the Grand Duchess, who received his polite attention with a pleasing, but proper reservedness. I have no doubt but he wishes to pay his addresses to her, but should she receive his future attentions in no warmer a manner than those I witnessed, the Duke will make but little progress in her affections. The two Ladies of Honour were very plain.

[The Duke of Oldenburg had died during the Retreat from Moscow.]

His young widow every 2nd day is attacked with nervous paroxysms, and remaining insensible for several minutes. She never allows the sound of Music to reach her ear—I conceive it is owing to this, her melancholy, that she travels, in order to dissipate, if possible, the sorrow to which she is a prey.

*March 31st.* At 7 o'clock this morning the Grand Duchess and suite, attended by the Russian Ambassador and his Lady and the Prince Regent's Aide-de-Camp, who arrived yesterday from London, left Sheerness and proceeded to London, forming a numerous cavalcade including 60 horses. Previous to the Grand Duchess leaving the Commissioners,

she sent Her Chamberlain a most gracious request to Captain King, begging him to accept for himself and six Gun Room Officers a Ring each ; £260 for the Petty Officers and Seamen ; and to everyone of the Sailor's wives a very rich brooch was sent—the Captain's is of an oval form, contains a purple enamel on which is formed by small diamonds the letter E, the initial of her name, Ekaterina—above that a small Imperial Crown, and the whole circumference of the ring quickly beset by large diamonds. My ring is of a large size, contains a very fine Amethyst with three rows of small diamonds—and very handsome.

*April 10th.* At last the long expected order has arrived—we are to proceed to Helvoetsluys to convey to England the Queen of Wurtemberg.

*April 20th.* The Ship's company last week were paid Prize Money, and this week, their wages—to-day at noon we got under weigh from the Little Nore—every requisite interval preparation has been made to honour the Union : the Mouldings of the men's berths, the Trucks of the masts and figurehead have been gilded, as well as various other things—the orders of His Royal Highness the Admiral of the Fleet, are, that the Captain and Officers wear full dress, with gold laced hats, white sword belts, gold tassels and lace to the Half-Boots, &c., &c., &c.

*April 22nd.* Yesterday evening we arrived in the Downs and found the Duke of Clarence's flag flying on board the *Colossus*. At daylight we hoisted the Union. At eleven o'clock all the Men-of-War manned yards, and the Duke came on board accompanied by Captain the Hon. Henry Blackwood, Captain of the Fleet, Lord Fitzroy—Captain in the Royal Navy and Equerry to the Admiral of the Fleet, and 2 Secretaries. All the Men-of-War fired a salute of seventeen Guns—the *Royal Sovereign*, Yacht, accompanied us, and has now gone on to Dover.

*April 24th.* Yesterday morning we got under way and anchored with our Squadron in these Roads [i.e. the anchorage off Dover]. Repeated salutes were fired yesterday ;

in the afternoon the Prince Regent arrived in the Town, preceded by the Lords of the Admiralty and Cabinet Ministers—the Admiralty flag was hoisted on board the Yacht : All the Captains and Commanders were presented to the Prince, and had the honour of kissing his hand. Admiral Crown kissed his hand as a British Subject. A short time after the Princes arrived, the French King entered, and immediately went on board the Yacht with his family ; the scene was very grand and affecting ; every military pomp possible was put into practice. In the evening the town was illuminated. A very large party dined on board the Yacht ; the Prince Regent expressed to my worthy Captain King, his pleasure at being introduced to him. The Admiral of the Fleet and Captains left the shore at 11 o'clock at night, but did not reach the ship till 5 this morning ; immediately after breakfast he (Duke of Clarence) went ashore to take leave of the Prince Regent—he returned at 11 o'clock, wearing beside the Orders of the Garter and Thistle, the Order and riband of St. Esprit, with which Louis XVIII had just invested him.

As soon as the *Royal Sovereign*, Yacht, cleared Dover Pier, the Admiralty Flag was struck and the French Royal Standard hoisted—to each of which movements a Royal Salute was fired. We being under our courses—all the Ships did the same as well as the Batteries ; the Yacht with Louis XVIII went ahead, accompanied by us, and the Squadron followed in two lines—Several of the Cabinet Ministers accompanied the Squadron in a Yacht ; after a passage of two hours and 25 minutes, we approached to within  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles of Calais. All the Heights were crowded with people ; flags of different nations were flying in all parts of the town. We now shortened sail, manned the rigging, passed under the Yacht's stern and gave the French King twice three cheers ; this was immediately followed by a Royal Salute from all the Squadron—each ship shortening sail and bearing in succession astern of us—the Yacht manned their rigging and returned our cheers. We then reefed top sails for signal—made sail towards the Downs. His Royal Highness

immediately took the White Cockade from his hat and threw it on the deck—exclaiming “Damn and blast the French. I have done my duty in bringing over your King—now you may all go to Hell”—we all instantly threw down our cockades—the Duke then ordered the following to be telegraphed to the Squadron—“Annul white cockades”—the signal for the *Newcastle*, frigate, to proceed to Portsmouth was then made—we soon witnessed the salutes of all the French batteries at Calais and along the Coast—immediately followed by the roaring of the Cannon at Dover and other places. The Duke has invited all the officers of the Gun Room to Dinner.

Thus has ended one of the most grand performances ever recorded. France, the eternal rival of England, sees her King, her lawful Sovereign, cherished for many years, and finally brought triumphant over to his country, by a people whose maritime greatness, they have long in vain assailed ; this day perfects the glory of the British name, and completes the glory of the British Navy—His Royal Highness did me the honour to promise me this morning a letter of recommendation to the Emperor of Russia. During dinner H.R.H. invited me alone to join him in a Bumper of Champagne to the health of the Emperor of Russia.

*April 29th.* H.R.H. has sent the names of many officers whom he has recommended for Promotion to the Admiralty.

H.R.H.’s manners are gentlemanly—his countenance dignified and open. His temper mild, but sometimes hurried away by the rapidity of his thoughts—he is extremely active, takes much exercise, and but little sleep ; eats heartily, for the most part plain dishes, and drinks freely, but not immoderately.

*May 26th.* What few French families I have had the opportunity of conversing with convince me more than enough that Napoleon is still Emperor in their hearts ; they secretly purchase and conceal engravings and any pictures of him, although these things are prohibited ; they believe that Bonaparte saved France from the dangers that

accompanied and followed the Revolution. They say that he deserves well of the French, who can only blame him for having been too ambitious. On many occasions the Military have exclaimed "Vive l'Empereur," and I have been assured by Captain King that a day or two ago, when the Duke of Clarence was leaving the shore and the guard was drawn up, the French officers desired the men to cry "Vive le Duc de Clarence," they all refused, and the officers alone were heard. "Vive l'Empereur" was heard from the men.

*June 6th.* The renowned Warrior Field-Marshal Blücher, just created by His Sovereign, Prince of Wolstad, accompanied by his veteran companions the Generals Yorck and Bülow, with their staff, and the English Major-General Low, embarked on board this ship, to the great joy of every soul on board. The hardy Veteran and his companions were received with every honour that it was in the power of the Service to afford. With joyful pride every officer, and seaman took off his hat and gave the illustrious Chieftain three loud and very hearty cheers—the Band immediately struck up, "See the Conquering Hero Comes"—the Hero was dressed in the full uniform of a Marshal—A Blue coat faced with red—a red collar embroidered in gold, silver Aiguillettes on the right shoulder, white silver lace sash, white pantaloons, boots and spurs, a cocked-hat with large white feathers—Over his left shoulder, but under his coat, he wore a broad orange coloured riband—on his coat he had 8 stars of various sizes, placed in two perpendicular rows over the left breast, round his neck were suspended several crosses; these were the different illustrious orders of Knighthood which he had received from his Master the King of Prussia, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and King of Sweden, &c. as rewards for the many glorious and bloody battles which his unrivalled genius and bravery had gained in the late memorable campaigns, which have so happily terminated in the destruction of the most unbounded ambition and gigantic power that ever threatened the repose of the whole earth.

On the loins of our Hero Blücher was suspended a sword worth 3,000 guineas, the hilt being studded with diamonds, given him by His Majesty the King of Prussia after the battle of Birene, which name is engraved on the sword—Generals Yorck and Bülow were each veteran-like men in their appearance, and their Aide-de-Camps were fine looking soldiers ; every one had several stars or crosses—tokens of their well known bravery. Blücher is about 5 feet 9 in height—stoops, and although not stout, he appears to have been a bulky, but strong man—he has the appearance of a man whose bodily powers have felt the effects of fatigue—his countenance is extremely heroic, and when he fixes his eyes his look is full of fire and penetration—his voice is firm and warlike—his temper apparently mild—his locks are few in number, and grey—his dark moustaches are long and curl downwards ; these he is in the habit of twisting, when leading his men into Battle, or engaged in anything which excites his ardour.

I had the great honour of taking the Vice-President's chair at dinner, and dining with the noble soldier ; the first toast was given by the Captain ; the King of Prussia, with three times three—next the King of England was given by Blücher with loud and repeated Hurrahs—then Admiral of the Fleet the Duke of Clarence, by the Captain, with cheers ; Captain K. then resigned his chair to General Low, when the hardy Chief Blücher gave a bumper with nine cheers, to Captain King—At 6 o'clock the fleet anchored in Dover Roads, when the Allied Sovereign and illustrious Warriors disembarked with a repetition of the ceremonies which had taken place at noon.

*July 24th.* We have been waiting several days for Count Platoff, who arrived at Dover this afternoon, and embarked on board this ship under a Salute of 17 Guns. He is accompanied by 3 English females, ladies of pleasure, one of whom is named Davis ; she has so far won this Cossack Chieftain's affections, that she expects that he will marry her, and make her Princess of the Don. She has a fine appearance and

majestic walk, but is rather stout, and not a beauty—the Count is dressed in a frock coat of a blue colour, a red collar and cuffs, a leather cap with a feather at the back part, boots and gold spurs ; he is of middling stature, round face and ruddy complexion, and without whiskers or hair upon the lip. He appears about 60 years old, and has a constitution apparently hardy. He takes much raw liquor, and for breakfast prefers a mixture of eggs and rum to tea or coffee.

*July 25th.* This forenoon at 10 o'clock we anchored off Calais, when the renowned Cossack and his female friends left us. I found the Count very affable ; he wears three stars on his breast, three orders suspended to his neck ; on his left breast, attached by a blue ribbon, is worn a miniature of H.R.H. the Prince Regent, surrounded by diamonds and exactly like the one worn by Prince Blücher. When Count Platoff learnt that I spoke the Russian language and had been in the Imperial Service, he desired an interview—As he found me agreeable to go to the Don, he made me an offer of one thousand Roubles a year, a house, horses, carriages, servants, &c. if I would be his Chief Surgeon of the Cossack forces and his private Surgeon ; I was not to be under the command of any one but himself. He also assured me of obtaining for me a good private practice ; and on my accepting the conditions, and telling him that I would go to Russia next year, and that I should consider him to be my future Master, he took hold of my hand and said he would perform all he had promised me, and desired me on my arrival at Petersburg to write to him, when he would send a Cossack to conduct me to the Don. Thus happened in the most fortuitous way an event which may most seriously affect my future affairs.

*August 5th.* To-day we received orders to proceed to Worthing and receive the commands of Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, whom we are to convey to the opposite coast, or wherever she may please.

*August 9th.* Embarkation of the Princess of Wales. For the last few days the wind has blown strong from the N.W.



and occasioned much swell ; we therefore did not expect that the Princess would embark at this place ; at least we didn't imagine that we should see her to-day. This afternoon she insisted on embarking and sent her carriage and luggage before. At 6 o'clock or rather later, she quitted the shore of Old England and stepped into the Barge, which was steered by a Lieutenant. The ship manned yards and hoisted the Royal Standard as soon as the Princess came on the deck. She was accompanied by her two Chamberlains Sir W. Gell and Mr. St. Leger—Physician, Dr. Holland—Ladies, E. Forbes and A. Lindsay, Steward, Sicard, some Pages, Maids of the Bed Chamber and Footmen. Whether from the emotions caused by her quitting England, or that the swell of the sea had caused some sea-sickness, I cannot decidedly say, but no sooner had the Princess entered on the Deck, than she fainted ; she afterwards was evidently sea-sick and so were her females. We did not salute nor cheer the Princess in consequence of her indisposition. Her appearance greatly disappointed the whole of us who had not before seen her. We got under way with a fair wind and proceeded with all sail towards our destined Port.

By desire of Her Royal Highness there was a Ball in the afternoon and dancing continued till a late hour ; the Princess did not dance more than a few figures. On passing Dover Castle and the Downs we hoisted the Standard which was saluted by the Forts and Ships—We have a fair wind, and so little motion has the ship had that the Princess has daily dined on deck. She is in very good spirits and appears in good health. Her person will not bear description. It is sufficient to say that of all the women I have ever seen, she is the most ill-shapen. Her dress is indecent and little adapted to conceal her defects of beauty. She appears to be of an indolent and voluptuous disposition—all the day she reclines in a large easy chair, with her Chamberlain, Sir W. Gell, by her side. Her dress is rich, and she seems fond of wearing feathers in her headdress. She is much pleased with this Ship, and greatly enjoys the festivities of the crew. She has with her a boy about 10 years old ; his name is Austen



and is the same concerning whom so much has been said. She has also a girl about 15, delicately made ; her name is Kent ; They both have been adopted from infancy by the Princess ; they consider and call her Mother, and as her own children does she treat them ; neither of these resemble the Princess in their features.

*August 14th.* To-day being Sunday, Divine Service was performed on the Quarterdeck, by Captain King. I officiated as Clerk—Her Royal Highness and all her suite attended. She paid great attention to the service, and was so far affected that a tear was observed to fall from her eyes. She expressed her approbation to Captain K. and said that should she become Queen of England she would present him with a Bishopric. We came to anchor to-day at the mouth of the River Elbe.

*August 15th.* This morning early we got under way and at 6 o'clock came to an anchor about half a mile from the town of Cuxhaven—At 11 o'clock schuyts came alongside and received the luggage &c. and Her Royal Highness and friends embarked on board a Government Schooner belonging to the Master Attendant of Heligoland, and sailed up the River ; they will land at Hamburg this evening, and to-morrow night will arrive at Brunswick. The yards were manned, band played " God Save the King " and all the officers in full dress received Her Royal Highness on the moment of her departure. She curtsied to us and was handed down the ship's side by the Captain who kissed her hand on bidding her Adieu. All hands then gave nine cheers, also exclaiming ' long live the Princess of Wales '—this was followed by a Royal Salute. Her Royal Highness waved her hands repeatedly to us, and all her party cheered us in return—The Royal Standard was lowered, and we now only await a fair wind. Her Royal Highness is about five feet 3 inches in height, her features masculine—her eyes small, her countenance is cheerful—she has small feet, but her legs and body are of great size—Her accent is bad, inclining to the German. Her temper appears to be cheerful.

She has declared to her friends that she had received so much pleasure from this voyage and has been so very happy in this ship, that she regrets leaving us. She has requested Captain K. will accept a piece of plate ; to the crew she has left one hundred pounds, and to the band she has given thirty—On the whole this voyage has been very agreeable to all parties. Every day, excepting on Sunday, has there been dancing and singing—the Band has played at intervals the whole of each day.

*August 22nd.* To-day we came to anchor in the Downs—and eagerly wait the arrival of fresh orders.

*August 23rd.* To-day this ship denominated by the Public the vehicle of, and favourite ship, of Royalty, was visited by the Earl and Countess of Elgin &c.—we are now getting ready to proceed to Brighton to attend upon the Prince Regent.

*August 27th.* This day at noon we anchored off the town of Brighton, at the distance of 4 miles—a Royal Salute was fired—Lord Yarmouth soon came off, and Capt. R. Off Brighton, went ashore with and waited on the Prince Regent who is at the Pavilion with the Duke of Clarence and a few friends—So soon as it was known among the visitors and inhabitants of this town that it was the notorious *Jason* that had arrived, numbers of well dressed ladies and gentlemen came on board. Two sloops of War are here.

*August 28th.* Weather is very fine—during this day the ship has been crowded with visitors of all ranks ; it is supposed that at least 500 strangers have been on board, every boat belonging to Brighton has been in requisition. Among the visitors were the Duchess of Leeds and daughters, Sir Godfrey and Lady Webster, Lady Cranborne, and many families of distinction. To-day I had an interview with Count Lievin—and also with the Duke of Clarence ; to each of them I made known my future projects and received assurances of their patronage. The Prince Regent keeps himself very retired to the great mortification of the inhabitants of this place. Brighton is a very good town with respect to the view it affords of the Sea, above the surface of which it is

considerably elevated. The town has many fine and good houses—and contains 10,000 inhabitants ; in a full season it is supposed to receive at least 15,000 visitors—three furnished rooms cost at an average 4 guineas to 6 guineas per week. The country for a few miles inland is very naked of trees and affords no scenery till you arrive at the top of a range of hills where there is a broad and deep dyke, the remains of a Roman encampment ; there the Valleys on the other side of these hills afford a very sudden and delightful prospect, it appears like the effect of enchantment.

*August 30th.* Yesterday at noon the Prince Regent and Duke of Clarence left this place on their return to London. The ship has been crowded from eleven in the forenoon till sunset with visitors of all descriptions. The Band has played and several of the ladies whom we had promised, danced on the Quarterdeck. To-day at noon we got under way to return to the Downs, to the great regret of all the ladies of Brighton. Many boats filled with very fine women were alongside the ship at the time of our departure, and lamented their misfortune in having been too late to visit this favourite ship. With some difficulty the ship was cleared of those parties who were on board, as they suspected we were not going to sail. To myself, my brother officers and crew this has been a very pleasant duty, that of attending at Brighton. Lord Yarmouth gave a dinner to the crew of the barge, about 11 men in number ; they dined at an Hotel in great style and at midnight their insensible bodies were carried in carriages and deposited in their boat.

*November 12th.* Yesterday my late ship the *Jason*, the once favourite ship of Royalty, was put out of Commission. In the evening the officers gave a farewell dinner to their late worthy Captain King, my most generous and very sincere friend. I addressed him in the name of myself and brother officers, after the health of the Duke of Clarence, thanking him for his polite conduct towards us &c., when all drank a Bumper for his health and happiness.

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[James spent the year of 1815 at Frankfurt, but left no record of his doings there.

In July 1816 he was serving in the Bomb vessel *Hecla*.

#### THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS

When Admiral Lord Exmouth was ordered in 1816 to claim the release of Christian slaves from the Barbary Powers, and the Dey of Algiers refused to comply with this demand, his proposal that he should bombard Algiers with five sail of the line caused the Admiralty to express surprise. Nelson had once mentioned 25 line-of-battle ships as the force required for the enterprise.

The approach by sea was defended by 500 guns. But Exmouth accepted full responsibility, his confidence was supreme and he was allowed to proceed. Within two months of this decision his fleet was commissioned, manned by volunteers and the battle fought and won.

Intense enthusiasm prevailed in the fleet. James shared the Crusading spirit which animated the expedition and wrote pages on the subject—as well as a condensed history of Algiers from 1620 onwards—so he was rather surprised at the appearance of the released slaves—who when produced for inspection, were distressingly clean and well looked after.

Every ship (including a Dutch squadron) was closely engaged in the thrilling action which James describes.

It was a triumph for Exmouth and his volunteers, and there was only one hitch in the programme. It might have been very serious, for ammunition ran short in the ships. The Dey gave in just in time.

Exmouth himself had a narrow escape. He was struck in three places, a cannon shot tore away the skirt of his coat—and his spectacles were broken.]

#### QUEEN CHARLOTTE AT SEA

*General Memorandum.*

*August 6th, 1816.*

To,

Rear-Admiral David Milne,  
and the respective Captains of the Squadron.

It is the intention of the Commander-in-Chief to take his station for the attack of Algiers, if the wind admits, as soon

as the ships arrive in that Bay and the Dey's answer to his demand is returned or the time for its reception elapsed. If an attack is not immediately practicable the ships will, after they anchor, send their spare Topmasts, Yards and Jibbooms to the Bombs and Transports as underneath, viz :—

Queen Charlotte .....to Beelzebub.  
 Impregnable .....to Hecla.  
 Superb .....to Infernal.  
 Albion.....to Fury.  
 Minden.....to Trafalgar Transport.

Ships will be prepared to anchor by the Head or Stern, as the prevailing wind may render necessary, and follow the example of the Flagships as nearly as possible if no positive inconvenience arise therefrom. All boats will be hoisted out, the Launches prepared for Howitzers and the Flat Boats for Carronades and Rockets, and the Jolly Boats must attend the latter with ammunition. The Launches must in the first instance be prepared with Hawasers in them ready to carry out anchors and not prepare for other service until the ships are all placed. The Commander-in-Chief leaves to the judgment of the respective Captains the use of the Iron Cables ; he means himself to bring up with Rope Cables, and when brought up, to lash the chains on the Cable to ride by, paying out so much cable as will put them under water for safety from grape shot. If the wind should oblige the Squadron to anchor previous to any attack, the Launches and Flat Boats will be prepared for night service, and care is to be taken to afford the crews as much rest as possible, and as the land winds generally prevail very early in the morning, the ships will carefully watch the Admiral's motion at night, and be ready to weigh at dawn of day. Twelve-pound Carronades having been supplied to the Barges and Yawls, these boats are to be kept ready prepared to move in aid of, or protect the Launches on the least alarm, and will proceed to one of the two Brigs which will, by signal be pointed out, have charge of the night, without delay, unless called

for by any heavy fire attacking the Boats already throwing shells and rockets.

Signed. EXMOUTH.

[BEFORE THE ACTION, 1816]

*Sunday, July 28th.* The squadron consisting of the following ships sailed, *Queen Charlotte*, 100 guns, *Impregnable*, 98, *Minden*, 74, *Albion*, 74, *Superb*, 74, *Leander*, 50, *Granicus*, 36, *Hebrus*, 36, *Glasgow*, 40, *Severn*, 40, *Prometheus*, 16, *Cordelia*, 10, *Britomart*, 10, *Mutine*, 18, *Infernal*, 12, *Beelzebub*, 8, *Hecla*, 12, *Fury*, 12, *Heron*, 18. In the evening the Squadron hove to off Falmouth.

*August 1st.* We are now off Cape Ortegal.

*August 7th.* This morning we made the Rock of Lisbon, distant about 30 miles.

*Gibraltar. August 9th.* In the evening we anchored before the rock. A squadron of Dutch frigates under command of a Vice-Admiral is lying here. It is reported that the Algerines have erected several Batteries, mounted many guns, are constantly at their posts, and bid us defiance. A few gunboats will accompany the fleet. Every preparation necessary for the attack is being made by the ships. All Bulkheads, and Lumber of all sorts, have been sent on shore, so that the ships are quite clear for action.

Top chains for the cables, spare Hawfers etc., have been furnished to the Ships, and Grapnels to all launches ; 1 Brig, 1 3-masted schooner, 30 or 40 gunboats, 3 or 4 mortar boats. The Mole is strongly fortified and defended by nearly 400 guns, protected also by the batteries of the walls of the City. Against this strong place the grand attack will be made. The Dey's house, which stands in the middle of the City, is the most elevated building, and has a flagstaff to the right ; near it on the left is the prison in which the Christian slaves are confined. Out of the City to the left is the Palace of the Dey, called the Emperor's Fort, defended by 50 guns. The works on the land side are strong, but the whole of the sea

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face of the Town and the Bay are studded with very strong Batteries. There are here 5 forts, each having three tiers of guns, and 5 forts with two tiers. The principal batteries which will oppose the attack of our ships at the Mole contain altogether about 450 guns, of which 103 are 32-pounders, 170 are 18-pounders, and the remainder are 24-pounders and 12 ; besides these 450 guns, there are several Mortars. From an inspection of Captain Ward's plan it appears that about 250 guns will bear on the ships that attack the Mole.

From a calculation of the number of guns which the broadside of all our ships will present to the Enemy's works, it appears to amount to about 360, besides 8 mortars. To these may be added 5 or 6 gunboats and rocket boats, together with about 30 boats, launches, barges, etc., carrying in the whole 30 Carronades.

There are numerous batteries along the Bay of Algiers, the number of whose guns is not known, and they have Mortar batteries in their rear. Various contradictory reports, as is usual on these matters, prevail, as to the state of preparation of the Algerines.

An Officer yesterday informed me that he had heard that a vessel was at Algiers on the first of this month, and witnessed a general exercise of the Algerines at their guns.

Yesterday all the armed boats of the squadron had a general exercise, both in firing at a mark, and in rowing. The weather is pleasant, but the temperature is much below its usual degree for this place. At daylight the Squadron got under way ; by noon the whole of the vessels were out of the Bay. The Dutch Vice-Admiral with 6 frigates are added to our force ; these it is said are to join in the attack on the batteries. We have also 5 gunboats. The explosion vessel is a sloop-rigged small vessel and has on board 300 barrels of gunpowder. The object desired by the use of this vessel, is by towing her into the Mole, then setting fire to her, that by the great explosion the batteries may be shaken down or damaged, and the enemy thrown into consternation, when the ships are to land people to spike the guns.



*August 16th.* The wind is now dying away, to our regret, as we are all anxious to see the issue of this expedition. The *Prometheus* was dispatched to Algiers before we sailed from Portsmouth. She has now returned to the Admiral and brings intelligence that the Dey is quite ready to negotiate or to fight with us. He has detained three boats' crews, 15 men, 3 midshipmen and one Surgeon of the *Prometheus*. The wife of the English Consul and one of his daughters made their escape and are on board the *Prometheus*. The surgeon of this ship was privately carrying the youngest child down to the boat when it cried and was betrayed. The surgeon was seized and detained until next morning. The Consul was detained in the hands of the Algerines ; they sent off the child next day.

*Sunday 25th.* On the 16th the wind came from the East, exactly contrary to our course and hostile to our wishes ; this wind continued until this morning, when after a few hours of a calm, a gentle breeze sprung up from the Westward. Yesterday at noon the fleet fired a salute in compliment to the Dutch Squadron.

[THE ACTION]

*Tuesday, 27th.* At daylight this morning the City of Algiers appears in sight ; the winds being variable and light, the Fleet approached the Bay very slowly. At a little after nine the *Severn*, frigate, entered the Bay of Algiers having a flag of truce flying, and detached a boat, with a flag of truce conveying a letter from the Prince Regent to the Dey of Algiers. A French frigate was seen standing out of the Bay and also some merchant ships. For a few hours the wind was contrary, but about noon the sea breeze set in and now the ships made sail with effect. As we passed the Admiral, he hailed us, desiring us to make haste and get into our station. At half past twelve a general signal was made to prepare to anchor and engage the Enemy. At this time the *Severn* was standing out of the Bay, and the Admiral lying to, waiting for the sternmost ships to come up, and also waiting the



return of the boat with the flag of truce. The *Infernal*, Bomb, commanded by Commander the Hon. Geo. Percival, led in, followed by the *Beelzebub*, Commander W. Kempthorne, *Hecla*, Commander W. Popham, and the *Fury*, Commander C. R. Moorsom. At half past one we anchored the *Hecla* in 30 fathoms, with the stream anchor ahead, and a hawser astern ; we then ran out two kedges, and placed our larboard broadside to the Lighthouse Battery, the Mole head bearing W. by N. and the Lighthouse Battery N.W. by W., distant about 1800 yards. Before we entered the Bay all our boats were hoisted out, hawsers were coiled on the after part of the Quarterdeck, all the lumber that could be found was placed on the deck in the Captain's cabin, and gun room, and all the hammocks were placed on the lumber. This was done to protect the magazine, in case of shells falling on board ; butts of water were also put in the fore and main tops.

The City is defended on the sea side by numerous batteries having heavy and very long guns, mostly of brass, and a great part of the works are bomb-proof. Wherever a gun could be placed, there guns are found, in all directions. The City faces the E ; its circumference is about 2 miles. The distance between the two points, that form the bay is  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles ; from each point to the City, are numerous strong, well-constructed batteries. The walls that surround the City are planted with cannon and have bastions at certain parts ; at the top of the town are very strong forts ; one leading out of the town has a draw-bridge. On the outside of the walls many iron spikes are fixed, on which criminals are suspended alive, and let fall from the top of the wall. Every battery and fort having a red flag, the great numbers of these waving in the air added to the fine appearance of the works, which like the houses, were all white ; the muzzles of the guns were painted red. Near the centre of the City appeared the palace of the Dey, or sovereign of Algiers, having a large purple standard flying from a tall green staff ; on its summit was a gilded crescent. Whilst we were standing towards the town I saw three persons near the flag ; one of them, dressed in a scarlet robe, I believed to be the Dey. The Algerines were all

ready to receive us, and the batteries were thronged by troops ; the great numbers of these and the very numerous batteries that appeared on every side, caused in the minds of most of us strong doubts of our success. It appeared evident that if the Algerines were ever so little skilled in firing, destruction would be the fate of many of our ships. The Algerine ships were seen in the Mole, behind the Mole and Lighthouse Batteries, having their top masts struck and their colours flying. When the 4 bombs had anchored, the Admiral made sail towards the City, the boat with the flag of truce having returned with the Dey's refusal to accept the terms offered by the British Government. The Admiral now made the signal to know if all the ships were ready. The gallant and daring manner in which the Admiral stood towards the enemy was beyond all praise, but astonishment was raised to the highest pitch when we beheld the Admiral anchor under the mouths of the enemy's guns. The distance from the shore was only half the length of the *Queen Charlotte* (or 45 yards) so that this ship seemed to be ashore to those who beheld her at a short distance. The other ships followed according to order, but the *Leander* kept close to the *Queen Charlotte*, and passed ahead of her, so that she lay at the mouth of the Mole, exposed to the Batteries on the Town walls, whilst the Admiral by his judicious position was only exposed to the fire from a very small part of the Mole Batteries, near the extremity of them. These Batteries had two tiers of guns, the lower tier was in a casemate, Bomb proof, and the guns were 32-pounders. The Admiral had arranged his crew thus ; the men on the lower deck were to anchor the ship, those on the upper deck to clew up the sails, and those on the middle and main decks to fire their guns.

The novel appearance to the Algerines of so many ships had brought crowds of the rabble down to the Beach in front of the Batteries, whilst they stood gazing at the ships as they were standing in ; little suspecting the destruction that awaited them.

The Admiral had no sooner anchored and clew up his

sails than the battle commenced on the part of the Algerines, who, at 10 minutes before three in the afternoon, fired one gun from the Lighthouse, exactly opposite this ship ; this we have since been informed was a preconcerted signal, and the gun was fired, I am disposed to think, by the Dey himself, as he is said to have been in the Lighthouse all the period of the battle.

This gun being fired, the *Queen Charlotte* and the other ships, with the whole line of the Enemy's works, opened instantly a most fierce fire, and a very terrible and destructive battle raged, without any intermission, till the hour of twelve at midnight, when the *Infernal* fired the last shell, and the enemy ceased, a few minutes afterwards.

By half past three the Admiral had silenced several guns abreast of him ; at 4 o'clock he announced to the fleet by telegraph that we should be successful ; he made the signal to the *Impregnable*. At 4-13 a fire was seen in the Mole, and the Admiral made the signal for all the armed boats to be ready. At 5 minutes past 5 an Algerine frigate, in flames, passed out of the Mole, close by the Admiral. At 7 o'clock a fresh fire was seen in the Mole—a fire was seen in our mizen top ; it was soon extinguished. At half past 8 the Explosion vessel was towed towards the lighthouse Battery and blown up, leaving a column of dense smoke, but the noise occasioned by the explosion of 300 barrels of powder could not be distinguished by me, so incessant and dreadful was the cannonading. At this time our rockets were skimming in the air in awful but splendid style ; the ships were firing as fast as the guns could be loaded, and the fire from their guns alone made them visible. The City of Algiers was enveloped in flames and smoke, the vessels in the Mole were burning furiously, the shells and rockets skimming the atmosphere and occasionally the Mole was seen to peep from behind the clouds ; at other times the heavens were veiled in darkness, not a star could be perceived. But the sky over the City was vividly illuminated. The Enemy at first opened a most tremendous fire ; so thick did the shot fall, that the agitation of the surface of the sea was such as would have

been produced by a violent hail shower ; we expected from the commencement of the battle, that we should be severely handled, that many of us would be killed, and perhaps the ship would be sunk ; if such were our fears before we felt the enemy's shot, when judging alone from the quantity of shot and shells that fell on all sides of us, it may be readily imagined that we expected they would be realized, after some of the enemy's shot had struck us. After sunset the enemy's fire was kept up with great spirit and regularity from all the batteries that could reach the ships, yet, the fire was much slacker than it had been, not only on the side of the Algerines, but also on our part. This was owing on the part of the enemy to many of his guns being disabled, and batteries damaged, and on our side to the fatigue of the men, and their numbers being lessened, by the killed and wounded. This deficiency of fire on the part of the ships was compensated by the numerous gunboats, launches, etc. ; the 4 bombs, however, threw their shells unremittingly. The sky was so vividly illuminated that we read and wrote on deck by that light alone. It was intended by the Admiral to send the Explosion vessel into the Mole, but the success that had followed our operations in that quarter rendered her unnecessary ; she was therefore blown up, as before mentioned, near the lighthouse battery ; the explosion did no damage to the enemy, at least I judge so, because the battery continued to fire as before. During the Battle several explosions on shore were heard ; our shells were seen very distinctly to fall, and whenever they struck the top of a house it was known by a cloud of dust rising, this being the ruins of the house. The Enemy fired many stone shots, the noise of which was a buzzing, perfectly distinct from the noise caused by his shot, or shells. At half past eight the Admiral changed his position in order to avoid one of the Algerine frigates that was in flames and drifting on board the Admiral, whose situation was now very perilous. When the *Leander* first took her station, the Algerines rushed to their flotilla, and gunboats, intending to board this ship, which being perceived, the *Leander* fired her 42-pounder carronades, loaded with grape,

and disconcerted this project of the enemy. At a quarter after nine the *Leander* took the Admiral's first position ; she fired but seldom. At half after nine an officer came from the *Impregnable* requesting assistance ; that ship was soon after towed by boats, to a distance from the Batteries. During the engagement I saw with regret, that her situation was one very much exposed to the enemy, who frequently hulled her. The Dutch Admiral and his squadron, together with our frigates, was stationed to the left of the town, and behaved with great gallantry. The first of the Enemy's frigates that was destroyed, was set on fire in a very brave manner, by Lieut. Woolridge of the Marine Artillery, who boarded her under a heavy fire from the enemy, and threw firebrands into her holds ; the two next frigates were destroyed by means of carcasses fired from the carronades in the launches ; these frigates being on fire, communicated it to the remainder of the Algerine navy. So great was the fire of musketry from the enemy, that the Admiral was frequently obliged to shut his lower deck ports.

At half after ten the fire of the Ships nearly ceased ; a few guns were fired occasionally. The Admiral and fleet were now seen very slowly moving out from under the Enemy's batteries, whose fire now began to freshen ; the Bombs continued to hurl destruction on the City, and their fires were returned by the Lighthouse and batteries to the right of it. No ships having been opposed to this part of the Enemy's works, these were in good order.

At 11 o'clock the bombs prepared to slip and follow the Admiral, the firing of guns on both sides having ceased, and the enemy now throwing his shells with pretty good precision, over this ship, into the midst of the fleet.

The heavens now seemed to wage war on the merciless Algerines. The most vivid and violent forked lightning appeared, followed by rapid and tremendous claps of thunder over the city, which presented a picture beyond my powers of speech to describe. All that is gloomy, all that is awful, sublime and magnificent, were now seen in different parts of this splendid picture. The storm was accompanied

by occasional torrents of rain ; this I regretted, as it seemed to moderate the fires that were raging on shore. There were seen at this time the hulls of three of the Algerine frigates, slowly drifting in a regular line, through the bay, burning with a steady flame. When the ships stood into the Bay, they were favoured with a fair breeze ; they were now, on quitting the Batteries, urged slowly onwards by a gentle breeze from the land. At midnight we slipped our stream cable, and dropped out three-quarters of a mile. At half past two o'clock on the morning of the 28th we anchored with the kedge, and furled sails. Our people had not had any refreshment since noon of the preceding day, consequently they were excessively weary, and all laid themselves on the deck, and speedily sunk into a sound sleep. Thus ended one of the most fierce combats ever recorded in history, in its duration and ardour quite unprecedented. Numerous were the single acts of heroism displayed by individuals, during the battle. I certainly did not think that there would be any fighting ; the fire of the signal gun therefore inspired me with joy at not being disappointed. Thanks to the Almighty, none of my brave shipmates were hurt. Several shot entered the ship, two went below water, one of them into the Light Room the door of which it knocked down, together with a man who was carrying a bag of powder. I have mentioned that the *Impregnable* was towed out of the Line ; the same thing happened to the *Leander*, who was towed out by the *Glasgow*, not being able to set any sail except the mizen topsail.

[AFTER THE ACTION]

*Wednesday, August 28th.* At 4 o'clock in the morning I went on deck and with a telescope surveyed the shore ; the City was yet burning in many places, and numerous places were enveloped in smoke.

Heavens ! what a contrast between the appearance of Algiers yesterday and that which it now presented ; with much difficulty did I recognise the Lighthouse and Mole

Batteries. They no longer shone with resplendent whiteness ; a great part of the Lighthouse itself was demolished, the whole of the sea Batteries in front were defaced ; under the walls of the town were smoking the last remnants of the Algerian frigates. On the mountains were seen numerous groups of women and children, who had fled from the City. In another part were beheld parties of Algerines carrying the wounded from the Batteries. Turning one's eyes towards another part of the mountains there were perceived parties of Cavalry marching towards the City, on the walls of which in vain one looked for the flags that so proudly waved in the air the day before. At daybreak I was desired to go on board the *Infernal*, Bomb. On my arrival there I found that during the action her spring had been shot away, and being from her position particularly exposed to the angle of a heavy line of Batteries, she had suffered severely ; she was raked several times ; she had lost 2 killed and had 17 wounded, some of them dangerously. She had 50 shot in her hull, all her rigging and spars destroyed, a shot passed into her magazine, went through three barrels of powder and lodged in a fourth barrel. Her hull, masts, etc., were greatly damaged, and she made much water (she had 7 feet in her hold). I assisted in and performed some surgical operations, the Surgeon being much fatigued. During the action he was stationed in the Spirit room, a place of great security. I was placed where it was believed I should be out of danger, but this proved to be false. I therefore quitted it frequently, and repaired on deck, by which I was gratified extremely, as I coolly observed the progress and glorious success that attended the battle.

At 6 o'clock the Admiral made the signal for the ships to send a list of their killed and wounded, and a statement of the damages they had received. We now learnt that our loss was great, there were 129 killed, and 789 wounded, on the part of the English, and 13 killed and 52 wounded on the side of the Dutch, making a grand total of 983. The loss fell particularly on the *Queen Charlotte*, *Impregnable*, *Leander* and *Infernal*. The *Impregnable* had 233 round shots in her



hull, above 100 were below water, also 15 in the main mast ; being doubled she was saved from sinking. She had 60 men killed and wounded at once by accidents at an early part of the action, owing to an explosion of her powder boxes, on the main, middle and lower decks. Some of the ships have suffered greatly in their masts and yards. The Enemy fired Iron Bars, Bayonets, many of which were found sticking in the masts, pieces of copper, stink pots, etc.

Most of our ships expended nearly all their Powder and Ball. The *Albion* borrowed some powder from the *Prometheus*, sloop, during the action. The *Queen Charlotte* has only a few shot left in the lockers. It is calculated that during the Bombardment we threw 800 shells from the 4 bombs. The Algerines threw their shells in a very excellent direction ; many of them burst so close to us as to spatter the water on our decks. The *Impregnable* expended 20 tons of powder, 120 tons of shot, and 54 rockets of 32 pounds. We now received orders to prepare to renew the bombardment ; the ships were unable to do anything more except the sloops-of-war and gunboats.

The Admiral now addressed the following memorandum to the Fleet :

*Queen Charlotte, Algiers,*  
*August 28th, morning.*

*General Memo.*

The Commander-in-Chief does not know whether to congratulate himself upon the complete success of yesterday's attack, or the honourable and noble support he received from the Rear-Admiral, Captains, Officers, Seamen, Marines, and Troops he had the honour to command, which he can never forget.

The Commander-in-Chief hopes Vice-Admiral Baron Van Capellen will convey the same sentiments to our ancient allies under his command and accept himself his thanks for the cordial and handsome support he afforded him.

EXMOUTH.



This was followed soon afterwards by a letter [vide copy of it inserted in the month of October in this book], with a flag of truce to the Dey ; the flag approached to within a short distance of the town, and then waited ; after a short time an Algerine boat came out and parleyed ; the Turk in the boat was seen to raise his hands in a pitying manner, and point to the Town. It then returned to the shore, leaving our boat. At this time, one of our small vessels having approached too near one of the forts at the bottom of the Bay, a very brisk fire was opened on her.

The *Wasp*, Brig, arrived from Malta ; she heard the firing when 60 miles from Algiers.

At half past one an Algerine boat with a standard flying was seen approaching our flag of truce, and immediately after three guns were fired from the town. This was a signal to the Admiral that the Dey had accepted the terms he refused yesterday. The Admiral wrote to the Dey requesting a speedy answer, as he was anxious to commence fresh operations ; this perfectly intimidated the Dey. Had he refused we should have renewed the bombardment and the Admiral would have sent to Gibraltar for a supply of ammunition.

After the 3 guns were fired, the Admiral announced to us by telegraph that peace was made. We soon saw the Algerine boat pass us and go on board the Admiral ; it conveyed the Captain of the Port or Marine Minister, an officer of high rank among the Algerines.

*August 29th.* At noon I went on board the *Queen Charlotte* and there saw the English consul, Col. Macdonald. During the bombardment he was confined in irons in a dungeon under the Palace of the Dey. He requested to be confined in a certain room in his own house and this was refused, and Providence seems to have interposed in his favour, for his house suffered considerably by our shot ; 5 large ones pierced that room which he selected. His wife and daughter were on board a transport, witnesses of the Battle.

Wrote to Capt. King. The *Ister*, frigate, with Rear-Admiral Penrose, the Commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean arrived this afternoon ; he did not even know of the expedition being ordered against Algiers, and is very much chagrined at the neglect he has received from the Admiralty not having communicated to him that an expedition of so much importance was coming out.

*August 29th.* Peace. At 5 o'clock in the evening the Algerines fired 21 guns, in communication of their having signed a Treaty of Peace with Lord Exmouth, who returned the salute.

*August 30th.* At 7 o'clock this morning the Batteries fired 21 guns, the Dey having signed a Treaty with the Dutch.

The Admiral now addressed the following Memorandum to the Fleet :

*Queen Charlotte, Algiers Bay,*

*August 30th.*

*General Memo.*

The Commander-in-Chief is happy to inform the fleet of the final termination of the strenuous exertion by the signature of Peace, confirmed under a salute of 21 guns on the following conditions dictated by His Royal Highness the Prince Regent of England.

1st. The Abolition for ever of all Christian slaves.

2nd. The delivery at noon to-morrow to my flag of all slaves to whatever nation they may belong that are in the dominion of the Dey.

3rd. To deliver to my flag all monies received by him for the redemption of slaves since the commencement of this year at noon also to-morrow.

4th. Reparation has been made to the British Consul for all losses he has sustained in consequence of his confinement.

5th. The Dey has made a public apology in presence of his officers and Ministers and begged pardon of the Consul in terms dictated by Captain Brisbane of the *Queen Charlotte*. The Commander-in-Chief takes this opportunity of again returning his public thanks to the Rear-Admiral, Captains,

Officers, Seamen, Marines, Royal Sappers and Miners, Royal Marine Artillery and the Royal Rocket Corps, for the noble support he has received from them throughout the whole of this arduous Service, and he is pleased to direct that on Sunday next a Public Thanksgiving shall be offered up to Almighty God for the signal interposition of His Divine Providence during the conflict which took place between His Majesty's Fleet and the ferocious enemies of mankind. It is requested that this Memorandum may be read to the ships' Companies.

Signed. EXMOUTH.

I am informed that the Dey has made a present of 3,000 dollars to the English Consul for his imprisonment; he says he is very sorry he treated him so ill and that he did so in a heat of passion. In the evening we were all delighted with a cheerful spectacle, the embarkment of the Christian slaves. There were about 1,200 and they were all frantic with joy. On their arrival at the beach it was with difficulty our officers could keep them from overcrowding the boats. They prostrated themselves on the earth, kissed our men's feet and shouted vociferously—"Jesu Christo"—"Viva George." All cheered as they passed the ships, and we returned their cheers, as did also Lord Exmouth himself. On being put on board the Transport they ascended the rigging and yards and seemed to be in a delirium of joy. The transition from slavery to liberty was so sudden a thing, so unexpected, that it seemed to these poor men as a dream. The slaves consisted of natives of Naples, Spain, Sardinia, Genoa, Portugal, Holland, etc., some having been captives 13 years. They all looked healthy, were very clean and well clothed. Very different to what we expected to see, and infinitely superior to prisoners in England or France. On enquiring I learn that the slaves have a very small allowance of provisions from the Algerines, that they are worked hard and often punished with stripes, but that their situation is ameliorated by servile offices which they render the Turks, who pay them or make them presents, and they are also

occasionally assisted by their own Consuls. The average sum demanded as the ransom of a slave, I am informed, is 1,000 dollars. The name of the present Dey is Omar, a man of middle age, ignorant of letters and of a hasty, suspicious temper. He succeeded his Uncle 18 months ago, who was assassinated ; very few of the Deys die natural deaths. The treasures in the Palace of the Dey are said to amount to 90 millions of dollars. A few days before our arrival a father and 4 sons, Jews, were flayed alive for some offence. The Jews are punished with the utmost severity for the most trifling offence.

As our boats were leaving the shore with captives, an Algerine in concealment fired a musket ; the ball went through the sail of the boat ; this has been reported to the Admiral who sent a threat to the Dey. To prevent such accidents recurring, the Dey has disarmed all his Moorish and Arab troops.

*Queen Charlotte, Algiers Bay,*

*August 31st.*

*General Memo.*

The Commander-in-Chief permits communication with the shore, but he earnestly desires that no mark of triumph or contempt may be offered to a fallen enemy which can provoke or irritate the minds of the people, and he recommends that too great a number of officers may not go on shore together, as it might have the appearance of triumph, and that no person do remain on shore after 4 o'clock.

Signed. EXMOUTH.

The Admiral also ordered a list to be sent to him of all the Midshipmen who have served their time and have passed their examinations. It is reported that they and likewise all the first Lieutenants will be promoted.

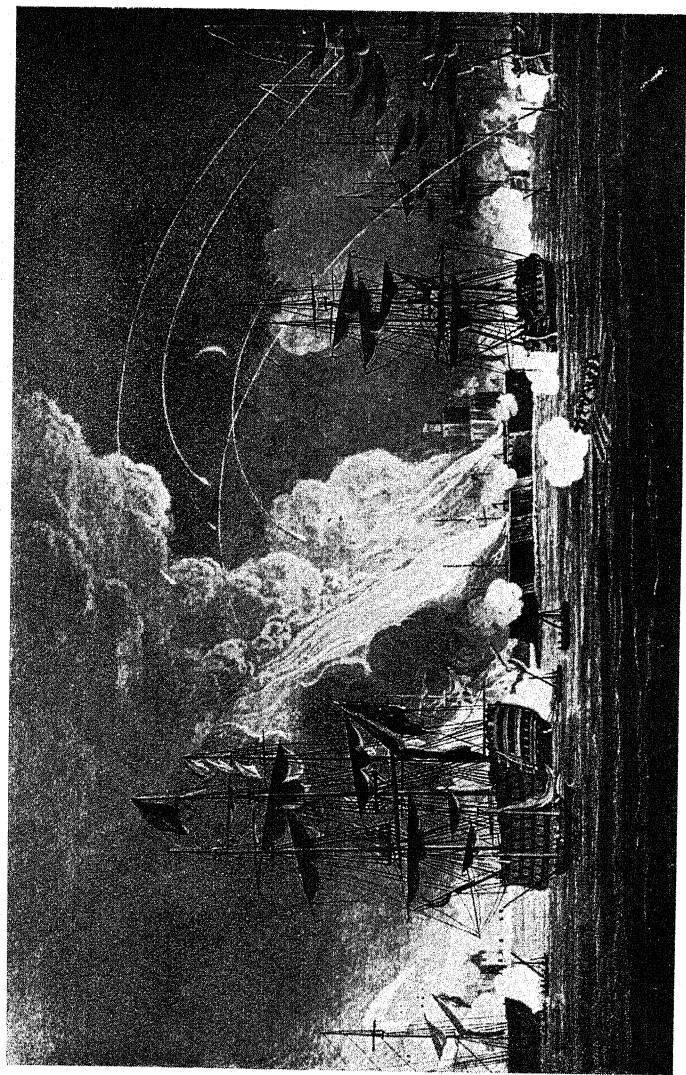
*August 31st.* At noon I went ashore with some of my messmates and proceeded to the Consul's house. We there obtained one of his servants for a guide, as he had a smattering of the Spanish and Italian languages.

I was surprised at the wretched state of a City that at a distance appears so handsome. The City is crowded with inhabitants, and hundreds of Arabs are lying about the streets enveloped in woollen wrappers. The Algerines had received positive directions not to insult us ; whether from this order or from fear of us I know not to which it may be attributed, but they behaved very orderly to us. I and my companions went into a coffee house filled with Turks, who resigned their places to us ; they also accommodated me with a draughtboard. The Turks imagined that we should not pay for our coffee, but as conquerors demand it.

Several houses in the street where the Palace stands were in ruins, and the shells had done great mischief. Many of the Mosques or Churches were damaged, some nearly demolished.

The ruins of the houses obstructed the passage in some of the streets. During our excursion we were suddenly stopped and forced to turn up a street by a Janissary who stood with his sabre drawn, stopping all who attempted to pass. I conjecture that the wounded enemy lies in that part of the city. We have not been able correctly to ascertain the loss the enemy sustained, but from the enquiries made by the Consul it is said to amount to ten thousand (11 Children I am informed were killed in one house by a shell). The Dey acknowledges to have lost 400 of his Janissaries ; of the Moors and Arabs he makes no consideration. He was informed so early as the first of the month that an expedition was coming against him ; he exerted himself to get his flotilla in readiness ; he caused the slaves to remove the 24-pounder guns from the Mole Batteries, and replaced them by 36-pounders, and ordered a large body of troops to be ready. During the battle he had 10,000 Turks and 60,000 Moors and Arabs in the City and sea defences. To prevent the troops that were in the Mole and Lighthouse Batteries from quitting their posts, the Dey caused the gates that lead from the town to these batteries, to be shut.

On my return to the Mole I had an opportunity of ascertaining the mischief we have done to the navy of Algiers.



BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS, 1816

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I found that all the shipping was destroyed except a galley of 40 oars, a brig of 16 guns, a schooner of 12 guns (all rotten), 5 gunboats, two Mortar boats ; all these vessels were damaged in their masts, hulls and rigging ; 5 gunboats are also on the stocks, the storehouses were damaged, but none burnt ; on looking into them, they seemed to be filled with heaps of rotten stores, rotten cordage, old wood, heaps of Brass ship guns, etc. Our shots were seen sticking in the walls of these store-houses, and at the foot of them were seen here and there heaps of our shot ; these were so plentifully showered on the enemy, that the grape shot served the Arab boys to play with as marbles.

To-day Admiral Milne shifted his flag to the *Leander*, which ship has now sailed for England. By the *Leander* the Admiral sent the Public Dispatches.

*August 31st.* The *Minden* and gunboats have also sailed for Gibraltar. This evening the Dey sent off the Monies he has received this year from the Sicilians and Neapolitans, amounting to 375,000 dollars.

The Admiral has written to all the Courts of Europe, informing them of the late battle and of the abolition of slavery. The slaves are gone to their respective countries.

*September 1st.* To-day we performed a just duty in offering up our humble thanks to the Supreme Being for His Mercies to us and Divine aid in the late battle. The Admiral visited the Dutch ships, who manned yards, cheered and saluted.

This evening I was called in consultation on board the *Infernal* and had the pleasure of performing a rather rare and capital operation.

*September 3rd.* At 8 this evening we took advantage of the land breeze, and made sail from Algiers, bidding adieu to the scene of our late gallant operations. Our departure will cause much joy.

*September 4th.* To-day the Admiral made the signal that we may put our guns below, being at peace with all the world.

Es



*Gibraltar. September 13th.* At length we arrived this morning at Gibraltar, after having experienced baffling light winds for several days ; we separated from the Admiral three days ago, and found him and the squadron lying here. He arrived yesterday and was saluted by 21 guns. The fortress then gave him 3 salvos, or discharges of 60 guns, as a mark of respect and applause for his late victory. During our passage from Algiers, we fell in with the *Brabant*, Dutch 74, hastening to seek glory at Algiers ; disappointment is her lot.

In consequence of the late victory, all the men who have been sent to the Fleet on account of smuggling will receive a pardon.

I have been blessed to-day by receiving a letter from my beloved Mary.

*Off Sicily. October 4th.* Previous to the separation of the ships Lord Exmouth shewed the gratitude of a warm heart, in the following signal. " The Admiral in parting can never forget his obligations for the noble support he has received from his honourable and gallant friends."

This was immediately gratefully received by all the ships loudly cheering the Admiral ; every breast was warmed by the fine sensations this parting scene infused into the heart, nor did it end here ; the *Impregnable* fired 17 guns, as did other ships. Again the noble Exmouth displayed his tattered flag and colours, and bade us farewell in a salute of 15 guns.

*October 9th.* To-day we anchored at the Little Nore and hoisted the quarantine flag ; all the men-of-war manned their rigging and cheered us on our return from Victory. On the 10th we were ordered up to Stangate Creek ; when passing Sheerness very heavy cheers were given us by all the ships ; this token of my country's approbation filled my breast with raptures. I felt elated by pride, on being now, for the first time in my life, made sensible of the worth of the service to which I belong.

At a few miles below Woolwich the ship came to an anchor to discharge her guns and powder here. I quitted her and repaired to London where, Thanks to the Almighty, I

had the happiness of embracing my dear wife and children after an absence of exactly three months.

*Deptford 24th.* To-day the *Hecla* was put out of commission.

[Between the years 1820 and 1832, James was chiefly employed in Convict Ships.

As Medical Officer of the convict ship *Brothers* he had been to the Antipodes in 1824. It had been an unlucky voyage for him. He had come into conflict with the Home and Colonial Governments on account of the treatment of the convicts. In matters humanitarian he was in advance of his time. Cruelty really revolted his kindly heart. He was always ready to speak his mind in, and sometimes out of, season. He championed the "under-dog," or stood up for his own rights with equal fervour. He enjoyed giving the "Powers that be" his candid advice such as: "Wrote to Lord Althorpe, Chancellor of Exchequer, recommending tax on Quacks and irregular vendors of medicine, etc.," or "Wrote to Mr. Hume on the subject of Naval Medical Officers' comparative degradation to those of the Army in point of pay, honours, uniform and rank."

His "Humanity and attentiveness" to his patients is recorded in several of his professional certificates. (An illuminating commentary on the average Medical Practitioner of a little over a hundred years ago.) John Mitchell, Irish patriot, transported in 1848, writes in *Mitchell's Jail Journal*, of the "kindness of Doctor Hall," at Bermuda in the Prison Hulk.

So it was inevitable that James should disapprove of a Prison system the brutality of which has passed into history. He intervened on behalf of a convict and incurred the animosity of the Earl of Bathurst, the Secretary for the Colonies from 1812-1828.

The Prison Society of Friends endorsed James' criticisms and presented him with a silver cream jug "as a mark of their esteem." Elizabeth Fry was one of James' friends. Famous for her work in the prisons, she was also responsible for great improvements in the treatment of convicts and their transportation.

James remained under a cloud while the Whigs were in

office. The Duke of Clarence did what he could for him. After one of his earlier voyages to New South Wales, James had received the following letters from him :]

*Bushy House,  
October 25th, 1821.*

Dear Sir,

I shall be anxious to hear your account of New South Wales, and wish you would come down here any morning between ten and twelve, that I may have the advantage of conversing with you ; bring at the same time, the views and drawings.

Ever believe,  
Yours sincerely,  
WILLIAM.

TO MR. JAMES HALL, SURGEON, R.N., ON HIS  
RETURN FROM HIS FIRST TRIP TO VAN DIEMAN'S  
LAND

*Bushey House,  
January 16th, 1825.*

Dear Hall,

In answer to yours of the 15th inst., I am to observe, there is no harm in having a friend at Court. Under this persuasion I recommend you to write to me a proper letter I may show to the King, expressing your anxious and humble desire to present the birds to His Majesty, as you understand the King is forming at Windsor a collection of animals and birds.

The Duchess is very thankful for your collection, but has not known where to place the birds.

God bless you, and ever believe me, dear Hall,

Yours sincerely,  
WILLIAM.

TO THE EARL OF BATHURST

St. James,  
February 1st, 1825.

My dear Lord,

The bearer, Mr. Hall, is I believe not unknown to your Lordship, and I can with safety recommend him to your Lordship's good nature and protection.

I am confident Mr. Hall will fill any situation in New South Wales with advantage to the King's business and credit to himself.

Ever believe me,  
My dear Lord,  
WILLIAM.

TO WILLIAM KING<sup>1</sup>

Admiralty,  
September 15th, 1827.

Dear King,

In answer to yours of the 11th instant, I can observe with truth, I have every sincere wish, to serve our valuable ship-mate Hall, and whenever I *can* bring *him home*, I *will do so*, and remain,

Yours truly,  
WILLIAM.

[James was surgeon of the *Andromache*, a 38-gun frigate, in 1834. She took Lord Napier out to China as the first British Commissioner.

The *Andromache* sailed on February 7th, 1834, called at the Canary Islands, then went westwards to Rio de Janeiro to take in water, and to profit by the Trade winds on her voyage to China by the Cape of Good Hope. This was the usual procedure in the days of sail, the course taken describing two sides of a triangle. She left Rio on April 12th, and took three months to reach Canton. In October, 1834, she left China, and after a cruise of ten months round the coast of India, sailed for Madagascar "to show the flag." The Island came under British influence in 1817, and a treaty was

<sup>1</sup> Captain the Hon: J. Wm: King, R.N.—Ed.

concluded between the British Agent and the Hova tribe. James, in giving details of this treaty, mentions that Radema the king was to receive annually with other presents : "A full-dress-coat and General's hat and boots complete."

He continues to say that, "The King, pursuing his wars, fell a victim to over-exertion." His eleventh wife, Rana-valona, came to the throne. She was a lady of strong passions. In order to revive the declining slave trade, she decided to exterminate all Christian converts in the Island and to expel the missionaries. After she had come to this decision . . . "a profound silence reigned throughout the Court . . ." and amusements were stopped for a fortnight. No doubt the Queen felt that she was about to provide sufficient excitement for her Court, for by 1835, when James visited the Island, the native Christians killed amounted to about one hundred thousand. The missionaries had left, with the exception of one who "had laid aside his religious functions and was therefore permitted to remain."]

*Mauritius. July 19th.* A vessel has arrived from France bringing intelligence of a change of Ministry in England. This day I have dined with a brother Officer, Mr. A. Montgomery, who entertained me with great hospitality ; he was unknown to me, but well acquainted with my name and character, as he pleased to term it, as standing high, and introduced himself to me "sans ceremonie."

The more effectually to mask our steps, on quitting Port Louis we directed our course to the Eastward, as if really steering to go to Rodriguez ; but as soon as the distance from the Port, and the approach of evening rendered our movements not seen from the Island, we altered our course, and steered to the Westward. The Queen [of Madagascar] has 3 armies in the field ; they are acting in different and opposite parts of this large Island in endeavours to reduce again under authority, Chiefs, who in her husband's reign were in nominal subjection. Since his death they will not render any submission to her. Various distinct tribes of people occupy this country ; those named Hovas have this Queen at their head and are the principal nation. They are war-like and numerous. A singular custom prevails here—Her Majesty

when she goes abroad is carried upon a man's back ! The people generally wear little or no clothing.

*July 30th.* At an early hour we saw the French Island of Bourbon, and in order to conceal from it any knowledge of us, our Ship is disguised and all her after sails, and fore royal, are kept furled, which gives us the look of a Merchant Vessel.

*Madagascar. August 8th.* In the afternoon we saw a brig, and making sail towards her under disguise, we boarded her at Sunset. She is a brig belonging to Mauritius, to which Port she is bound, having Rice on board from Port Augustine. By her we are informed that the Slave Vessel which we have hoped to surprise, sailed some days since. The Queen of the Hovas has an army of 5,000 men at Port Augustine, which part of the Island she has subdued. The inhabitants have fled to an adjacent small Island for the preservation of their persons, as the Hovas make their prisoners Slaves. This Southern part of Madagascar has always been that which was friendly to us. The Queen being averse to have any intercourse with us, we have the political task now to perform of acquiring an influence over her, for the benefit of Mauritius, which depends on Madagascar for its supply of horned Cattle.

*August 11th.* The Chief of this part of the Island, Prince William, with his family, and numerous others forming a Motley group of nearly naked persons, have come on board to pay their respects, and receive presents of a few yards of coarse cottons, beads, knives, looking-glasses, &c., customarily given to them, in order to maintain an amicable intercourse, and procure supplies for our shipping. These people are of the stature of Europeans, well proportioned ; the face partakes a little of the Negro, or African caste. The hair is long and made entirely into small, short, plaited ropes, which hang down over the forehead, ears and neck ; each rope is formed into a ball at its end, and the hair is well covered with grease. A dirty, coarse cloth of cotton thrown over one shoulder, covers the principal part of the body, a coarser

piece of linen or cotton is passed around the Waist. The Men are armed with a Musket and Spear ; the females wear glass bead necklaces, and Prince William's Wife has a gold ring on each of the three first fingers of the left hand ; she has lost the sight of one eye.

They are dirty, stinking people ; their language is not difficult to pronounce ; many of them speak English.

We are told that the Hovas (termed by the people of this place, Pirates) not having boats, were unable to cross a river ; and having had orders to return to their Capital by a certain time, so as to avoid the sickly or rainy Season, are now retreating. It is said that they ate the children they took prisoners. This is probable, for Armies of Savages make little arrangement for supplies of food on their March.

*August 22nd.* Early this morning two Captains came on board with a guard of soldiers. These Officers were blacks, who have been in the Navy as common Sailors ; they were dressed as Europeans ; one having a blue frock with gold epaulettes and crimson Sash, shoe strings of twine, and an old black hat ; the other, a jacket of blue cloth, covered with coarse gold lace. The Guard consisted of 8 men, having a large cotton Cloth thrown loosely from one shoulder over the otherwise naked body, a straw hat, and each armed with a Spear ; these men had the manners of troops under discipline. The Officers breakfasted with our Captain.

*August 23rd.* To-day one of the Secretaries, and 7 Military Officers of various ranks from General to Captain, came on board with a Guard, and dined with the Captain ; being myself invited I had an opportunity of observing them. They were dressed as Europeans, some in uniforms of different kinds, second hand dresses purchased at Mauritius ; others in plain habits. The Cabinet Secretary has a Naval Lieutenant's full dress coat, with Military Epaulettes, gold laced trousers—hat cocked, with feathers. One, a Lt.-Colonel, had a Scarlet stuff coat ; he was a private, and by his bravery in defeating a party of French, received promotion. A few only spoke broken English. The party seemed to be very



cheerful ; they quitted us in good humour ;—a Salute was fired on their coming on board.

*August 24th.* After breakfast, the 3 Cabinet Ministers with other General Officers came on board ; and various matters were discussed privately between them, and Captain Chads and Robe. I understand that these Ministers intimated that one cause of the Missionaries having been sent away was, that the Queen considered that their teaching “ tended to make the rising generation neglect or despise the tombs of their forefathers.” Perhaps the superstitious and old usages of the people have been injudiciously, or untimely attacked by the unwise teachers of the Gospel. This has been the fault of many zealous but indiscreet Missionaries in several parts of the world.

By invitation from the Governor, Captain Chads and Robe, with a large party of Officers dined at the Fort. As soon as we landed, we found a guard of 24 Men drawn up on the Beach. Preceded by this Guard, with a Drum beating we all marched up a hill.

The fort is a large irregularly built place, having an outer dry ditch, and two Walls, composed of Mud and stones—at the inner gate we entered a large Square Yard, containing the rooms of the Governor and Officers. Here we found a strong Guard drawn up on the right hand and left. Drums were beaten and arms presented. The troops were in number about 80 : all blacks, well made ; naked, except a large cotton cloth passed around the waist ;—what is not usual, I observed that these men had no covering to the head. Each soldier carried a Musket with bayonet fixed, and a Spear. They marched, and performed a few drill movements in good style. On entering the Dining-Hall, a large lofty room of wood, without any ornaments, and with small windows, we found a large table laid out, covered by a clean cotton Cloth, plates, knives and forks of various common sorts, a small tumbler on each plate, with a long piece of Calico, made into the form of an open fan, in each tumbler, as a Napkin ; pewter spoons, several pairs of plain glass decanters



containing water, and common white wine ; a few plain earthenware Salts. At about 2 o'clock we sat down to dinner. The Governor, a Stout made black, dressed in a blue coat, with a pair of large gold Epaulettes, sat at the head ; on his right Capt. Chads, next two young dandies, General Officers, and Secretaries to the Queen. They were dressed in blue-braided Military great coats, gold Epaulettes, gold laced trousers and white shirts. These men were highly polished, and courtly in their manners. They are the Queen's favorites, and share in turn with others, the honours of the Royal arms. I may as well here state that Her Majesty is 42 years old, and is marked with small pox ; and that a Son now about 7 years old was born some months after King Radama's (her late husband) death. On the left of the Governor sat the 3rd Secretary, dressed in a splendid uniform of an English Staff Officer. He was one of the youths whom we received on board one of our Ships of War.

About 30 sat down at dinner :—this consisted of Soup, Beef, Game, Poultry, Curry, Plum Pudding (or an attempted one, for instead of plums, dates were substituted), Rice badly boiled, Spinach in a large tureen, swimming in the Water in which it had been boiled. The dinner was served up in a succession of about 6 courses ; the meats were tender and well cooked ; Soup was very rich and greasy. Toasts were drunk ; the one to the Queen and King William was drunk, standing, with 4 cheers. Tea was then served up with boiled milk, and at 5 o'clock we all retired, well pleased with the attentions we had received.

The Secretaries of State have insisted on our receiving 6 bullocks, Vegetables, &c., as a present from Her Majesty. We shall send return presents from the Mauritius, having now obtained supplies. Opened a communication with the Madagascar Government and shown as well our desire to form a new treaty, as our intention and capability is to prevent the carrying away of Slaves from this Island by Europeans.

*August 26th.* At daybreak we got under weigh.

[James was invalided home from the *Andromache*. After the age of thirty he suffered a good deal from illness.]

*October 21st.* This disturbance of health depresses my spirits. I fear that an ardent study, daily pursued, likewise injures my health ; but alas ! my present and only solace is in my studying professional and other works in literature and languages,—but “study is a weariness of the flesh.”

*November 3rd.* Through the kind exertions of my worthy Captain, a Gentleman, Monsr. Tirvoninty, a Hindoo, and a very wealthy planter, is to-day to take me with him to his residence, “Bon Espoir,” distant 12 miles from Port Louis, for the benefit of my health.

*November 10th.* I have returned from the Country, my health only a little improved. The Captain kindly receives me, writes me a most friendly letter expressing his esteem, and accompanies it with a Gold Snuffbox as a memorial. I find that during my absence he has placed me on the allowance granted to Officers at Sick Quarters, which is a very benevolent act, as it makes my daily pay £1 14s.

To-day I have engaged a passage to England by the Ship *Elizabeth*, of Bristol, for which I am to pay £70. She is lading with sugar, and expects to be ready on the 25th.

*November 13th.* Finished packing my luggage, which has given me much fatigue. My messmates all very kind. Informed by the Master-at-Arms that “every man and boy on board is sorry I am going to leave the Ship.”

Two of my messmates having fallen in love with 2 young Ladies, one Miss Ann Royer, aged 15, daughter of Lieut. Royer, R.N. and the other Mademoiselle Marigny, they have made proposals of marriage. Captain Chads (and every person) thinking the business rash and only the consequence of a momentary folly of passion, has endeavoured to represent it as such to the young men and to the parents of the Ladies, and in order to interrupt the intimacy between the parties, he has put to Sea, to remain off the Island till the 23rd, when he will return in order to get me surveyed. Judge

Blackburn wishes me to remain here, and return to England with him and family in the Spring.

*On board the "Elizabeth." December 20th.* We have the pleasure of now being on our way to the Island of St. Helena, having a fair wind and fine weather. During the last week we had much unpleasant weather ; for as soon as we approached to within 500 miles of the Cape of Good Hope, the wind came contrary being West, and for several days remained adverse to us ; at the same time the Sea was high, and much trouble was caused to the Ship.

We escaped all dangers and yesterday, having the aid of a Southerly Wind, we saw the Cape of Good Hope. In the course of the afternoon we passed this redoubtable Cape, within 10 miles of the land, and we felicitated ourselves on having passed this ever important part of the voyage to all Mariners, from the East Indies to Europe. Let us see what strange news is to come, as a vessel is standing towards us.

*At Sea. 1836. 1st January.* O Merciful Father. I arise from my bed this morning with joy and thankfulness of heart at beholding this opening of a new year.

THE END OF JAMES HALL'S DIARIES

PART II

THE DIARIES OF  
WILLIAM KING HALL

1829-1877



# THE DIARIES OF WILLIAM KING HALL

1829-1877

## I

### [WILLIAM KING HALL AS A YOUNG MAN

He was James and Mary's second child, was born on March 11th, 1816, and christened William King Hall after his godfather Captain King. He was the hope of his struggling family. James, the eldest child, had given his godly and affectionate father a good deal of trouble, for finding life dull as an apprentice to a doctor, he had run away with a theatrical Company. But something sedate in the blood must have come out, for when James visited Bombay in 1834, he was overjoyed to find him a head official in the Ordnance Department "comfortably situated and maintaining a good character," about to set off on special duty to Persia in the *Clive*, one of the East India Company's Cruisers. It was a respectable finish and enabled James Junior to write letters of advice to the younger brother : Letters, the tone of which was not uninfluenced by the trying climate of India.

James Senior was determined that William should not follow in his brother's roving footsteps, so, from the time he went to sea, William received a series of letters of intensive advice, reproof and encouragement from his father. His replies are lost. They did not always afford satisfaction in the home circle.

The third child was called Mary Ann. Her father described her as "a tall, pretty blue-eyed girl." She had a hard life, trailing round with her young stepmother and attractive little stepsister. Mary Ann also was inclined to lecture William by correspondence, but on one occasion relaxed sufficiently to refer to his "good-tempered amusing ways." She married a clergyman.

William was James' favourite, and in him he felt the resurrection of his own lost ambitions. He cherished the immemorial hope of parents that their children should not repeat the mistakes which they themselves have made in life. William was tense with determination. He was physically strong and bubbling over with vitality. He was clever and he had charm. There seemed every justification for his father's faith in him.

But there was something about his ardent nature which worried and puzzled James. For instance, his self-confidence in his own efficiency was all to the good, but his unconcealed contempt for inefficiency, however high placed, was dangerous. He admitted that he always acted on his first impulse, adding that it was always right. James was not so sure.

He was fearless and loved "sky-larking." James admired his courage but hoped he would not also be rash, especially in regard to the female sex. William had handsome colouring, black hair and fine dark blue eyes. There was always an "Angelica" or "Henriette" or some "Miss" being pursued or pursuing. James feared that they might distract William's thoughts from his work.

His light-hearted extravagance positively agonised James. William was equally ready to borrow or to lend.

He had inherited James' capacity for friendship, but some of his earlier friendships ended in emotional shipwreck. He gave his affection and loyalty in unstinted measure. When disillusioned he filled pages with sentiments of hot anger and sorrow, for, in spite of his quick indignations and pugnacity, he was sensitive. He once wrote: "I feel my partialities are unaccountable and swayed by the least thing, but once fixed—steadfast and true."

As he grew older, his judgment matured, and he acquired a large circle of life-long friends and a wish confided to his Journals that: "All I ask is to love and be loved" was granted. He was a born sailor. As a child at Bermuda he spent his time sailing, and when James wanted him to be a doctor, he begged to go to sea. In after life he was considered one of the finest seamen of his day.

His voluminous service Diaries, filled with drawings, testify to his absorbing interest in seamanship. But at first,



his chances of a career seemed negligible. The Navy was on the verge of great changes, but the shadow of the eighteenth century still fell across its ships, guns, and uniform, and its chaotic and feudal methods of promotion.

There had been few alterations since the early eighteenth century, and from Anson to Jervis, little change in the use of tactics and discipline. The age of invention was emerging from the shadows, but in 1829 steam was still regarded with suspicion. Haphazard methods of manning the ships existed. Political and social influence decided the fate of officers. Luck or gallantry in war-time were the only means of breaking through this impregnable barrier for the hordes of commissioned officers who had to sit by and watch the favoured few pass on to promotion and appointments.

The first-class Volunteer was the lowest rank in the regular line, corresponding to the cadet of to-day.

William entered the Navy as a Second-class Volunteer, so his promotion was confined to the line of Masters, the specialist navigating branch. The Captain of a ship might be there because he happened to be a genuine sailor, or because he was the "99th cousin of a Nobleman, a General, or an Admiral," in which case he might know more about the handling of a port bottle than the handling of a ship. So a Master was necessary, and his duties were arduous and whole-time. His prospects were limited in the nineteenth century, and his lot unenviable, but there were certain advantages for the son of a poor man, which as James often pointed out to William, could not be expected in the regular line. Here, unless backed by influence and chosen by a Captain when a ship paid off, the Midshipman and Mate (the next step to Midshipman), might remain unemployed for years. There were plenty of grey-haired midshipmen and hoary embittered mates to point the moral to young William. James implored him to make good in the Masters' Line, and be content with his lowly lot. But he was thoroughly dissatisfied with it from the moment he went to sea. Endowed with ambition and energy, the injustices prevailing in a class-ridden navy, and his own apparently limited future, kept him in a perpetual fever of indignation and despair.

He was fortunate in his first ship and her Captain. H.M.S. *Rapid* was a gun-brig, commanded by Commander

(afterwards Captain) C. H. Swinburne. He was a first-rate seaman, and the "young gentlemen" serving under him received a very thorough and constant sea-training. It is amusing to realise that this efficient sea-dog was the father of the poet who wrote :

*Our land-wind is the breath  
Of sorrows kissed to death . . .  
Our seamen are fledged loves,  
Our masts are bills of doves,  
Our decks fine gold ;  
Our ropes are dead maids' hair . . ."*

and other exquisite but nebulous lines.

By the time that William went to sea, the second-class Volunteers were to be considered "young gentlemen," and to mess with the Midshipmen and Mates, by Admiralty order, which also reads as follows : "To rise to situation of Masters."

"Vols : of 2nd Class . . . pay £1 12s. a month. To be persons of education at Christ's Hospital or Upper School of Greenwich. Any other boys of ability . . . can be entered as Vol. : 2nd Class. . . If Masters' Mates or Mids. or Vols. of 1st Class should be desirous of being rated as Vols. 2nd Class Assistant Masters, the Captains are authorised to rate them ; but young gentlemen . . . must observe that though their pay be greater than of Vols. : 1st Class, their promotion is confined to the line of Masters."

For William that was the rub !

Here is William's first letter from his first ship. He was thirteen years and eight months old.]

*H.M. Sloop Rapid.*

*15th November, 1829.*

Dear Father,

I write this to inform you that as the time is approaching near when we shall take our departure from England, I think you had better get the rest of my clothes ready and send them on board as quick as possible, the reason I have not been on shore is because I am on the Sick List with bad

Chilblains ; we expect to go out of Harbour the week after next. I hope you are all well and Little Frank can walk. Remember me to the Whites and ask Tom and George if they will come on board next Sunday ; if so I will call for them.

I now conclude, my dear Father, hoping you will all continue in good health.

W. HALL.

[And here are some of James' letters to the boy who now considered himself a Man :]

*Ordinary, at Sheerness.*

*August 8th, 1830.*

My dear William,

Captain Swinburne's polite letter has given me great pleasure. It afforded me, your Mother, Sister and all your friends infinite satisfaction on learning from so good an officer the high opinion he has formed of you. Now remember, the higher you rise, whether in the world, or in the estimation of those who know you, the more burden you fix on your back ; for you have to maintain your high station against all assaults ; therefore be vigilant, and excel yourself to avoid doing, or being disposed to do, anything that may diminish what you have acquired, either by industry or good behaviour. Often read over my former letters, and weigh well all the advice they contain. You say that I am to remember that you are not now a child, *c'est très bon*—I will bear this in memory—you now will regulate your conduct by that of men—Of course you will remember that the excuses of children, henceforth, will not serve you. I now expect not again to be informed that your chest is in confusion—your things lost, or stolen—or chest broken ; order and personal care will prevent confusion ; a recollection of your father's limited income, ought to make you look after your things yourself, not even a button or shoe ribbon ought to be lost—by locking your chest, and not entrusting your man with the key, nor with liberty to overhaul your things, nothing will be stolen ;—and by speaking to the carpenter,

or Captain, your broken chest will be repaired.—L'enfant est parti—jam homunculus es !

I am glad you are serving with Captain Swinburne and in so fine a Brig. We were on the Platform when you saluted—the Brig was much admired—you went out like a Man of War.

Exert yourself as if your father were dead, and the road of Glory was open to you—to enter on it, and to advance in it in order to reach “palnam, qui meruit, ferat” as many gallant youths before you have done with prospects not as bright as yours therefore, by strict economy, civility to all, kindness to your inferiors, respect to your superiors, a never ceasing obedience to all orders ; a promptitude not to be excelled by anyone, a fearlessness of danger, great attention to cleanliness in your person and clothes, these things will make the men respect you, your companions court you, and your Captain will be proud in having the pleasure of rearing up an officer who hereafter he may hope to see maintaining the honor of the British flag. . . .

*H.M.S. Ganges. Portsmouth, 1830.*

I hope you will soon inform me that you can work Lunar—Chronometer—Double Altitudes—Latitude—by moon and star—Azimuth—Amplitude—Tides, and all other questions ; and also that you are expert, not only in working, but also in taking these sights. Read all the books you can get relating to Navigation—and in your night watches learn the planets and attend well to the various parts of Astronomy. Sketch off all the headlands, and marks of coasts and places you visit, study well the appearances at various distances—with the depth of water marks, tides, currents, winds that prevail etc. : thus you will soon be qualified for an examination as Master. Of course you know well everything relative to the hold, rigging, etc. Your Captain begged me to write to the Admiralty for you to be put into the 1st Class, but I informed him that not having any interest I should not like to see you an old Midshipman, and I begged him to keep you in the 2nd Class and as soon as you are qualified, make you Master's Assistant ; indeed, my dear William, when you

write saying that your chest was broken, things lost etc., I was much inclined to write for you to be sent home, as unless *you are very careful* of your things, I shall not be able to allow you to remain in the Navy. If you were in the 1st Class you would not have any hopes of promotion, and your pay would be less—so that I could not think of permitting you to be put in that Class unless I were certain that you would study hard, push yourself on, and be very steady, and very careful of your expenses. But give my compliments to Captain Swinburne and say that on the 5th *I wrote to the Admiralty and requested them to direct Captain S.* to give the present, or the first vacancy in the 1st Class Volunteers to Mr. *William King Hall!!* because you have a good character from your Captain and Officers—and I hope you will now continue to merit it—*you now have your wish!!! Write when you shift the button.* Do not grumble against the Service. It has made me happy and independent, thanks to God, although not rich. It may do more for you. If fortune is tardy, stick to her, and you will carry her by perseverance.

God bless you,

J. H.

.....*December, 1830.* . . . All parts of England are in a disturbed state, many families are ruined by their farms having been burnt by the revolted peasants.

The country is in a very agitated state, in consequence of the want of Reform—and want of employment—the Cholera is now at Sunderland, and claims the Country.

*Sheerness Ordinary,*

*July 12th, 1831.*

My dear William,

We were all much pleased with your letter written from Malta in April and which we received in May. You say you have done something wrong ; I am sure I have not found fault with you. However you do not please me in one thing, you do not seem to be economical, nor to keep an account of all your expenses. I can assure you my dear boy, that it is

with difficulty I can afford to allow you £10 a quarter, and whilst you have so much, your Sister cannot go to school.

Sir John Phillimore has been to the Admiralty trying to get you into the 1st Class, but could not effect it. Now no more of the 2nd Class will be admitted, therefore it is a fortunate circumstance that you are already in. You now stand an excellent chance of being a Master in a few years, and then you will have half pay and be your own director. There is not now, and will not be any chance of volunteers of the 1st Class ever being made Lieutenants unless a war arises, or they are the sons of nobility. Thus you see you are fortunate. I should send you some Papers, Drawing apparatus, and Norie,<sup>1</sup> if I had an opportunity but here at Sheerness we have no opportunity.

All your kisses were received. When you write, my dear William, do not put your letters in to the Packet, *unless* something very particular has occurred—and when you fold up your letters, do it up as this is done, for owing to your letter being very badly folded it looked like a double letter, and it cost me 6/4d.

Never listen to, nor respond to any croakers who by indolence and want of spirit, or ignorance of their profession have not, and never will have acquired a reputation such as you have, who growl against the Service, talk of girls, wives, and shore appointments; let them go, encourage them rather to quit the Service, as their Country will gain by their departure, but do you stick faithful; your ship is your home, your duty to the Service is your polar Star and rewards will attend you. Never, never, never, say a word more about the Shore, see as little as possible of this, only visit it on duty, or for a healthful recreation; and thus you will not be induced to neglect your watches; nor get into bad company, nor to spend your money.

[William was fifteen when he was lent to H.M.S. *Scylla* for six months. On leaving her to return to the *Rapid* he received the following letter from a friend, E. H. Sotheby, afterwards Admiral Sotheby.]

<sup>1</sup> Norie = Norie's Nautical Tables.—Ed.



*H.M.S. Scylla. 1831.*

Dear Hall,

I hear you have left this ship without a fraction to your name ; pray do not think yourself above accepting a trifle . . . knowing you will find it useful . . . do not think of it at any time . . . accept a trifling keepsake as a testimony of the friendship I bear you. If there is anything you have left unpaid just write me a line and I will settle for you. Adieu till we meet.

[It was a charming letter, and William always declared he prized it above all his certificates. The *Rapid* cruised about the Mediterranean from port to port. One of her jobs was to look for pirates. William wrote :]

Although it is rather late to begin a Journal, being nearly two and a half years from England, yet seeing the impropriety of not commencing one before, I have now begun to commit to paper any scenes that may be worthy.

I will name the date as the 9th May, 1831, which day I was discharged from H.M.S. *Scylla*, then lying at Malta, after six months' service (I was particularly sorry to leave my shipmates, especially one named Sotheby, a Midshipman and a most excellent fellow, as well as two more, St. Leger and Crawford) into Lazaretto, there to remain in quarantine, and await the arrival of the *Rapid*, my proper ship. Passed a very miserable time in Lazaretto till May 15th, when having obtained pratique, I joined the *Rapid*, then lying at the outer Buoy.

*May 16th, 1832.* The Admiral, Sir Pulteney Malcolm,<sup>1</sup> made the signal for our Captain, whose zeal overcoming his reason, ordered his boat to be lowered too soon on account of the Ship's going too fast through the water, upon which she filled with water and broke her tackle.

*Dec. 31st.* Blowing very hard, therefore we could not enjoy ourselves much. The old year went out and the new

<sup>1</sup> Vice-Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm had been appointed to the command of the Experimental Squadron a week previously. He was evidently inviting his captains to the flagship to make their acquaintance.—Ed.



one came in very poorly as we had nothing for dinner but a piece of hard salt beef.

And to commence the new year, I will spare all the paper below and begin the other side.

*October 14th.* Sailed with a Turkish schooner having on board a Pasha (of some Turkish district) and family, with all his property and a large fortune. She being a very bad sailer, we took her in tow, which very much retarded our progress. A few days after we had a gale of wind, when we parted company, she having damaged her mast. The next day getting rather done, the old Pasha supplicated our Captain to take him into Modon, a port about 8 miles off, and said if he did not, he should be obliged to pitch his family overboard, as they were all dying on account of last night's storm. After a great deal of entreaty our Captain consented.

[The *Rapid* anchored off Sidon on January 13, 1832. Lady Hester Stanhope told Captain Swinburne that she wished to see the smallest midshipman he had with him on board. William Pitt's niece had first travelled to the East in 1810 in the *Jason*. The captain was King, James' friend. The rococo sun of her fame was then rising, but when William saw her, many "moons of delight" had waned over the gardens of her mountain retreat of Djoun high up in the Lebanon.

In 1832, the "Queen of the East" was dying of consumption, penniless and discredited by the outside world. But she was still feared by Ibrahim Pasha, who dreaded her influence with the local Sheiks. He solicited her neutrality when he invaded Syria.]

*January 19th.* Captain S. and St. Clair went to visit Lady Hester Stanhope, a most eccentric woman residing about 8 miles out.

*Thursday, 20th.* Captain S. told me Lady Hester Stanhope wished to see me. I was much surprised. However, I got myself ready with all possible speed and at 9 went on shore with Captain S. to French Consul's, who provided me with a horse and guide. At 10 I started. After travelling about two

miles I found her Ladyship had sent me another person of her household to conduct me safely. He was waiting at a small hut with some oranges and wine ready for me. After partaking a little, we again set out. After travelling over a succession of hills, with pretty scenery (which I really got tired of, the sun being very hot) we at last, on the top of the hills, observed a hillock at the bottom of the valley and at the top a house and garden.

Upon arriving there, my conductor led me into a small house inside the court, which belonged to him, and went to announce my arrival to her ladyship. After waiting in suspense for half-an-hour, my conductor came out and said her ladyship was ready to receive me. Accordingly I walked to the door where I was met by a very pretty little Arab girl about 14 years old, dressed as a page, with all the implements for her mistress's pipe round her waist in a belt made of silver and gold spangles, the materials were composed also of silver.

She ushered me into her mistress's apartment, I made my bow and entered. On one side of the room was a deep recess, painted dark green, and her Ladyship was seated on a sofa. She then arose and spoke very kindly to me, called for pipes, coffee, and began to talk on various subjects very familiarly. She at times showed slight symptoms of derangement, such as shrugging up her shoulders, casting up her eyes and uttering some Turkish expression, which she did when she was asked anything she did not like to answer. She is tall and has been a very handsome woman. I should think she is about 45 years old. At about 4 p.m. I dined in another part of the premises and had at least twenty or thirty different dishes ; what they were made of I never knew.

After dinner I again went in, when she offered me one of her horses to take a ride, but which I declined, being very tired. She then began describing and pointing her dress out to me. She was dressed as a Bedouin Arab woman, some white scarves inside, then a large white outside, Turkish slippers and large yellow ones outside, a large white turban round her head with a yellow silk handkerchief hanging

down each side of her face and which showed the tribe she belonged to.

The house was poorly furnished, she having been robbed by her servants while sick.

At about six I began to show some signs of going, when she said, "Oh you must stay all night," and took me into another room where I saw my bed prepared. After declining, I bid her good-bye, highly delighted to get away, for I had heard she was at times delirious. Thinking she might send after me and bring me back, I set off at full gallop, but forgot the guide who was on a donkey behind me some way. But I was not all right yet, for the fellow, sniffing the way, mistook water for white stones and led us into a pond which wet me above the knees, and I am happy to say, him above the neck.

9 p.m. We arrived at the French Consul's gate but could not make them hear, so left his horse to take its chance and proceeded to the Consul where, after partaking of a good cup of tea, went on board to my long-wished-for hammock, and slept sound till 6 next morning.

19th February, 1832. Went on board the *Barham* to see a play performed. The performance was not so good as the last, owing to their making too free with the bottle, but altogether it appeared quite astonishing how they could get such good scenery and dresses on board a ship.

[The *Rapid* went to Trieste for the embarkation of Otto of Bavaria. He had been chosen by the Three Powers to be King of Greece, after its liberation from Turkish rule. Otto was taken to Naples in H.M.S. *Madagascar*, and the *Rapid* accompanied her. William gave long and detailed descriptions of this affair. He managed to get the signatures of the Members of the first Greek Assembly, headed by that of the President aged 104 years. The "three young gentlemen" mentioned below later became Admiral Sir George Augustus Elliot, Admiral Lord Lyons, and Captain Cowper Coles.]

*Trieste.* Troops from Bavaria have arrived and are performing their evolutions on the top of an adjoining hill

in sight of the ships, but too far off to distinguish them plainly. However, I must content myself with observing them with the aid of a telescope, as unfortunately it is my afternoon's watch. The ships dressed themselves with flags and fired a Royal Salute, it being the Emperor of Russia's birthday.

His Majesty landed on February 6th, 1833 and the ships dressed and manned Yards. The Madagascar Midshipmen rowed him in that ship's barge, with three young gentlemen in the bow of the boat, holding the flags of England, Russia and Greece.

Went on shore at about 12. Got a capital situation, about a yard off the Triumphal Arch, and where His Majesty remained about 4 minutes to receive the keys of the town. He appears to be about 18 years of age, rather plain, particularly tall and well-made for his age, dressed in a Field Marshal's uniform, light blue coat, with a red sash over his shoulders and an Order ; tight white kid pantaloons, large cavalry boots, and a splendid pair of silver spurs ; a cocked hat with plume of white feathers tipped with red. He has a very affable and pleasing countenance. The Greeks scattered, as it were, on the rocks above, with their various dresses, waving their red skull caps and shouting.

The next person that attracted my notice was Colicotroni ; he appears to be about 45 or 50 years of age, very dark complexion with deep furrows or wrinkles in his face as if through care ; an immensely large man, and wore a red jacket edged with gold and a large red turban. This powerful chief, it is said, has, even now, several thousand men under his command in the mountains. He has been the fear and hatred of most of the Greeks, in fact all those whom he has not under his command ; the orders having been given several months back not to allow him in the town, and contrary orders not being given, the French and Greek sentries, one on each side of the gate, charged him. He immediately put his hand on his sabre, but orders were given on the spot to let him pass, when he followed the King unmolested.

The next was Admiral Miaulis in a plain blue jacket

edged with fur, a very brave man, and who in the Turkish War spent every farthing in fitting out vessels and keeping them in pay, and, in short, was the chief man who conducted the war. There is here at present a very fine Brig which he used to sail in during the war.

There happened to come on board and see the ship while we were at Napoli, a Greek gentleman who had been sent to England when the Revolution began and there educated, consequently speaking very good English. From him I found out that Miaulis is not the real name of the Admiral. His name is, or rather was, Boro, but in 1815 he engaged and sunk an Algerine corvette of 32 guns in his small brig of 16 guns. It being considered such an extraordinary feat, he was named Miaulis, that being the name of the Algerine he sunk. He was in an English ship at the bombardment of Algiers in 1816. Miaulis was also known by Lord Nelson. Whilst Lord Nelson was blockading some port in Spain, he intercepted Miaulis (who was then Captain of a merchant brig) throwing supplies in. The excellent seamanship and judgment he displayed in avoiding the fleet, as well as his open and frank story when brought before Lord Nelson, pleased him so much that his vessel was again given to him and he went away.

*Naples. April 9th, 1833.* The *Beacon*, Surveying Vessel, has been here, having taken 130 pirates at the Island of Cherso. They are to be tried the middle of next month. I really fancy a Rover's life must be a merry and happy one, when they commit no murder, and rob from every nation, with the excitement of keeping clear from men-of-war when they see them.

*April 22nd.* The influenza is raging. People dying very fast. The King has also been attacked. The *Barham* has 68 men sick.

*Malta. May 27th.* Left the *Rapid* with feelings of regret, especially on leaving Tennyson. Went to the Lazaretto. Nobody to speak to, and what is worse, no books to read.

[William was transferred as Master's Assistant to H.M.S. *Barham*, Frigate of fifty guns, commanded by Captain Hugh Pigot (afterwards Admiral Sir Hugh Pigot). The First Lieutenant, afterwards Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker, was considered "the smartest First Lieutenant in the Service." He took a fancy to William, and became his lifelong friend and benefactor.]

*H.M.S. Barham. August 6th, 1833.* In consequence of calms we did not arrive at Besika Bay till the 9th. Felt very miserable to-day and repented my having left the *Rapid*. If it were not for my friend Bingham I should certainly leave and join some vessel going home.

*September 13th.* Found foremast sprung under the rigging, it being a treble-reefed topsail breeze. The next day we found our bowsprit and spritsail yard sprung, the ship being considerably over-masted.

*24th.* Went under the sheers and took out foremast and bowsprit. Found the bowsprit very badly sprung in two places, and there being no spar large enough in Malta to make one singly, shall have one made of several pieces.

*October 21st.* Very squally weather. A squall came which carried away the main yard in the slings and split the main topsails. The rain and lightning were very heavy. We were under double-reefed topsails and courses at the time. The jib and spanker were luckily taken in a few minutes before; the men were also furling the top-gallant sails. The fore tack carried away, which saved the fore yard from going; the ship heeling at the time  $17^{\circ}$ , the water came in at the main deck ports. The most beautiful thing, if any can form the idea, was that the wind, as if satisfied with the injury it had done, died away to a complete calm, and remained so for a quarter of an hour; raining and lightning very heavy. When it commenced blowing very hard the main yard carried away about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10. The yard was placed across the gunwale a few minutes after 12; we commenced fishing it in the usual manner at 2 p.m. The yard was up at 6, the mainsail set at 10, which was not very long, the people having their dinner



and supper out of that time, and there being a slight sea on. Owing to that accident, we were not able to make Cape Matapan, and, after some very severe squalls, it came on to blow a gale from the N.E. and the foremast being worse than ever (as they only strengthened it at Malta), the mainmast wrung, the mainyard fished and bowsprit working very much, we on Thursday got to leeward of Candia in shelter, standing occasionally outside to try the weather, and finding we could not do anything, returned to the place we came from.

On Saturday the gale moderated, when we made sail, but all that night and Sunday we were carrying on a press of sail without gaining any ground, working between Candia and Cerigotto without weathering either, till Monday at 2 p.m. when we weathered Cape Spada in Candia, but were unable to weather Cerigotto. A sea is rising very fast and blowing hard, the ship working very much. She is considerably overmasted, and in an Atlantic gale would certainly lose her masts. Captain Pigot applied, upon his being appointed to her, to have her masts reduced, but Admiral Fleeming,<sup>1</sup> who had his Flag in her in the West Indies, said she did not want them reduced. The carpenter told the Admiralty before she came out that he thought six feet ought to be cut off.

*Alicante.* The Spanish ladies beautiful and very kind.

[LETTER FROM JAMES]

*Andromache,*

*Devonport.*

*December 27th, 1833.*

My dear William,

A few days since I had the happiness to receive your letters dated at Malta, November 26th.

My dear William, your letters have given us all, I assure you, sorrow. Mr. Stilwell, I fear, will begin to doubt your

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Charles Elphinstone-Fleeming, who died in 1840 as Governor of Greenwich Hospital.—Ed.



prudence, as he perceives you are discontented in your Station—he desires you not to allow false notions of comfort and rank to mar your own prospects in your profession—for he says very truly, “a rolling stone gathers no Moss” and my dear William, I am a proof of this truth. For your sake with that of your Sister, I am now serving at sea, but at an age, near 50, when a man ought to seek rest, after passing so many active and toilsome years at Sea, as I have done. I have already promised you, that whenever I can, I will get you a Midshipman’s vacancy, but in the meantime you must be patient in the situation you are now in. Look round and see how much better provided you are than many ; and let it never be for a moment forgotten by you, that all your hopes depend on my existence and employment on full pay. When you have the good fortune to pass and get appointed 2nd Master, you will be independent of casualties. And your passing and getting that step will not prevent your obtaining a Midshipman’s situation in the event of War, and should no war take place, your situation as Master would be infinitely better than an Admiralty Mate without interest. What would you do were you now rated Midshipman, if it should please God to deprive you of your father ? *Stilwell would instantly stop paying your bills.* No person would supply you ; your Mother would only have her pensions : you say you could keep yourself on your pay, alas ! you have given me much pain by informing me you are in debt at Malta ; and that you were near being turned out of the ship—I cannot permit you to draw an extra £10. Again, my dear William, remember you are a poor man’s son ; strive not to vie with other youths who are rich, or imprudent ; neither envy the Midshipmen. Your line is a certain one in peace, theirs is not.

We are going to take Lord Napier’s family and suite to Canton, and quite unexpected, I shall probably go to Bombay and see your dear brother.

Questions for you to learn well to answer—and which you must learn.

1. What are the Marks &c. of the Fork Buoy.

*Ans.* : The Buoy is chequered Black and White, lies in 4 fathoms—Marks for it are Waldenham Monument on South, Deal Castle, West, a little northerly St. Lawrence Mill, just open to the Eastward of Ramsgate Pier lighthouse, bearing North.

2. South Brake Buoy.
  3. North do. do?
  4. Gull light?
  5. North Sandhead light?
  6. What are the anchoring marks in the Downs? etc.
- . . . . .

*December 30th.* To my great astonishment I have this moment received a letter from you dated December 7th; this makes 9 shillings for Postage you have cost me in one week. I am *excessively angry at your restlessness and desire to leave. If you cannot be steady, content and economical, no more can be done; the fact is, you must instantly decide on doing as I wish—more money you cannot have: Stilwell will not pay any other than regular bills of £10 quarterly,—nor will I, for I cannot:—you must remain out—if you quit the Service you will be ruined:—you must pass for 2nd Master, and get an appointment.*

In hopes of your doing as I wish.

I remain,

My dear William,

Your affectionate Father,

JAMES HALL.

[William joined H.M.S. *Childers*, in May 1834, and in November of the same year, got transferred to H.M.S. *Talavera* (72-gun battleship) as a midshipman in the regular line. James was pessimistic, but William wrote triumphantly : “Mounted my white patch,” and :]

Wrote a letter to my dear father. Received two Collegians named Leonard Gibbard and William Partridge on board, who came out in the *Malabar*. They have come out with the intention of *revenging the death of Nelson*, but are like young bears with all their sorrows to come.

Had a scrimmage with Stapleton, our clerk, and gave him a black eye. The Captain sent for me and called me a d——d troublesome character and said I would eventually be hung.

[This incident took place in H.M.S. *Childers* (16-gun sloop). The twenty-one-year-old Captain afterwards became Admiral of the Fleet Sir Harry Keppel, and in 1874 was Commander-in-Chief at Devonport. The unruly Master's Assistant was then one of his greatest friends and the Admiral Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard.]

*H.M.S. Talavera. November 1834.* Littleton, the clerk, threw up the caterership. We are in the devil of a mess. They are the most snobbish set, with one or two exceptions, I have ever heard of, and so different from all my former messmates. I will begin by stating how they spend their time.

If you are not down exactly at 8 in the morning, you get no breakfast. If you are there, it is every man for himself, taking no notice of me, although I am a stranger. Grabbing right and left during breakfast, 10 or 12 conjurors are at work, boiling coffee and roasting meat, which is generally fat pork skin, or old broken potatoes. When that is over, they all leave for a few minutes to get their music, when 7 of them who are learning the flute begin striking up, some 'Jack's the Lad' others 'Alice Grey.' Three or four the zamut, and so on. What with the incessant din of flute playing and hissing of butter as they fry meat, smell of the spirits of wine, it is enough to kill one. About 10 in comes the ship's piper who rattles away till 6 Bells. They then clear the table, put grapes and wine on and talk the most absurd language till 7 bells, when they set up a hue and cry, 'Grog ho!', some whistling through their fingers, "'Now, steward, bear a hand and pass the bottle when you have done with it.'" Cries another, "'You will leave none for this end.'" So they go on, taking a stiffener till the cloth's laid. They have just struck up 'Robin Adair' together, so I cannot finish this now. They are called Musicians!! Dinner comes, when the same system of grabbing goes on, some growling, others rattling dice for a bottle of 4d. wine. So they go on from

morn till night. How very different from all my other messmates.

*Sunday.* Went on board and saw my friend Crawford, who, to my astonishment, was turned out of the Service and is to go home in the *Britannia*. Thus after 5 years servitude all his hopes are blasted, through the artfulness of that d——d Jellicoe, who leads Captain Percy by the nose.

*H.M.S. Andromache. Madras. Dec. 13, 1834.*

[FROM JAMES]

We had a brush in China, in September ; we were the aggressors, contrary to the Laws of the Chinese. *Imogene* and we passed up a river guarded by 5 forts, mounting 130 guns ; if Europeans had been opposed to us, we should have been demolished, as it fell nearly calm and the winds light and contrary, when we lay with our Stern only 400 yards from a 40-gun battery, our Bow exposed to another, and one abreast of us. We had four guns run out forward, and 5 astern ; and were obliged to fire all these at the same time with our broadside, and thus we made the Chinese run from their guns into caves built in the forts. On our first day's action we fired an hour and a half—on the second day we silenced a large fort in a quarter of an hour, as we had a breeze. Several shot struck us. One 9-pounder killed a boat-swain's mate on the main deck—he was shot through the heart and bowels ; four men wounded ; the *Imogene* had 1 man killed, the captain of the forecastle, who had the top of his head shot off ; 3 wounded. We killed about 100 of the Chinese and much damaged the forts. But our exploit did no good, for the Chinese would not allow Lord Napier to violate their regulations : and they kept him prisoner at Canton till he had promised that our Ships should leave Canton River. In the meantime they stopped all supplies—cut off all communication between him and us—blocked the river—surrounded us by troops, and prepared fire rafts to burn us—We were obliged to row guard all night. Thus we were compelled to retreat—and Napier took ill, and died and we left

China—without having done any good. Our Captain thinks we shall have war with China, not I,—we can do them no harm—they are so numerous, and so poor. The *Rapid* would destroy all their fleets as their men-of-war only carry 4 or 6 guns. The *Melville* will leave Bombay as soon as Admiral Capel comes, and by her our late first Lieut. Hill will take letters for your Mother, and also some parcels for her, Captain King, and Sir Theophilus Lee : as I was ill nearly all the time in China, I did not go on shore, which prevented me buying any suitable present for you. However, My dear William you are now a young man and require something more useful than trifles. Poor Mary Ann, I have not been able to spend much for her.

Be extremely cautious in introducing Messmates and strangers to your home. Never allow your Sister to go out alone, nor with any young men : and of all things in a Sea Port town nothing is so dangerous. If any Gentleman wishes to be introduced to your Sister,—learn well first his character and connexions, and then make him declare the purpose of his wishes, *but trust nobody*.

God bless you, my dear William ;—I hope you read much, and dear William,

I remain your affectionate Father,

JAMES HALL. *God bless you.*

[He went to the North Coast of Spain in 1835, on board H.M.S. *Viper*. She was a 6-gun brigantine, and was commanded by Commander Robinson. When he did the drill of “repelling boarders,” Robinson used to order William and two others to form a hollow square ; the other side of which consisted of the mainmast. William enjoyed this, and wondered “how the mainmast was going to repel a boarder.” The Carlist War was raging, a fight for the throne between Don Carlos the Pretender, a brother of Ferdinand VII, and his widow the Queen Regent, Maria Christina, mother of the child Queen, Isabella. England supported the Christinos with the British Legion, under General Sir De Lacy Evans. The *Viper* was under the orders of Captain Lord John Hay, who held the local rank of Commodore.]

*H.M.S. Viper. May 3rd.* Sailed for the North Coast of Spain with dispatches for Lord John Hay.

After a tedious passage of 19 days, we arrived at Santander. Found the *Castor* here, but Commodore Hay is at St. Sebastian with the *Tweed*, *Phoenix* and two or three other steamers, a transport brig and several marines, as well as the greater part of the *Castor's* company, co-operating with General Evans, who made a sortie and forced the Carlists' lines, with a loss of two hundred killed and seven hundred wounded. They also took the bloody flag which the Carlists displayed as a sign of no quarter, neither was there a prisoner taken on either side. 1500 men went in a steamer from here three days ago, and 500 this morning in the *North Star*, steamer, to reinforce General Evans, who is going to make another sortie as soon as possible. The *Tweed's* men are all landed and I suppose we shall also, but more will be known when we arrive, which we are in hopes of doing to-morrow, it being only 70 miles off, as we have started immediately.

*May 25th.* Arrived at St. Sebastian. Found the *Phoenix* here, with Lord John Hay ; *Tweed*, *Comet*, *Royalist* and two Spanish steamers. A sortie had been made on the 5th. After being repulsed three times, they had driven the Carlists over the River which runs round the town and taken their bloody flag, which was hoisted in their lines as a sign of no quarter, but with a loss to the British Legion of 200 killed and 600 wounded, amongst whom were a very large proportion of officers. General Evans rode to the rampart in face of 70,000 bayonets and stuck his sword there, saying, "Follow me, my lads !" Colonel Tupper of the Scotch Regiment fell leading on his regiment in a most gallant manner. General Evans, who was getting cut up by a very strong position said, "Tupper, you must take that." He said, "General, it is impossible." He said, "You *must*." He said, "I will try, but I know I shall get shot." He advanced, took the place, but was shot, and died shortly afterwards. The Rifle Regiment had 10 officers killed and 190 men killed and wounded before they had been 10



minutes engaged. Major Fortescue, who was leading them said, "Follow me, you sweeps, follow me," and charged down a steep hill, dislodging three times their number of Carlists, but they would not have done so much had it not been for the *Phoenix*, who was pitching her shell in right and left, and struck one gun which was annoying the Legion like the devil and capsized it. They took three guns from the Carlists, the next shell blew up a magazine.

The cruelties practised on both sides were dreadful. What prisoners were picked up were all barbarously murdered.

The Spanish regiments behaved middling with the exception of the Chapelgises or Rifles, who behaved in a most gallant manner.

*May 28th.* General Espartero joined General Evans. He was a shepherd in this province and is well acquainted with all the roads and passes, and formerly commanded a guerilla regiment in the Peninsular War.

In the evening, taking a walk to the outside picquet, got two shots fired at me which gave me a close shave.

*Sat. May 28th.* 5 a.m. I landed the seamen of the squadron to prepare the pontoon bridge which is to be thrown across the river as soon as the Carlists are dislodged from their stronghold on the opposite side. At 6, the *Phoenix*, with the Commodore on board, *Salamander*, two Spanish steam frigates and several gunboats weighed and proceeded off the mouth of the river. Royal Marine Artillery combined with that of the Legion and the guns of the citadel commenced a brisk fire of shot and shells and soon set fire to the numerous houses on the opposite side of the river, one strong convent in particular which was full of Carlists, the shell never breaking till it had passed through the roof and must have killed a great number. In about half an hour afterwards, the troops crossed the river, the Chapelgises preceding. There was a pretty smart fire of musketry for a short time, but the Carlists retreated a long way back. The loss in killed and wounded on the part of the Carlists amounted to 150 or 160, that of the Queens about half that number. We were



employed in laying a pontoon bridge to enable the supplies to pass as well as the troops retreating. We were also very busy strengthening the Island of St. Clare, which has two 32-pounders belonging to the *Castor*.

Nothing occurred worthy of remark till Tuesday *June 5th*, when the Carlists, thinking that the lines were very much weakened, commenced at half past three in the morning, by giving three cheers and rushing into the Spanish picquet, driving them in, but the Spaniards and one regiment of the Legion drove them back, the ships and guns on the Island of St. Clare playing on the Carlists in the valley, who had assembled there. It would be difficult to say the number killed on either side, more especially on the Carlist side, as it is their greatest aim to prevent the Queen's party from knowing how many are killed, by dragging them away by the heels, until they can throw them conveniently or take them into their lines. I have been informed by some of the Legion that the groans of the dying and wounded are dreadful, with their heads banging on the ground and a man dragging each foot.

The firing lasted till about 5, when it gradually ceased except the popping of the picquets, which is a thing so common that one takes no notice of it, more especially as they fire at such long distances, hailing each other and calling the Queen's party, "Defenders of a Whore." The English go by the name of the "Hurrahs," which the Legion give when they charge. The Carlists cannot stand the bayonet at all, but as skirmishers they are really excellent, especially about the rocks, which they travel over like goats, and are generally very lightly rigged; they are known by their white and red caps, being round ones without a peak. None or very few have knapsacks or red jackets, the six battalions of Navarese being an exception, who wear red jackets, caps and trousers, cross belted, and at a distance appear a very well-organised set of men. The greater part of the Carlists which I have seen have been in loose white jackets, caps and trousers, being the peasantry, who are nearly all Carlists, and those who do not wish to be are

forced. But in the Province of Biscaya, they are all staunch Carlists owing to their privileges and immunities which they receive from Carlos, and consequently lose by the other party, such as making the ports free and several other things which I cannot clearly ascertain. But to conclude with the subject, I should say from various enquiries that the Carlists had about 10 killed and 25 or so wounded, the Queen's half that number.

*June 9th.* At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2 we were awoke by the signal for attack being given from the heights and were soon up there, although it is nearly  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile and very steep and rugged. It appears that the Carlists had advanced to the very door of our picquet house, containing 40 or 50 Spaniards, while they were beating the drum for daylight, and commenced a volley at the door and windows, and even attempted to force the door open with their bayonets ; the picquet returned the fire, but would certainly have been taken and massacred had it not been for Langley, a Marine officer of the *Castor*, who made repeated solicitation to Capt. Stevens of the Marines who commanded up there to allow him to take his men out and cover the picquet. Having been refused, on his own responsibility, and seeing the inevitable disaster, sung out, "Thirty of the *Castors*, follow me !" They did so and rushed from our outer lines toward the picquet house, and maintained a fire for a few minutes, when a shot struck him in the thigh and he fell. In the meantime they advanced to the right of the picquet house towards our lines, but little did they expect to receive so well directed and continual fire of musketry from the Marines at the loop holes. As they advanced, the Marines fired grape and canister which cut them down in great numbers. We had 26-pounders and 23-pounders playing on them. They began to retreat and by six they were off altogether, when to our astonishment, we saw 3 battalions or 24,000 men march away, who had been in reserve about a quarter of a mile off, behind a ridge of hills. The attacking party amounted to 380 or 400 men, and if they had surprised the picquet as they expected, the

whole body would have attacked us, but the picquet house being very strong, completely outflanked them, and the more men they had brought, the more would have been killed. The party defending amounted to about 400, including Lord John Hay, Captains Henderson and Robinson, all the officers and men of the *Phoenix* and *Viper* and 100 of the *Castor*, with Marines, Artillerymen, and Spaniards. The Carlists had 20 killed, including their best Colonel. We had 5 killed and 15 wounded, all Spaniards with the exception of Langley, the Marine officer. We have been very busy since in fortifying and strengthening our lines. A train of live shell has been laid between the inner and outer lines.

The Spaniards certainly are the most despicable nation on the face of the globe and have patriotic hymns enough for all Europe. Yet a few Carlists having made their appearance a few miles from here, nothing would appease their fear till they had got 30 of the remnant of the Lancers here to get under arms ; the Captain of the Troop refused until they gave them a month's pay, which they would not do, but came with half that sum immediately. The Carlists not having advanced, the Lancers were not required to go out, so got roaring drunk, one man falling off his horse and is now dying.

*Saturday.* Went on shore with Curtis and Stokes for a ride, admired the country, enjoyed myself exceedingly, and returned on board ready to reassume my duty, up to my eyebrows in whitewash.

Oh Spain ! with your numerous patriotic songs, your martial music, your well-written bulletins of bravely fought battles, your plunder and murder, your sacking and raping, your numerous clever generals and loyal soldiery, cannot you produce one man who has the spirit to come forward and take the lead on either side for Isabella and your much-talked of liberty, or Don Carlos and legitimacy ?

Oh, you may be called a nation and included in the renowned Quadruple Alliance, but you are surely nothing more than a name.

## [LETTER FROM JAMES]

August 14th, 1836.

My dear William,

We yesterday had the pleasure of receiving your letter which has afforded us much happiness by learning that you were well. You remind us of your being in hazard of being killed by shot ; it was not necessary my dear William to do it, as we all knew that you are living in a state of war, and we duly pray to the Lord to preserve you. But we feel grateful to His Goodness in having already protected you ; and I trust you are always retaining a lively remembrance of this, as here I entreat you, and earnestly once and for all wish to stamp on your memory this serious fact, that God alone is your protector, and friend.

[William was nearly twenty-one, and was feeling depressed about his prospects, when Captain Dacres (of the *Salamander*),<sup>1</sup> who had noticed him during the Carlist activities, offered him a vacancy on condition he passed his examination in seamanship. The *Viper* arrived at Spithead in February 1837, and William asked Captain Robinson several times for leave, to be discharged for passing. Each time he was refused, and Robinson, shoving off in his galley, indulged in sarcasm :

"Get the Commander-in-Chief's permission and you can go." William made no reply, but when the Captain was clear of the ship he hailed a waterman.

At the Commander-in-Chief's office he asked to see the secretary, and got the first word in :

"Captain Robinson of the *Viper* told me that if the Commander-in-Chief would grant me permission to stay behind for passing, he would let me do so, and he told me to get permission."

"This is very irregular, Mr. Hall. Where are you from ?"

"The North Coast of Spain."

The secretary had friends out there in various ships, and William was most interesting about it all :

"Well—well—we'll see what we can do for you."

"Look here, sir—if you give me the order for my discharge I can take it back and save the trouble of sending a boat in."

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Admiral Sir Sydney Dacres ; died 1884.—Ed.

"Very well, Mr. Hall."

Robinson, standing at the gangway when William returned, bawled out :

"Hello, Mr. Hall. Seen the Admiral ?"

"Yes, sir, and the Admiral says there is to be no delay about it."

The Captain walked below. In an hour William was in lodgings in Portsea.]

*1st March, 1837.* Went on board the *Britannia*, passed a very fair examination before [Captains] Searle, Fanshawe and Harding ; on the following Monday went, with twenty others, to the Royal Naval College to work out the questions ; worked several, missing Lunar 60 out ; got a crash in the back by a rotten orange as I was leaving, with a salute of "You're turned back," thought to myself it was a bad omen, but commended the Collegian for telling the truth. Went to Bradley, compared my questions, found several more wrong. Was told it was very doubtful.

Tuesday at noon, ten beside myself waiting to be examined with the sextant. Two called into the garden at a time ; got frightened at the look of the enormous sextants, artificial horizon and compass, also the length of the time the first two were kept in ; summoned at last ; went in ; got confidence by old Inman telling me he could see *I* knew the use of the instrument by the way I handled it, (three hours before could not take it up properly). Went through my examination ; told to measure the sun on and off the arc, at any other time could have done it readily ; began to get flurried ; knew I should make a mess if I tried ; observed a friendly black cloud sailing towards the sun ; told him his sextant was heavy and my arm tired ; begged a few seconds' rest, looking at the friendly cloud all the time ; just before it touched brought the sextant up with great spirit ; commenced screwing. Inman took the sextant ; said he could not see them both ; believed him ; if he saw one it was more than I did ; over went the cloud, and he rather surlily informed me what I knew, that we ought to wait on the sun, as it would not wait upon us ; dismissed me ; made sure I was turned

back. Three admirals called our names over ; several were called ; gave it up ; thought them all d——d sulky old rascals ; my name was then called ; agreeably surprised, changed my opinion, and thought, nice good-natured old fellows.

Wrote to the Admiralty to know whether I was appointed to *Salamander* ; received an answer to say that I was appointed on the 28th, and to proceed out in *North Star*, which ship was then at Spithead waiting for Legion Blankets.

Bought a sweater and comforter ; went by the mail ; seated myself alongside a Jewish-looking fellow ; soon recognised him as a man who had passed the college with me, although he had bought an old shilling umbrella as a disguise.

Arrived in the morning, everyone stared at us ; laughed heartily when we surveyed ourselves in the glass ; went to the Blossom Inn, Laurence Lane, for the Maidstone coach ; went into the coffee room and ordered breakfast ; the waiter came up and very unceremoniously tapped me on the shoulder and said, " Tap, tap for you. You mustn't have it here."

" Oh, never mind," said I, " I daresay I can eat here," so very quietly seated myself among the ladies and gents, who stared at me as though I were a wild animal. Finished my breakfast, gave the waiter nothing for his civility, and started for Maidstone. Fell in with two old Tories in the coach ; passed off for a sailor. . . .

Arrived at Maidstone about 2 p.m. ; hired a chaise ; arrived at Cranbrook about 4 ; found the house and door open ; went in ; servants screamed and swore a drunken sailor had come in ; saw my father who did not know me after a lapse of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  years ; found him much altered, but in good health. My Mother and sister out, took a walk but missed them ; hustled myself for the coach the next morning ; went home ; found them all delighted upon my passing ; spent my time happily.

The next morning started at half past 7 ; arrived at 4 p.m. at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross ; took the coach on and arrived at Portsmouth next morning at 6.30 a.m. ; went out to Spithead, giving boatman double fare, as sails of *North Star* were being set ; climbed up the cable and hauled in at the



hawse pipe by the Lieut. in charge of cables with "Who the devil are you?" "Mr. Hall, going out to join the *Salamander*"—and as there was a scarcity of Mids., I was put into a batch at once, and a few days afterwards joined the *Salamander* at Pasages [a small port close to San Sebastian].

[He did not see his father again for six-and-a-half years. In fourteen years he and James only met for a period of less than twenty-four hours. William was Midshipman and Mate on board the *Salamander*. She was employed between San Sebastian and Bilbao, carrying troops, sometimes landing her own men as a Naval Brigade. At times he would land and join General Espartero's Army for the day and witness a battle.

The *Salamander* was a steamer (4-gun paddler). Her boilers began to leak badly, so she came home, and the crew were turned over to the *Gorgon*. In September she went out to Spain and took part in the closing operations of the Carlist War.]

*H.M.S. Gorgon. October 1838.* It is gratifying to see that although the French ships are larger and better manned than ours, they are in very slack order, and the other day the whole squadron drove in a treble-reefed topsail breeze  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile before they could let go their 2nd anchor. Their three-decker the *Montebello* is an unsightly, misshapen lump of wood. They all work particularly slow aloft.

Thinking it would forward the work, I was left at Santina to get the troops ready, whilst the ship went to Castro. After much trouble, I got them under way, and there being only 2 or 3 boats, a difficulty was on that point started.

A Chasse-Marée was lying in the stream, and having a verbal order to her Captain from the Governor to get down to the town and embark as many troops as possible, I went abreast of her with some Spaniards to hail her; receiving no answer after repeated hails and growing very impatient, thinking at the same time it was probable that merely one boy was on board who had fallen asleep, I pushed off in the cutter and upon getting alongside found 6 Spaniards on deck and the Captain with his night-cap on, having just



roused out of bed, and positively refusing to comply with the order except in writing. I immediately boarded and commenced weighing the anchor ; the Spaniards ran below for their knives, I luckily having a musket in the boat, immediately cocked it and placed it to the ear of one fellow, threatening to fire unless they instantly assisted. The result was astonishing ; they clipped on and in a few minutes we were embarking troops ; shortly after, the ship arrived and we proceeded to San Sebastian.

*Friday.* Started the *Phoenix* for England. Billy Whyte and myself very unceremoniously turned out of her by the order of Captain Milward.

*January 1st, 1839.* Dined in the Gun Room with the rest of my messmates and shipmates. It fell far short of the last with regard to pleasure, for having had many changes, some for worse, others for better, I cannot lose the tempting opportunity of transcribing my opinion of our senior mate, who is so different from the one we had the preceding New Year's Day. . . . This is the greatest nuisance of a midshipman's berth where there are so many thrown together, that in the Navy generally, but more particularly in the junior classes, a spirit of duplicity is fostered, which in a very short time becomes natural and, as the saying goes, "two faces are worn under the same hat," among many, very many, of our class.

Our Service is without any exception the most cramped, illiberal and twisted with so much vassalage, that to see a truly upright and independent man is a very rare phenomenon ; many having great interest, go beyond independence and verge on rebellion or mutiny, knowing their interest will defend them. Those whose authority they lessen, Lieuts, Captains, etc., knuckle to them as bondsmen fearing their strength. Others there are who ape this class, profess to be independent, talk large and threaten to withstand orders they consider arbitrary, but are wise enough not to attempt it. Those are principally the sons of executive officers in the Navy from Admirals to Commanders, although

I have known even Lieutenants' sons ape equally with the others.

The third class are those like myself with no interest and who are in some ships made the "handy Billy" of the ship, kept 8 or 9 years in slavery almost. This is the way our Navy is at present.

My old friend Dumaresq is an instance of the injustice of the Service, he being still a mate 10 years passed, of unblemished character, and was actually an acting Lieut. 10 years since.

When I was in the *Barham* the "young gentlemen" were sent for, at the head of whom stood old Reid, a Mate of 13 years passed, about 45 years of age and actually tottering with old age. Much as I love the Service, Dumaresq not having received his promotion disgusts me daily. He was in the same capacity in the *Rapid* with me when I first joined the Service. What is wonderful, he never complains; everyone who is acquainted with him dotes on him and sincerely wishes him to receive that reward he is so justly entitled to.

[Even to promising young men of birth the prospect of promotion was black. In 1834 a volunteer of the 1st Class (afterwards Admiral the Rt. Hon. Sir John Dalrymple-Hay, Bt.) was told this by Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Maitland, who commanded the *Bellerophon* when Napoleon surrendered after Waterloo: "You are a great fool for going to sea; go home again. There are over 4,000 Lieutenants and 1,200 mates and midshipmen."<sup>1</sup>]

[LETTER FROM JAMES]

Glasgow, 1839.

Mary Ann having told you all domestic news, I have now, my dear William, to exhort you in my usual way to pursue a steady course of conduct, and never allow impatience to dwell on your mind, as it would sour your feelings, embitter your enjoyment, roughen your temper and all combined

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from *Lines from My Logbooks*, by Admiral Sir John Dalrymple-Hay, Bt. (Blackwood, 1898).—Ed.

might, as I often have witnessed in young Officers, offend those who are above you, on whose good opinion probably depends your promotion. And having, by a hasty expression springing from impatience and disappointed expectations, lost their good will, although not made sensible to you, promotion is retarded if not lost. Lieut. Vassal, I think his name, had the watch when Lord Nelson, then Rear-Admiral, was in search of the Nile fleet ; the ship was close on a vessel, and the Admiral, full of anxiety to find the French, thought the Yards were not braced up enough ; he said so to the Lieutenant, who unguardedly forgot himself, and in an impertinent manner called to the watch to come and spring the yard ;—he *never was promoted*—So also Hill lost his promotion when in *Andromache*. Now, my dear William, let these examples sink deep in your memory, and determine you never, never, never utter expressions of dislike to the Services, of contempt of any superior, impatience for promotion, because all these will keep it back ; the opposite to these must as effect follows cause, advance it. When most distant to the mind, it may be at hand in reality. I am confident you will be promoted if you follow my counsel. It is never an act of wisdom to seem poor to the world—seem above its pity and its need, independent of each, and you will always have both ready for you.

I wish you, as I told you years ago, to make yourself a *good linguist*, as this alone will be powerful help to you in obtaining promotion, and a name at the Admiralty ; also learn well the anchorages, etc., and let me know what you do in these matters ; you may write in Italian or French. I abstain from all politics, as it is best to do so, and I advise you never to be of any party—always in reply to a question as to your politics, say, a Naval Officer's duty is "to serve his country nobly, and know only one side, his duty !"

Poor Mary Ann has begun to think seriously of her condition ; two supposed Beaux have appeared, and have taken their departure, for in the present day, girls require to have a character of being in possession of a fortune. She consoles herself, as a good maiden ought, by reading her Bible, and

amusing herself at the piano, on which she executes with style and spirit.

[ANOTHER LETTER FROM JAMES]

"*Naval Agents and women have sent many a fine officer into Prison—or brought him to beggary.* Form, my dear William, no intimacy with young Ladies ; remember that you have no friends to supply you with money to enable you to visit company on shore, and I am sure you have too much pride and spirit to imitate the Mates of old days who were sort of Warrant Officers and by their dress on shore, and living, when on board, shewed their poverty. No, no, although you be poor, do not seem so ; your pay ought, and in fact must keep you ; if it cannot you must never think of remaining in the Navy ; for if you once get a character of being a poor beggarly fellow, or a Scamp, who cannot *pay his debts, you will never be a Lieutenant.* And I am sure you would not like the Merchant Service. As for the Revenue Service, you know that is not the Service for young *Men of mettle*, who wish to rise to become *Post Captains*—You have of your accord chosen your present line, and may God prosper you in it. Your exertions have been laudable, and deserve every encouragement ; but as it is not possible for me to afford you any assistance, even if you wanted it, you must soberly and contentedly work on, till better times arrive.

I much fear, my dear William, that you reflect seldom on your condition in life. You have not attended to this truth, that you are a poor young man, whose means are within himself. You surprise me by saying you are in want of another £5 . . . and in consequence of our embarrassment your Sister suffers ; she has no piano. . . .

Now my dear William I must come to what you doubtlessly will consider the best part of this letter, that is, to the business part—You may draw on me at thirty days *after date* for £15.0.0 and you may write to Mr. Bowie or call on him and tell him to draw on me at three months after date for the sum of £18.0.0. Thus, my dear William, you will be

enabled to pay the *Shoemaker* and *Tailors*, and have *money in your pocket*, like a gentleman. I am always alarmed lest your long absence from the *Barham* has erased from your memory the propriety of a Mate always being smart and well set up in his dress ; for I know how often young, and also old officers acquire a habit of carelessness in their manners, and slovenliness in their dress by serving on board small Vessels. Your Mother used often, and also your Sister, to tell me how particular you were about your person and dress when you belonged to the *Barham* ; and thinking on this, when I read *your own* description of “ *Socks without feet* ” and “ *Shirts without tails*,” I drew to my view pictures that memory furnished of old Mates who wore worsted Stockings without toes or heels, ragged jackets, dirty shirts, and were always the Slaves of the Ship. You must therefore blame yourself a little, for the Lecture you received. Push on, my dear William.

I am sorry I inflicted pain on you, especially as you now appear to have merited the highest praise from me, for your steady and officer-like conduct. I am also more sorry by learning that you were then actually enduring pain from an injury ! I hope I shall have a *speedy* and a long letter announcing your perfect recovery from all ill effects of the accident, and, also, that you are happy. I am rejoiced at your having joined the *Benbow*, and have reason for being proud that I have a son who is respected by all his Superiors.

I, my dear William, have struggled hard, and my sorrows have been vastly more than you shall ever know, or than you can conceive ; but thanks be to God who has ever corrected me for my admonition, and with His own Almighty power has brought me out of all difficulties.

Alas ! our family and hereditary estates are worthless—not even a blade of grass on the land. But I am happy to say that my debts are few.

[And Mary Ann wrote :]

I do hope my dear William that after you have had assistance with a fit out that you will endeavour to live  
Hs

without getting in debt. I cannot think how you can bear it—for as for myself I should be wretched to think that I owed so much that *time* only would enable me to pay it. Now do for the future be more careful—I am afraid you will say I have varnished the picture which Father has drawn but little, however I am sure you have sense enough to know that whatever I have said is entirely for your good—Now then for a more agreeable topic—“Gell” when last we heard was a little better. I should like her to come here as the change might benefit her. You used to tell her that she might find a better-looking fellow but a more affectionate one she could not. Do you think she could find one *less ragged*? I hope when you get whole shirts—socks, etc., you will take great pains in keeping yourself respectable—and look like an officer.

[But Frank, his small stepbrother, contented himself with :]

My dear William,

This is my writing and this is Fanny's birthday. And when will you come home as I wish much to see you?

[A PRAYER OF WILLIAM'S]

*March 11th, 1839.* This day I attain 23 years of age. “Most Gracious God, I now enter my 24th year. I am enabled to obtain a few moments’ reflection and think of past scenes, my many sins, my undutiful behaviour to my Father, and my rebellion to yourself. . . . I ought to be struck with fear and astonishment that you have not blotted me from the page of life. . . . Let me never prove a coward but let me consider thee as my stronghold in the hour of danger. . . .

[He went on to pray humbly for forgiveness and that he might never “tyrannise over my inferiors,” but he could not resist adding the entreaty that he might “never succumb slavishly to my superiors.”]

*Passage home in H.M.S. Rolla. (10 gun brig). May 5th.* 290 miles from Ushant I left the ship with deep regret. I



had been happier than I had ever previously been. I have never had an angry word from the 1st Lieut. The Captain gave me the vacancy in the most handsome manner. He added his own opinion in addition to the public certificate. The 1st Lieut. offered me money. The Captain begged that I would make use of him in the way of getting my promotion. Adieu, *Salamander*. The *Phoenix* will shortly be coming to relieve you—God bless and prosper your inmates.

[In 1839, William was a Mate (a rank corresponding to the modern Sub-Lieutenant) on board H.M.S. *Benbow*, 72-gun battleship, commanded by Captain Houston Stewart.<sup>1</sup> The popular Captain kept up great style—had his own piper on board; the ship was noted for its discipline, the officers were “an excellent set,” wrote William. She was in the Anglo-Austrian fleet which sailed for Syria to intervene in the war between Mehemet Ali, viceroy and self-made ruler of Egypt, and Turkey. The war concerned territorial possessions. Mehemet Ali had annexed Syria, and his master the Sultan, alarmed by his growing independence, had sent an army to Syria and a fleet to Alexandria. The army was defeated, the fleet went over to Mehemet Ali. A quadruple alliance, consisting of Great Britain, Russia, Austria and Prussia, signed a treaty in 1840, which curtailed Mehemet Ali’s activities, and presented terms to him with a time limit. France supported him. Sir Charles Smith commanded the land operations, and Commodore Sir Charles Napier, Colonel of the Marines (sometimes alluded to by William as “Old Charley”), ranked second.

The *Princess Charlotte* bore the flag of Admiral the Hon. Sir Robert Stopford, Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean.

Tortosa was attacked on September 25th, after Beyrout had been bombarded. William commanded the launch of the *Benbow*, whose boats attacked Tortosa. He was mentioned in dispatches.

The attack was not successful. The attacking forces had been informed that most of the garrison of Tortosa had marched away, while actually they had been replaced. When the approach to the beach had been surveyed the day

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Admiral of the Fleet Sir Houston Stewart.—Ed.



before the boat attack, the surveying officer had missed a submerged reef of rocks which extended across the line of the boats as they rowed from H.M.S. *Carysfort*—the assembly point before the action.

With the exception of two boats, they were stranded on this reef and heavy fire was opened on to them from the fort. In William's boat five of his crew were killed, and six wounded. After three days of bombardment the garrison surrendered. The *Benbow* also assisted at the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, the greatest stronghold on the Syrian coast.

Mehemet Ali came to terms in 1840. War with France was narrowly averted.

On August 25th, 1840, the *Benbow* arrived at Beyrout with arms on board for the Syrians.]

*H.M.S. Benbow. August 25th. 1840.* Charley Napier sailed in line right round the town and Bay, hoping someone would fire at him, but that not being the case, anchored very close in. It appears he has issued a proclamation calling on the Syrians to revolt and throw off their yoke, offering to assist them, and threatens to *annihilate* any Egyptian who shall dare to touch them. It is his own composition.

Soliman Bey, the Commander of the troops here, is a Frenchman and they say a very clever man. He has 15,000 troops about and round the town ; 4,500 are Turkish which gave themselves up a year or two since.

All the Captains dined here ; old Charley came in a coat without straps. We received him with a lieutenant's guard.

At 12 p.m., happening to be in the stern walk, he observed some lightning to leeward ; he immediately thought it was an action taking place and for a few moments was completely staggered. Although every one assured him it was lightning and had continued for 4 preceding hours, he ordered me on board to Captain Henderson of the *Gorgon*, to direct him to get his steam up and proceed in that direction until he found out what it was ; I was in the boat and starting on my mission when I received a countermanding order.

*Friday, Sept. 4th.* Very busy preparing haversacks and organizing a landing and field piece, also boat's crew, and nothing is heard about the deck but "slip the thumb in the rear of the barrel, and wait for the word to," but I think nothing can be decidedly done until the Admiral arrives : in my opinion however gallant a man our commodore is, there is a great want of foresight as well as decision and that he is not at all calculated to command a force. A steady man would be preferable.

*Sat. Sept. 5th.* This is the last day they leave it to Mehemet Ali to accept the terms they have offered. They have either given or are to give, a certain number of days between. Their first offer was to allow him to retain the government of Egypt, Acre and one or two other places, next Egypt only, and lastly to lose the whole.

5 p.m. arrived the *Revenge* from Malta ; our force is becoming very creditable. She is commanded by a man rather notable in our Service for bullying. Billy Waldegrave<sup>1</sup> is his Service name, but when she was commissioned in England, he could not get officers or men to join, so he has turned to an amiable character. This ship was so very long in getting manned that she went to Cork with three men on her f'castle in a watch and navigated by soldiers. The Commodore has declared the place in a state of blockade, and supposing that all communication will be cut off to-night, the stewards and flunkeys are laying in a large stock of woolly sheep with huge tails.

*Sept. 6th.* All the people are leaving the town ; the Commodore has summoned the town. Soliman Pasha has said as long as we respect the town he will, but he will defend it to the utmost ; a few thousand additional troops were marched down last night. The Commodore has sent to tell him to clear the hospitals out and remove the women and children ; he has also sent to say "The first broadside, he will send him 60 shell." The Consul's family have gone to the *Powerful*. They say at the first broadside, the Egyptians will blow up

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Wm. Waldegrave.—Ed.

the forts, having undermined them. The Consul remains, until the last moment.

*Tuesday, Sept. 8th.* 10 a.m., arrived the *Phoenix* with the mail from Malta, having touched at Alexandria on her way. The Admiral, with the *Princess Charlotte* and *Bellerophon* were under way for this place. *Asia* and *Implacable* at anchor off Alexandria, *Cyclops* inside, expected to sail for this place hourly. Mehemet Ali and our chiefs are on the greatest terms of friendship ; a little illness alone prevented our Admiral from dining with Mehemet Ali to-day before they started. Everything is peaceable in that part. Mehemet Ali has said his determination is fixed and that he is in hopes before long to settle it, as he has an embassy at Constantinople with some terms.

Here the prospect is all war : our Consul struck his flag and is on board the *Powerful*, and the English are nearly all off.

The Egyptian troops have been observed filling sand bags and every preparation is made for landing, and the Commodore has stated positively he lands the moment Admiral Walker<sup>1</sup> arrives.

Upon looking at the town, found nothing but strong antique walls which you might have fired at for a month and caused little damage. The store had 4 walls to get through, and the idea of blowing it up appears quite impracticable. The Governor, having heard we were to attack him, sent for a reinforcement of cavalry ; 70 were dismounted, 2 small field pieces sent in and 200 cavalry on each flank lying under cover ready to dash the moment we fairly got in. All these things having been considered and not having men to put in, even if we had it, everything is dropped for the present, and the *Carysfort* and *Zebra* lie quietly off there.

In the afternoon the barge returned and had seen no one.

*Friday, 27th.* The *Carysfort* has sent us a deserter.

<sup>1</sup> Captain Baldwin Wake Walker, R.N., who held temporary rank as Rear-Admiral in the Turkish Navy. He had been 1st Lieutenant of the *Barham* when William was serving in her.—Ed.

In the forenoon a landing party was told off consisting of about 50 men ; a party of 14 were told off as pioneers, having hammers and axes with them, and at the same time a bursting bag of powder ready to blow up the corn magazine. This was determined upon in consequence of the information given by the man who came on board from *Carysfort* and described the doors and magazine so easy of access that he volunteered to go with a few men armed with masts and knock the door down ; so much faith did I put into his statement that I asked permission to be sent with him in a small boat. This, thank God, was refused. The man said there was not *a soul* in the town. Previous to our starting for *Carysfort*, a boy who acts the part of a spy said 2,000 men were marched in ; this appeared *so incredible*, no attention *at all* was paid to *his* statement.

At half past 12 p.m., the boats in the following order left the Ship : barge with her crew (and part of the landing party) commanded by Day ; pinnace with her crew and remainder of the landing party ; Stanfell and West. The cutter with Lt. Charlewood, the gunner and pioneer party. The launch and 47 marines, commanded by the writer. The marines, of course, were to have landed. The whole force under the command of Maitland, the first Lt., accompanied by Ross, Mid.

After half an hour's pull, we arrived alongside the *Carysfort*, where we found the brig's boat with her marines. The two vessels opened their fire, and commenced battering various parts of the walls and buildings which began to crumble under the broadside.

We were lying so long on our oars that I anchored the launch by the stern ; after remaining there a quarter of an hour longer, the *Carysfort* manned and armed her boats, and as Mr. Maitland passed by in the barge, ordered the boats to pull in ; The cutter was the headmost boat and candidly I never saw such a scene of confusion in my life. Boats pulling in without the slightest order. It reminded me much more of landing liberty men, than pulling in to attack a place. Harrison, the Marine Officer, pointed out to me the

place they were to land, and we accordingly gave way in. Actually no orders had been given to land and it would have been a foolish thing to have kept 70 hands in a boat with loaded arms. After pulling two or three dozen strokes, and nearly out of hearing of the *Carysfort*, I heard them hailing from her, apparently with great energy, "Pull more to the left." This was repeated by all the boats and as the order without specifying the point, left it to each officer to pull as much to the left as he pleased, every boat pulled in a different direction. *I understood it* to be the left of the buildings and clear of the town, on a sandy beach, which I exulted at, as the rocks were visible upon the point we were before steering, and having understood the marines were to be landed as fast as possible, thought I would land them dry. Upon looking round, found I was steering more to the left than any other boat, all were on my starbd. bow and quarter; the *Carysfort*, pinnace, with Stevens, the first Lieut. in, were within hail on the latter point. I hailed to ask where we were to go; he wanted to know where Mr. Maitland was. I said "Nearly in"; the conversation dropped and I altered course to steer with the other boats. I saw the rocky bottom and called as many marines as possible aft to enable me to give way over. The 1st cutter had landed Mr. Charlewood and his party who were entering a breach made in the walls by the shot, and was employed landing Mr. Maitland and some few of his hands; we gave way, let go the anchor just before we touched (but unfortunately with too little scope) and ran her stern on and grounded her as far aft as the second front thwart, on the rocks. The same instant before the cable could be secured properly I heard the marines roar out "They are firing out of loopholes" and immediately they opened their fire before the boat was properly secured or the launchers had got clear of their oars to work the gun and thereby not only cut off all communication between the ends of the boat, but actually prevented any of the foremost end showing their heads above the gunwale, and for one or two minutes, although the gun was loaded, we could not train or fire it. I could not believe or think for several minutes

that any one was firing at us, until poor Samuel Squibb, a fine, quiet young fellow, one of my oldest launchers, was killed by my side. I did not see him for a minute afterwards ; he was lying in the bottom of the boat dead ; he had been shot right through the brain ; his eyeballs were lying on his cheeks and quite cold and white. We fired the gun several times. I then saw the loopholes with the *smallest* cloud of smoke possible coming out of each. Immediately after, a marine, a young fellow named Earles, who was assisting me at the gun, was shot through the heart ; he was alongside me ; I did not see him hit either, but those who did, say he dropped his musket, staggered, put his hands out, spoke something and dropped dead on Squibb or very near him. "Another man hit, Sir" two or three said ; they pointed him out to me.

A long, narrow and low loophole exactly opposite our boat kept up an incessant fire ; whilst training the gun for this, another launcher Edward Hadaway, was hit in the leg, after passing through the boat's side near the water line ; and at the same time I assisted a poor fellow, Jeffrey Wilson, one of my men, and said "Jump up, you old beggar, you are but hit." He showed me his arm, streaming with blood ; he has since had it cut off below the shoulder. In the meanwhile, the breeze had freshened, a little more rise to the ripple and by the firing of the gun, the boat tripped her anchor and swung her stern inshore into deep water, rendering the gun useless. Time after time I implored the marines to cease firing to allow my men to weigh the anchor and place the boat properly. At the same moment, heard Mr. Maitland hail for the men to land, told Harrison, roared to the first cutter, waved to the boats outside me ; at last Harrison and nearly half the marines jumped overboard on the offside of the boat, thinking to be able to wade on shore ; they jumped on the reef which was uneven. Some few were standing with the water up to their knees, whilst others had it up to their armpits, and nearly the whole with their cartridge boxes under water, rendering their powder useless ; their leaning on the boat assisted to drift her stern in and take them into



deeper water inside the reef. Much to my astonishment the *Zebra's* boats were a little too far off and *their* shots dropped very close to us. Mr. Maitland of the *Carysfort*, and his party were standing close to the beach. The *Carysfort* and *Zebra* opened their fire on a building which was firing down on them. The marines began getting in the boat again. I hailed the barge upon her coming in, went into her and weighed my anchor, holding on the bow by the barge's cable. One or two marines went into her ; as soon as my anchor was up I wished to lay it out seaward, but the confusion and variety of voices made all commands useless. I since hear that one of the Bargemen was passing it from their boat to ours when he was wounded and again dropped it, still inshore and among the rocks. Upon going aft found two dead bodies, Captain Sadler and E. G. of the marines on my cable, beside Marines firing who would not move, so was compelled to cut. Boats all still keeping up their fire. Observed the *Carysfort* show a Blue Ensign at the Main ; had some idea it was a recall. Saw the first cutter passing to the shore.

Jock Stewart<sup>1</sup> came close, held up cartridges and asked if I wanted any assistance. He behaved gallantly in the cutter, pulling in through the thick of it. I admired him and felt proud of him as a friend. The *Zebra's* boat was too far out and was ordered closer in. They said they had no ammunition. Light boats were required to land men and embark them. Shortly after the Blue Ensign was hoisted, Capt. Stewart pulled in and hailed me as well as waving to all the boats to go and board *Carysfort*. . . . Jock Stewart came, took me in tow ; some men were still clinging to the sides of the launch. A bandsman, Miller, nearly drowning from exhaustion when he was hauled in—the barge's anchor, which I had, was foul of a rock. Hawkins, a Launcher, acted very gallantly by jumping overboard, swimming astern, diving and tripping the anchor.

All the Boats began pulling off. The party who were on shore came off with little loss, comparatively speaking.

<sup>1</sup> Midshipman Stewart, son of the Captain of the *Benbow*. He afterwards became Admiral Sir William Houston Stewart,—Ed.



I felt rejoiced and thankful to see my shipmates, messmates and friends, untouched. Upon getting to the *Carysfort* sent the wounded in and with 4 dead shipmates below, who upon leaving the ship were in such good spirits not more than 3 hours before—pulled to the ship. The men on board were cutting the rigging down. They of course stopped to look who were hit when we came alongside—the nettings and ports of main and lower deck and as well as the chains, were crowded with our shipmates—Poop with Officers—and when the grating was lowered in the boat to place the dead on, our late companions in the launch, a tried, steady and trusty fellow was lashed on and “Poor Jass gone” was uttered by the shipmate who had pulled on the same thwart with him for more than a year, with tears in his eyes in memory of a poor man but honest sailor. God rest his soul in peace.

The Marines were then sent up, and expressions such as the following were heard. “My poor chum gone.” “Is old Sadler killed?” “What will Earles’ brother think of it?”, (the young marine having his brother with Captain Searle’s party). Then the spirit of revenge manifesting itself, “Oh, the cowardly scoundrels!” “Let’s catch them in the field.” “I’ll pay them for *your* sakes,” pointing to the corpses.

[*Here comes List of Casualties.*]

The thing miscarried, but still the body of men behaved well under fire—and the joy I feel at seeing my friends around me can scarcely be conceived. For Day and Stanfell I have the greatest affection—more especially the former, who is so foolish as to have a little regard for me.

Several occurrences which took place showed me we were novices in the art of war, and that the rising generation require more experience in these matters.

I have come to the determination of being an opposer and hater of false keels, and shall after this have a small Buoy and rope on my anchor.

The Larboard side of Main Deck is screened off, and cots between each gun. Dined in Ward Room—and an hour or two afterwards it all appeared as a dream.

After a thing has failed, numbers spring forth who say, "You ought to have done this," and Generals are common, but like the rest, before the disaster happens, know little.

*Saturday, 26th Sept.* This morning we buried our ship-mates, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the ship, and we also heard of the death of a Marine we left on board *Carysfort*. I am happy to find all the wounded are doing well. From a deserter who came this morning, we find they had 300 dismounted cavalry in the town, and that the rest were ready to attack us, if we came inside it. 2 or 3 mountaineers have come on board who state that there are numbers in the villages who will join us, if they get the opportunity ; and one states he was sent to know whether they could get arms if they came.

The small Fort on shore has been cleared out and the large one filled. This has taken place to prepare the small one for the soldiers. A man who came from the town, positively assured us that 1,000 cavalry can be quartered in the vaulted places underground in the town.

Disgusted at breakfast at seeing our detestable Second Master grab a Mutton Chop. He is a brute in every sense of the word and what is most despicable, a servant's spy.

*Oct. 1st.* In the evening the ship passed over one of our dead, which had risen—with two shots at his feet. We are 23 or 30 miles from the spot where they were buried, which proves the current is to the northward. A Boat was lowered down to sink it. It was one of those shot through the head as the base of the hammock was covered with blood. It was a melancholy sight for the shot allowed the body to be upright and showing nearly to the middle and as the waves thumped it, it rolled and bobbed as though it were alive and swimming.

*October 30th.* The successes as far as we have gone are unparalleled. Landing with a small force of 5,000 in the face of 15,000—under Soliman Pasha at Beirut—and Shahim Pasha with 20,000 in the vicinity—establishing ourselves there—being attacked by Shahim Pasha—beating him, and taking 300 prisoners. In our turn attacking and routing him, taking

the Emir of the Mountains. Pimmer—and Shahim Pasha retreating with 10 men—Latakia, Tortosa—and the large and fortified town of Tripoli, declaring in our favour, in consequence of the Egyptians having been compelled to evacuate. To the northward Soliman Pasha evacuating Beirut, leaving his tents and upwards of 20 pieces of Artillery. Bondun—Hyebad—and Sidon taken. The latter stormed and taken by assault—capturing upwards of 2,000 prisoners. Tyre also having fallen—with a loss on our side of about 15 killed and three times the number wounded.

A Marine Officer—2 Midshipmen killed—and 2 mates wounded. When I can find time I shall relate the names, and the incision—but events come so fast it is hard to find time.

Ships are sickly—fever among them—160 in *Powerful's* sick list.—*Edinburgh's* men falling fast, but leave in view keeps up excitement.

8.30 a.m. Anchored at Beyrout, St. George's Bay, Nov. 10th, '40.

Found here all the Squadron—including *Cyclops* and *Magicienne*—The Turkish batteries firing 5 salutes a day, to commemorate Acre, and the birth of a Princess at Constantinople. We are engaged in landing Turkish Troops which are coming in every day. The weather is particularly fine and mild.

Colonel Schultz, the Polish Officer who was put into Acre to fortify and defend it, is ill at our Hospital on shore, and is the Lion of the day, from the Interesting information he gives of our attack and his plans of defence. His arm was broken in 4 places by stones from the first explosion.

*December 1840.* Ships lying 3 or 4 miles from Malta ; and as in these peaceable times, a squadron or rather fleet of such magnitude is a rare sight, I will transcribe their names :

<i>Princess Charlotte</i> —110 guns	{	Sir R. Stopford, Admiral.
(Flag)		Capt. A. Fanshawe, C.B. <sup>1</sup>
<i>Powerful</i> 84	„	Commodore C. Napier, C.B. <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Admiral Sir Arthur Fanshawe.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Admiral Sir Charles Napier.—Ed.

<i>Bellerophon</i>	82	guns	Captain C. J. Austen, C.B. <sup>1</sup>
<i>Calcutta</i>	82	„ „	Sir Samuel Roberts, Kt., C.B.
<i>Ganges</i>	82	„ „	Barrington Reynolds, C.B. <sup>2</sup>
<i>Cambridge</i>	78	„ „	E. Barnard
<i>Rodney</i>	92	„ „	R. Maunsell, C.B.
<i>Implacable</i>	74	„ „	E. Harvey
<i>Thunderer</i>	84	„ „	M. F. F. Berkeley, C.B. <sup>3</sup>
<i>Revenge</i>	78	„ „	Hon. W. Waldegrave, C.B.
<i>Edinburgh</i>	72	„ „	W. W. Henderson, C.B.
<i>Benbow</i>	72	„ „	H. Stewart, C.B.
<i>Vanguard</i>	78	„ „	Sir David Dunn, Kt., K.C.H.
<i>Dido</i>	18	„ „	Lewis Davies, C.B.
<i>Gorgon</i>	6	„ „	W. H. Henderson, C.B.
<i>Stromboli</i>	4	„ „	W. J. Williams

Great jealousy, perhaps that is too hard a word, but at all events great envy, existed between the Acre ships and those who were not there. 2 parties appear to have sprung up in the fleet, the admirers of the Commodore and Admiral, for the other day, when the Commodore came into Malta, with his Alexandrian blockading squadron, the ships lying there manned the rigging and gave him 3 cheers. The Admiral arrived the following day but no such display of good feeling took place. Great speculation about promotion.

*March 12th, 1841.* Blane heard from Maitland who says—  
“Tell Hall, Jacko I mean, that his name stands very high at the Admiralty, and Captain Stewart has written much in his favour, therefore I think he will soon be made, and not to leave the ship on any account.”

<sup>1</sup> Died as a Rear-Admiral, 1852.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Admiral Sir Barrington Reynolds.—Ed.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards Admiral Earl Fitzhardinge.—Ed.

*March 31st.* No chance of my promotion, which is another misfortune to our family, my increase of pay would enable me to take Frank under my direction, added to which I have many debts around me.

*May.* I have omitted to mention the kindness of the Captain, who told me at his talk "I have written to Lord Minto about you to say you are still a Mate, and have not mentioned my own son." His kindness will never be forgotten by me.

*June 19th.* The Captain proposed my health and speedy promotion. "Nothing had been wanting on his part, if ever one had done his duty, fore and aft, at all times and situations, the person he was going to propose had—Mr. W. K. Hall—and may he soon be a Lt. of this ship." 3 times 3 were given, and one cheer more. The Band struck up my favourite tune "Mary O' Mine" and I almost fancied myself a Lt. and a devilish fine fellow. What an illusion!

[REFLECTIONS ON A DEAD FRIEND]

In the first watch memory recalled the most melancholy scene to my imagination. At the same time of year and place, with precisely the same wind and moon, in fact two nights made to resemble each other, I sat in the forecastle with the dearest friend I ever knew. None did I ever love or esteem so much. I fancy I could have lost my life to save his and felt happy in doing so.

*Monday, August 23rd, 1841.* At 6 a.m. a large ship was discovered steering in for Cenda with her number flying. No one could fancy what it could be until 5 p.m., when we were at dinner. The duty Commanding officer, Lt. West, came forward and shaking me by the hand said, "Allow me to congratulate you, you are made Lieutenant" and delivered into my hand the Captain's letter, directed Mr. W. K. Hall, Lieutenant.

Happiness is never complete here below. I wish there had been a commission for *Benbow*. [i.e. he wished he had been

reappointed to her in his new rank.] Enclosed was a private letter from Lord Minto to the Captain in the following words :

*Minto. July 31st, 1841.*

My dear Sir,

You will be glad to hear that I have had it in my power before retiring from office to promote Mr. W. K. Hall to the rank of Lieut., whose conduct and merit you have so earnestly represented.

Yours faithfully,  
MINTO.

There was also a note dated July 28th from his private secretary to the Captain, also a public letter to me acquainting me officially.

I can never be too grateful to the Captain for his kindness and exertion. He has behaved like a Father to me considering his son, my friend, is a Mate, using such exertions for me.

*October 1st.* On the 28th of August I left the good old *Benbow* with feelings of deep regret. The Captain and everyone behaved so kindly to me, West [1st Lieutenant] and Smith [Surgeon] giving me money and Captain Stewart offering it. Blane made me a present of a neat gold breast pin. I left each of my launchers and George Wigley who I have the greatest friendship for—some soap and tobacco, and I believe I left with the good wishes of every soul. My messmates, particularly Day and Hay, I can never find their equal, so strictly honourable, liberal and fond of me. The Captain gave me a letter of introduction to his brother, the member for Renfrew, and what I prize most, a splendid certificate, concluding in these words—"during which time he conducted himself with such zeal, gallantry and ability as to merit my grateful approbation." On board the *Van-guard* I found a splendid set of officers and most comfortable mess, the mates all very civil and, what rather flattered me, was the universal wish I should join the ship.

## [LETTER FROM JAMES]

22, Arundel Street,  
Strand,

5th December, 1840.

My dear William,

Your silence for 3 months kept us alternately in anxiety and in anger. We wrote regularly every month and in vain we endeavoured to form pleas of excuse for you. At length our alarm for you became extreme, as one day I read in *The Times* that the *Benbow* had been unfortunate, having failed in an attack with her Boats and sustained great loss. I immediately hurried home,—my mind impressed with an apprehension that you had been killed—as I hurried through the streets, tears involuntarily came to complete my sorrow, and confirm my fears for you. Day after day we wondered at your silence and our alarm daily increased. Well, the fatal news seemed at last to have arrived ; the Gazette appeared—I read on very greedily, devouring all that my eye scanned, till I came to the wind up of Capt. Stewart's narrative, and then your dear name stared on me and represented you to have been among the killed !—I read no more—the paper fell from my hand—Alas, poor boy ! I ejaculated as I hastened home, and on entering the room I told the dismal event—Your Mother and Mary Ann wept bitterly ; and to me the World seemed a blank.

I went and got *The Times*, and your dear Sister, whilst her eyes were swimming in tears, eagerly gazed over the names of the Officers who commanded the *Benbow's* boats, and then, then only did we discover the mistake,—and one universal exclamation of joy burst from us—we all exclaimed, William has not been killed ! O how great was our happiness ! Your dashing exploit under the Batteries of Acre marked you as a good seaman, a cool and determined Veteran ; and happy am I that the opportunity was afforded you of distinguishing yourself in the presence of the Fleet. . . . I have lately seen Captain King ; he said he was delighted to see your name Gazetted, and when I read what Captain

Is



Stewart wrote about you, he was not at all surprised, for he added that he saw in your looks that you were a brave youth, and a seaman.

[He was appointed to the *Indus* 78-gun battleship in 1841. "A wretchedly mannered, disorganised, noisy Ship's Company with a Captain, Sir James Stirling, who had 'neither teeth nor voice, and gives numerous orders to which no one attends, while he munches biscuits.'"

William lamented that, "The Ship sails well, but is commanded by an undecided man afraid to carry sail against a foul wind or take advantage of a fair wind. The folly of giving fine ships to nervous men! I shall never be contented as a Lieutenant until I am senior in some ship, making all the Officers and men proud of their Craft and the Craft deserving their pride."

The "lubberly seamanship" infuriated him, and he wrote sarcastically that they positively "drifted" about the Mediterranean. There were picnics, dances, and agreeable flirtations with "Emilies and Antoinettes," but on the whole it was rather an unhappy commission for him.

There were too many married Officers on board for his liking (one wife tried to come on board to walk the watch with her husband), there were cases of Delirium Tremens, the Captain's son went mad. William longed to see his Father and family.

Even political disturbances in Spain and in Greece, about which he made copious notes, did not console him for being in such an unsatisfactory ship.

The following incident (December 10) was the sort of thing that happened to the *Indus*, and only two days before she had narrowly escaped disaster, when, ninety-five miles from the rock of Gibraltar, she had collided with the "Good Ship *Grace*, 22 days from Liverpool." On that occasion, after the *Grace* had been refitted with a new jibboom, William had asked her Captain the latest news and he had been told:]

*H.M.S. Indus. 1841.* "The Tories are in, do you know that?" We replied in the affirmative. He then said "Do you know there is a Prince of Wales born?" This we did not know, but were delighted and really glad to hear it.

Her Majesty, God bless her, surely reigns in the hearts of her subjects ; for ever may she do so ; and grant I may be able to prove my loyalty."

*Friday, December 10th.* Had the morning watch, and just at daylight, the look out man cried, "A sail ahead." Providentially I ran forward and discovered a brig close under our bows, steering a directly contrary course to ourselves, and larboard Topsail Studding sail set ; whilst we had the Starboard and were going 6 knots. I ordered the helm hard Port, and we cleared her. She must have been sailing about 5 knots, and had we struck her, she would have gone to the bottom. Thank God I did not hesitate at all. We were so near that from steering west we altered course to north and she passed about a ship's length from our Quarter. I was going to report the lookout men to Sir Jas. Stirling, but my friend the Commander begged me not, as he is now so nervous, he would probably remain up all night. What a man to lead 600 people by his undecided will !<sup>1</sup>

*Off Portugal. April 5th, 1842.* Early this morning we commenced rigging the Ballroom. The Mizen Mast turned into a rose tree or large Bouquet, and adorning the various places with green leaves, which by the by, were quite dried up and stale. In front of the Poop Rail is a large board with the coat of arms and Nelson's last signal carved upon it. The Lion fronting the Unicorn is about 4 inches long, and after a great deal of pains had been taken to ornament the sides of the boards, one fellow put a huge rose on the Lion's head, the stem being out of his mouth. One of the party had retired on rear of the cable, and was evidently thinking of some improvement, for he walked quietly on each side, viewing it sideways, scratching his head each time he stopped. Upon being asked his opinion said "It looks very well, though I know what would make it look better. Another one out of his stern. It would look ship shape both ends alike," and suiting the action to his words, secured a rose

<sup>1</sup> Yet Sir James Stirling ultimately reached the rank of Admiral. He died in 1865.

upon his stern, with the stem of the rose stuck up his hole.

Pursers' beds were converted into sofas, and an ottoman having been made near the middle of the deck, two beds were covered with flags and placed at each end. This attracted the vigilant eye of the Captain of the Main Top, who immediately went to Burroughes and said, "This 'ere won't do. They will have heels and mouths next each other. It will be more comfortable for the ladies if they have the pillows at one end and lie with their heads together—they will be able to sleep more comfortable," and could not comprehend what the devil it could be for unless to sleep. The lights were all strung up and after an hour or two's hard work, the Ball room was ready. The Ward Room was filled with card tables and bottles of wine. The dinner table looked magnificent and at noon I received an intimation that I should be required to attend in the boats, and superintend the embarkation of the Infanta and Ambassadress.

*At the dance.* The French officers were upon the deck and made some just remarks on the avidity of the Portuguese, who crowded to the table and left many ladies waiting. The Portuguese Officers were not numerous, but made up for it, by those present being adorned by orders and medals, quite sufficient for the deeds their whole Navy had ever been rewarded for.

Now for the ladies. There were all sorts of dresses. Gowns with flounces, ditto without; very high bosoms, very low ditto; short gowns showing thick bad legs, and long ditto showing none at all. Their hair was as usual flowing—plaited—parted in front and brought about their ears. There again was the "sympathising" young lady with dishevelled hair. There again was the retiring young lady, who brought to anchor under the Poop with the ancient young ladies and mothers of families, who drank coffee till there was no more and then bore up for tea.

Nor must the really good figure of the once pretty faced but now soap coloured image of the Infanta be omitted—she was fond of pleasure in her younger days, and was partial

to a Lieut. in our Navy, now Commander Henry, but as she is getting old and sharp visaged, a broad-backed countryman of her own, under the title of her Chamberlain, does the work and for it wears a huge diamond star which he carries on his breast.

The young gentlemen were of many sorts and were of the most pimpish set I ever saw. Their hair was worn as is usual here, very long, reaching several inches down their back and plastered over with pomatum, smelling of stale tobacco smoke and champagne—having taken their quantity at our table, some having had five or six glasses of it.

Lights were lit and dancing commenced. We were as crowded as could be. The usual Waltzes, Quadrilles and cutting capers took place. The captain rather afraid of the flags catching fire and the Portuguese Band afraid of being starved, the former divested the chandeliers of all their flowery ornaments; the latter eased the tables of their contents and were sent on deck by McKenzie, who had far from an enviable billet. The two stewards whose duty it was to see other people kept sober got quite intoxicated; fortunately they were not of the same temper, for one coolly smashed a heap of crockery, being in a rage about some trifle—"damn the expense!" The other was requested to relay the table and make a supper table ready, and upon Wiggins going down, found he had spread *himself* upon the table and could not move. The flunkeys who came from the shore gorged themselves and got half drunk. All this time the dancing was going on with great glee, and without anything worth remarking, except in a waltz—two Portuguese came down with a run, and as is generally the case, and certainly the proper method, the lady underneath.

In the midst of the fun, received a petition from a bald-headed gentleman to endeavour to procure some coffee for three ladies. Upon going into the cabin, where the tea and coffee-pots were, I was much annoyed, as the place was as full as an auction room—no delicate feeling towards each other, but everyone looking out for themselves, and many ladies waiting, added to which the good domestic whose

business it was to look after that department was "non compos." There wending my way to the ladies I begged they would follow me. One of them hooked on to me.

The end of it was, I thought her the *niciest* girl in the ball-room, and got rather spooney, begged she would come off to church next Sunday, though we had never seen each other before, and she was not even known to me by name.

At 10.30 a great many people were going over the side, trying on a great many other people's hats, pulling the brims downward and screwing it on their heads, for they all appeared too small. And at 11, the Duke of Teneria and Ministry went away, and the Infanta who was going at the same moment, was begged to go in the same barge, being a covered one, but upon her proceeding aft, she found it was the Duke of Teneria's, and there being some ancient quarrel, stopped short, and said, "*I am not going in this boat.*" The Duke of Teneria stepped up and begged her Highness would take passage, but she indignantly said *No* and walked forward. This enraged the Duke, who ordered them to shove off his boat in a most peremptory tone. She was stepping off the bow of the barge at the time. The Captain (Sir J. Stirling) at the bottom of the ladder, seeing her, as he thought, likely to go overboard, tried to jump into the barge to assist her, but jumping short scraped his knees, and cut his trousers, being left with his legs in the water :

After a few more boat loads had vanished, I found myself called upon by an old lady, who had got 3 steps down the ladder and was afraid to proceed. I seized her by the hand, and before she had time to think of being frightened got her more than half way down, going as lively as a kitten. Suddenly she heard the tide, and stopping dead short said, "Oh Good Gracious ! I can't go any further. I am sure I shall be drowned." By her stopping so suddenly, the whole, who were following in procession—some head first, others stern foremost—were thrown into confusion. A man's heel of his boot in a lady's head dress, and "Will you oblige me by lifting your foot off my wife's dress ?" "I beg your pardon, sir, but I am completely jambed. I should be happy to do so,

but feel unable," and such like exclamations were heard. This foolish old woman said, "Nothing should have persuaded me to come had I known it always blew harder in the dark." I said, "It is a mistake. There is not nearly the strength of wind as when you arrived. The flood is running and the ship has slewed and brought the wind on the weather beam. Come on, Ma'am." "Oh dear sir—the ship slewed sir; has she really slewed. What do you mean? I wish I could get away." (I think she thought I meant the ship was on fire.) "And I really must go down, but what about the weather and flood. I don't understand you." Then putting her huge stern towards me, said, "This is the way you wish me to come down is it?" But scarcely had I replied in the affirmative and she had moved one leg a step down, than a puff freshening blew her clothes up and made her of course feel cold through her nether garments. This startled her and she said, "Was that wind?—that will never do." Then with my hands buried in the clothes and fat under the ribs of this dear old woman, her stern pressing against the opposite banister to the one she was clasping with both hands—much to the delight of those above, as well as myself, like a crab, we got her into the circle of her acquaintance, who were shivering in the boat waiting for her.

From the extraordinary number of dirty-looking savages on board, we naturally concluded that a number honoured us quite unsolicited, and about 10.30 p.m., meeting a long-haired cannibal coming up, and not being in the most pleasant temper, seized him by the throat and exclaimed, "You blackguard, you were never asked I'll swear. Top your boom immediately." Upon relieving my grasp, he with feelings of rage which assisted in choking his utterance replied, "I sir, am the Count of — sir. I was asked and have just returned from the shore." I answered and said, "You be d——d, sir. I can see you are no Count, sir!" and taking him into the Ball room referred him to the Commander, who questioned him, and he bringing a friend to certify the truth of his statement was allowed to remain. This shows the necessity of making them produce cards of



invitation upon any future ball, which is given on board any ship I may hereafter belong to.

About midnight the parties had paired off, and many of them by that hour had coupled.

The morning watch soon arrived, and no sooner had it, than some heavy showers of rain wet everything, and the most disgusting looking picture is the same unrigging a Ball room—200 lanthorns dirty and covered with wax and grease. They are thought quite a trouble to return and, “Mind that d—d lanthorn!” cried one. “There are two more smashed,” roars out another, and they are hurried out of the ship, like the last of their blood-sucking countrymen.

Roses and geraniums are thrown overboard by bucketfuls, and a fellow suddenly coming across his bag rather damp says, “Damn my eyes, here is my bag that I was looking for all last night,” and seizing the couch which rested the wearied form of some lovely virgin a few hours previously, throws it down the Hatchway with an oath about its giving him a chase after it, as though the Bag understood the language. As the day grows older things resume their accustomed appearance, and the day being fine and the sand good, the decks are doomed to a good holystoning, and the only topic of conversation is the number of plate which is absent without leave.

*Monday, April 24th.* The breeze gradually freshened from the westward—our Passengers, though the ship had considerable motion, bore up manfully, especially Miss Heath, who certainly learnt more nautical expressions in half an hour than many midshipmen know when they are about to pass.

*Tuesday, April 25th.* The breeze has freshened during the night, and we are now under double reefed Topsails, but during the day it decreased until it eventually fell calm. Miss Heath had suffered slightly, but still in the evening was enabled to come upon deck, and state the superiority of sailing vessels over steamers. Poor deluded girl, I thought, wait till you have had three or four days bad weather.



*Wednesday, April 26th.* Forenoon watch, a strong breeze from the S.E. The ship rattling along 12 knots, wind inclined to draw forward. The Cabin Passengers were equally in good spirits, and calculating the number of days Quarantine, and also Pratique, to enable them to start by the packet of the 4th May.

Mr. Beresford, dressed in Oxford grey Mackintosh, *skating* through the afterguard, exclaiming, "This is *really beautiful* travelling! Rail road speed, I declare!!!" and then shackling on to the arm of Tucker upon one side and Mr. Heath Junr. upon the other, commenced, or continued, a learned discussion upon the derivation of some Greek or Hebrew word.

Another Passenger, rather a good-looking Maltese, well dressed, and evidently got up for the occasion, fearing the fair wind might possibly drive us to Malta, before he had made his figure familiar to all on board. Whiskers curled with care and a pea green jacket, buttoned very tight. A blue cloth cap cocked upon one side of his head, supported by bushy hair, stiffened with oil, collar of shirt turned over (*à la Byron*)—this is the best description of the upper man; a dandy grey pair of breeches, and mosquito painted boots encased his lower person. So determined was he to be seen that he walked the starboard Gangway, the most conspicuous person on board.

At noon the weather became cloudy, but still the spirits of the party were on the ascendant. McKenzie relieved me, and no doubt had made up his mind to carry every stitch of sail she would bear.

Now for the uncertainty of human predictions! At 1 p.m. a squall came—not on the Quarter but upon the Bow! The Tria Sancta or clericals were driven upon the Poop, the Quartermaster roaring out, "No higher," drove them all lower, and the Gay Maltese it is supposed must have been blown down a hatchway, as he suddenly disappeared from the Gangway, and was no more seen, at all events for the remainder of the day.

Miss Heath took to her bed, Tucker to his easy chair.

Mr. Beresford to his arrowroot, and McKenzie to despair, frequently exclaiming, "I have no doubt it will last for a month." The Green Man has not been seen since, altho' it is known he is somewhere in the darkness of the lower regions. Of course were he dead someone would smell him out, and the general supposition is that he lives in the "Tiers"! Sunday being a clearing out sort of day, he may be raked out tomorrow.

*Thursday, April 27th.* Wind and sea having both increased, we are just holding our own, under treble-reefed topsails. Ship beautifully easy.

*Sunday, April 30th.* The tolling of the bell for Divine Service, added to its being perfectly calm, had the effect of persuading the Green Man to come upon deck, and whilst at church, I paid the man a visit upon the F'Castle. An extraordinary change had come over him, he told me he had been nearly dead and had been unable to eat anything. Quite unable to hold his head up, or enter into conversation, he reclined upon the F'Castle gun, and his last words were a wish to be at Malta. In the evening a light air from the S.E. sprang up, and for the first time since we were taken aback, began steering a course.

[LETTER FROM JAMES]

*Gillingham,  
Chatham.*

*Jan. 1842.*

My dear William,

We are all complaining of your silence, as we have for several days been expecting a letter from you. We wrote to you immediately your letter announced that you were here at Lisbon. We have, however, some doubts whether our letter was forwarded by our village postman, as we fear that the carrier may have kept the shilling and destroyed the letter.

Domestic matters will now open the recital herein, because you are the hero of the story I am to relate. Well,

then you must learn that we lately gave a Ball and Supper in consideration of your promotion. We had all our friends, residents, officers in full Dress, plenty of well dressed ladies, an elegant supper, and plenty of good wine. Carriages rattling up to door, everyone was pleased and at 3 a.m. the company retired. Your sister eclipsed all by the gentility of her dress, and the brilliancy of her playing, in which little Fanny performed her part to the admiration of all. Mrs. Goldie and Gale very kindly gave much good aid in preparing the entertainments ; the confectioner did the rest. If you had been here you would have been delighted, and your company was alone wanted to have given us joy. As we intend, God willing, to give a similar entertainment when we have the happiness of your presence, and as it will be absolutely necessary that you should go to the Assembly with your sister, we all wish you to be a good dancer, and trust that as you can take lessons at the Opera House for a mere trifle, you will take advantage of the present opportunity. I have spoken to some officers about your future steps, and they recommend that you should stick to the *Indus*, unless a Captain or Admiral apply for you. Would you like to serve under a Commander, and in a Steamer ? *Do you understand the machinery, and would you like to Command—* a Steamer ? Many Steamers are being built, and after you have been 3 years made, I think you may get command of one, if the Admiralty should learn that you understand the Engine—Of course you do ; and so I lately told the Surgeon of the *Geysar*, a very large steamer, who had expected there would be a removal of her 1st Lieutenant, and I had planned for you to take his place ; but any change of Ship for the first year would be unwise as it would put you to expense, and not do any permanent good. It is of the utmost importance that you save all the money you can, and avoid an Agent, for if you now begin, as a young man, to live in debt to anyone, you will never be a happy old one, nor independent in your walk through life. All the pangs, all the scoffs I have, through life, been compelled to endure, have had their source in my poverty ;—shun this as you would the

plague. Be independent and your friends will be many, all ready to serve you unasked—be poor, and all will forget they ever had known you, and never, never, never, commit yourself by words, letters, or conduct to any female, lest regret or a blast to all your prospects in life be the consequence of your folly.

Do not trouble yourself about *corresponding with Miss Gell, or any other Miss. Your Ship is your lass*, and every other one, to a young Man, who has to make his own fortune and fame in the Service, is like a rocky bottom acting on a hempen cable. Your fond Father.

*Thursday, June 9th.* Awoke at 4 a.m. and my brain was like a batter pudding—confused by ideas widely differing from each other, but all tending toward the same point—“Love for Harriet.”

By 6 I was well under way for Cintra. I had all along intended to arrive there at about breakfast time.

In my anxiety to arrive there at the time I wished, my unhappy horse suffered, and once or twice I ran some risks of breaking my neck—cantering and galloping over slippery stones, quite forgetting about the road, until some awful shake nearly pitching myself and carpet bag over his bow, would remind me it was not only very dangerous, but *extremely cruel* to ride a dumb animal so fast.

I had arrived at Mrs. de Belem's. Found one of the young ladies was up and in the sitting room. Made up my mind if it were the right one to give her a kiss the moment I went in. Flew up three pair of steps at once, and lo and behold, it was the very one I wanted; my resolution vanished and we shook hands almost like perfect strangers would have done. My first thought was, “What a d—d rum thing this Love is.” After a few moments in which we merely spoke upon a few common place subjects, we became more friendly, and I was just coming up to the kissing point. For this purpose I coughed and cleared my throat of everything, but a weight like a bone stuck across it, which made my voice very husky. Hoarse or not, thought I, here goes!

At the same instant from a side door, in walked the tall stupid brother (These brothers are great nuisances), and what annoyed me more than anything was his apparent affection for me and delight at my return, consequently keeping me in his clutches and obliging me to *answer* his questions in some manner, right or wrong, whilst I was cursing him most heartily.

By means of a little diplomacy which would have done credit to Palmerston, I persuaded him to go to the stable, as it was probable my horse would kick his, being a very vicious one. (N.B. At this moment, my fagged animal could not kick had he tried.) He walked off and like a midshipman going to pass his examination, just collecting my thoughts, what I should say, and making up my mind to commence coolly, and was upon the very point of speaking, when in walked the other sister—devilish nice girl, and whom I should have been *delighted* to have seen a few minutes later—but I most assuredly d——d her appearance then, and saw the stars were against me that day at all events.

Passed the day most happily, and walked through one or two very pretty gardens, but still I could not get over the failure of the morning. Retired at 10.30 after a day of the greatest happiness.

At breakfast time I was thinking what plan I should adopt, and was so absent that I forgot to drink my coffee until it was cold, and was nearly breaking another egg, previous even to my commencing upon my first, which I had already broken. Like a flash of lightning, I proposed going to the Quinta for a dress which had been left there. "Indeed, Mr. Hall, you are too kind. The dress is not actually worth the walk." I persisted and assured them I would go myself, even if they would not accompany me.

It produced the desired effect and we all started. Walked thro' the Quinta, came to some romantic spots, and I thought, "I *must* go and do it." The brother and sisters were in the way; she was walking with them, so to check her and bring her in the rear I hit upon the plan of putting my foot upon her gown, and that stopping her, of course I made

long apologies, and the first time I tried my plan, it rent a small hole, and nothing was nearer than my proposal, when down came the rain most furiously. The others who were under cover roared out, "Run, Harriet. Run! You will get wet through and spoil your frock. Come, Mr. Hall, you will have wet clothes to ride back in."

I was compelled to return to the Ship, having invited Mr. and Miss Shannon to dine; returned to Mrs. de Belem's, made them each presents of books they fancied, and at half past 2 parted with repeated promises of keeping up a correspondence, and renewing our friendship, gave me their address and I left them with much regret.

*Monday, July 18th.* Lady Mason is also on board, with 2 daughters and Miss Montagu, "Lady D——'s niece." I am afraid she will remain some time on the list of candidates for a husband—a little deaf, a great deal of King's Evil, and no expression are great drawbacks, which is her case.

Rear-Admiral Sir Francis Mason<sup>1</sup> is a most perfect old woman, and ever has been. When Commodore of the South American Station, he actually applied to the Admiral for permission to freight a ship to carry his guns round the Horn for him. His good looks have raised him, never having been even an active fellow. He commenced his career as Captain's clerk, and was in Lord Hood's office as Secretary's clerk. He was, and still is a very handsome man. Miss Hood fell in love and would have no one else, and her father being Commander-in-Chief, and being unable to dissuade her, removed Mason to the Quarter deck, allowed her to marry, made him Lt. two days after he had passed (in 1799) and pushed him on in the Service.

Commander the Hon. W. B. Devereux and Captain Lord Clarence Paget<sup>2</sup> arrived. The former full of pride like a Pasha, and his coat buttoned up to the throat, and two huge epaulettes on, exceedingly conceited. The latter condescending to obsequiousness, dressed in a negligee style, sporting a small imperial, and drawing out his words, as though

<sup>1</sup> Died as a Vice-Admiral, 1853.—Ed.    <sup>2</sup> Died as an Admiral, 1895.—Ed.

it was a great difficulty to open his mouth, whenever he was asked to take wine replied, "Sir, you do me very proud." He evidently has a fancy to be different from every one else in this word, for he made use of it frequently—"Obleeged," But altogether he was a decent companion.

The Duke and Duchess of Montrose left us, but not before the latter had invited me to pay her a visit. They are most kind agreeable people. She was much amused by my sending her a piece of verd antique I got at Acre, and accompanied by the Song composed by Commander Glanville, late Flag Lt. to Sir R. Stopford. Her Grace wished to see my journal, which I was compelled to refuse.

*Monday, 25th July.* One thing is certain, that since steamers have been so common, kedging, warping, etc. are quite out of fashion, and in lieu of ships being compelled to trust to their own resources, they are at the mercy of others. And as it will always take 2 hours at the very least before a steamer can get her steam up, and be alongside you, it must be a very slack ship who could not hoist out boats, lay out warps and progress 2 miles in that time. McKenzie was ordered to call some boats alongside at 8 p.m., whilst we were to find out who they were. It will not be believed that they were *Monarch's*, and had been in that position since 11 a.m. during the whole heat of the day, and without meals, or being relieved. The officer in charge of the Boats must have been an idiot, and the officer of Ship awfully forgetful. Our Navy in some respects has certainly fallen off since my time (13 years).

*Naples. 1843.* A Brig mounting 14 Guns, belonging to his Holiness the Pope, is lying here, and it is the first time I have met one. The Flag is white, having the 2 apostles St. Peter and St. Paul in full length, a crown between them which they are supporting by their right hands, the left of St. Peter holding 2 keys, that of St. Paul the Bible. The whole outward appearance of this vessel of war, evidently showed his Holiness was not possessed of a creditable set of Naval officers. Her ropes were all slack, and the Fore Jacks were



overhauled to enable the shirt and trousers which were drying upon them, to be the more easily got at, which was an odd contrast to the gorgeously dressed sentinel, a regular built soldier of 6 feet, who was parading between these clothes. The Quarter Deck was full of officers, principally sitting upon the Boom, all in new uniforms. Probably put on for our edification.

*Saturday, July 22nd.* Whilst Sir Robert Peel has so much work in his place in Parliament, I observe a society calling themselves "The Universal Peace Society" are bothering him with addresses and applications for interviews. They are composed of some clever men of all nations, who wish to prevent war, by getting every nation to agree that whenever a difference exists between two, a third shall be the arbiter. The King of the Belgians in London has agreed with them and mentions his having been the mediating power upon one or two occasions. War most undoubtedly would be a bad thing for him, having power neither to gain more nor hold what he has.

[LETTER FROM JAMES]

*Bermuda. Oct. 14, 1843.* When you were a child, you were my joy, now you are a man you have become my pride, but my heart still loves you, and in this feeling I have never failed to discharge the duty I owed to the *memory of her* in whose bosom you were fondly cherished! Her place God well supplied and now for my sake never forsake your loving and kind-hearted Stepmother, your father's love and happiness!

*I remain,*

*My dear William,*

*Your affectionate Father,*

JAMES HALL.

[The *Indus* paid off in 1844—and William went to H.M.S. *Waterwitch* (10-gun brig) as First Lieutenant for an experimental brig squadron cruise. It was a horrible cruise! The

*Waterwitch* had been badly repaired on her last visit to the dockyard. She lived up to her name—those on board her lived under water. Water poured into the gun-room and cabins—she leaked and she creaked and they met gale after gale. After one particularly trying night of storm, William considered he had been unfairly reprimanded by his Captain, and this is what he replied :

“ I have only to say that the way you give your orders to your officers whenever you are out of temper, which is frequently the case (for your temper is most variable) is most disagreeable and very different from what I have seen since I have been in the Service. I have never neglected my duty, you know the work we have had, and you had better try me by a court-martial when we get in. I am sure every officer, man, and boy will disprove the statement. I shall take the earliest opportunity to leave your brig and make room for anyone else you like.”

William added in his Diaries : “ With this I retired. Nothing more transpired this day.”

The Captain of the *Waterwitch*, Commander T. F. Birch, wrote a letter to the Admiralty requesting that William should be granted his wish—i.e., to join a ship on the West Indies Station, so as to be able to see his father who was at Bermuda.

A friend, Herbert Austen, put William's name before his father, Admiral Sir Francis Austen (brother of Jane Austen and of Captain Austen of the *Bellerophon*), and he was appointed to H.M.S. *Vindictive* as Supernumerary Lieutenant in 1845. The Captain was Michael Seymour, later to become a very distinguished personality.<sup>1</sup> The *Vindictive* was originally a 74-gun battleship, cut down to a 50-gun frigate.

The Admiral, who had not been to sea for thirty-two years, brought his two daughters and their friend, Miss “ Libby ” Reid, daughter of the Governor of Bermuda, on board. The flagship, known in the Service as the “ family ship,” appears to have been virtually under the command of the redoubtable Miss Cassy Austen, aged forty ; “ Miss

<sup>1</sup> He died as an Admiral in 1887. His family's connection with the Royal Navy began with his father, who entered the service during the War of American Independence and died as a Rear-Admiral in 1834, and has continued without a break to the present day.—Ed.

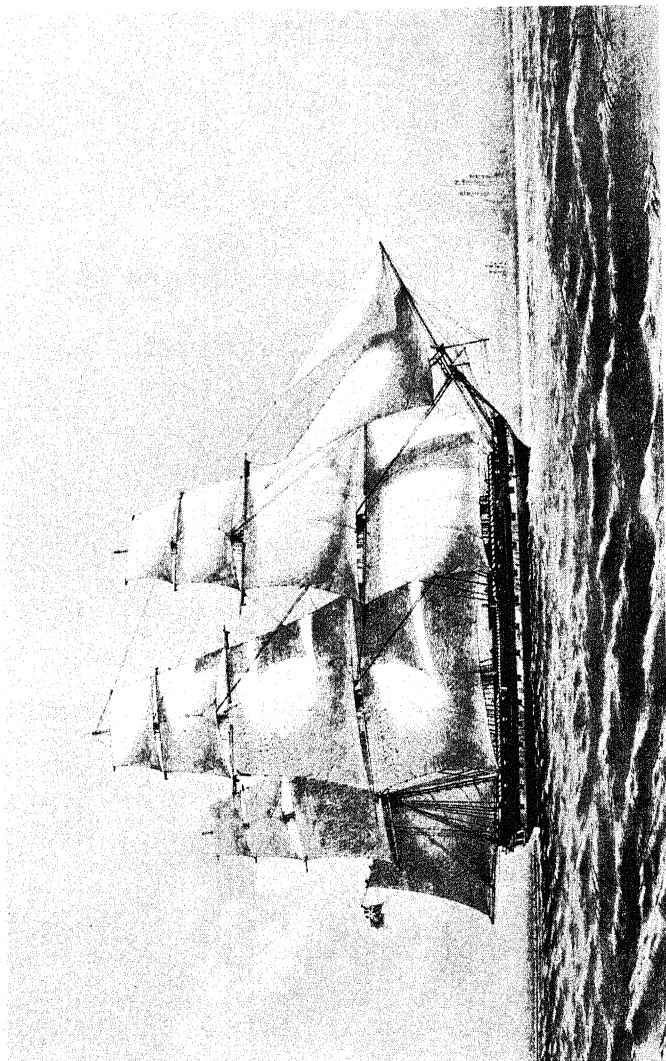
Vindictive" William nicknamed her. He recorded his detestation of this petticoat government at great length and in the strongest terms. He had, however, a flirtation with "Libby."

The *Vindictive* anchored off Ireland Island, Bermuda, on April 21st, and he landed and "embraced" his "dear family." It was a joyous meeting; William and James became the closest of friends, the young stepmother was good company, the small step-sister adoring. The self-righteous Mary Ann was in England, married. James was superintendent of the Convict Establishment, and the family lived comfortably enough in the Convict Hulk. William was very happy. He visited "Libby" at Government House and fell in love with her sister Maria, who played the harp.]

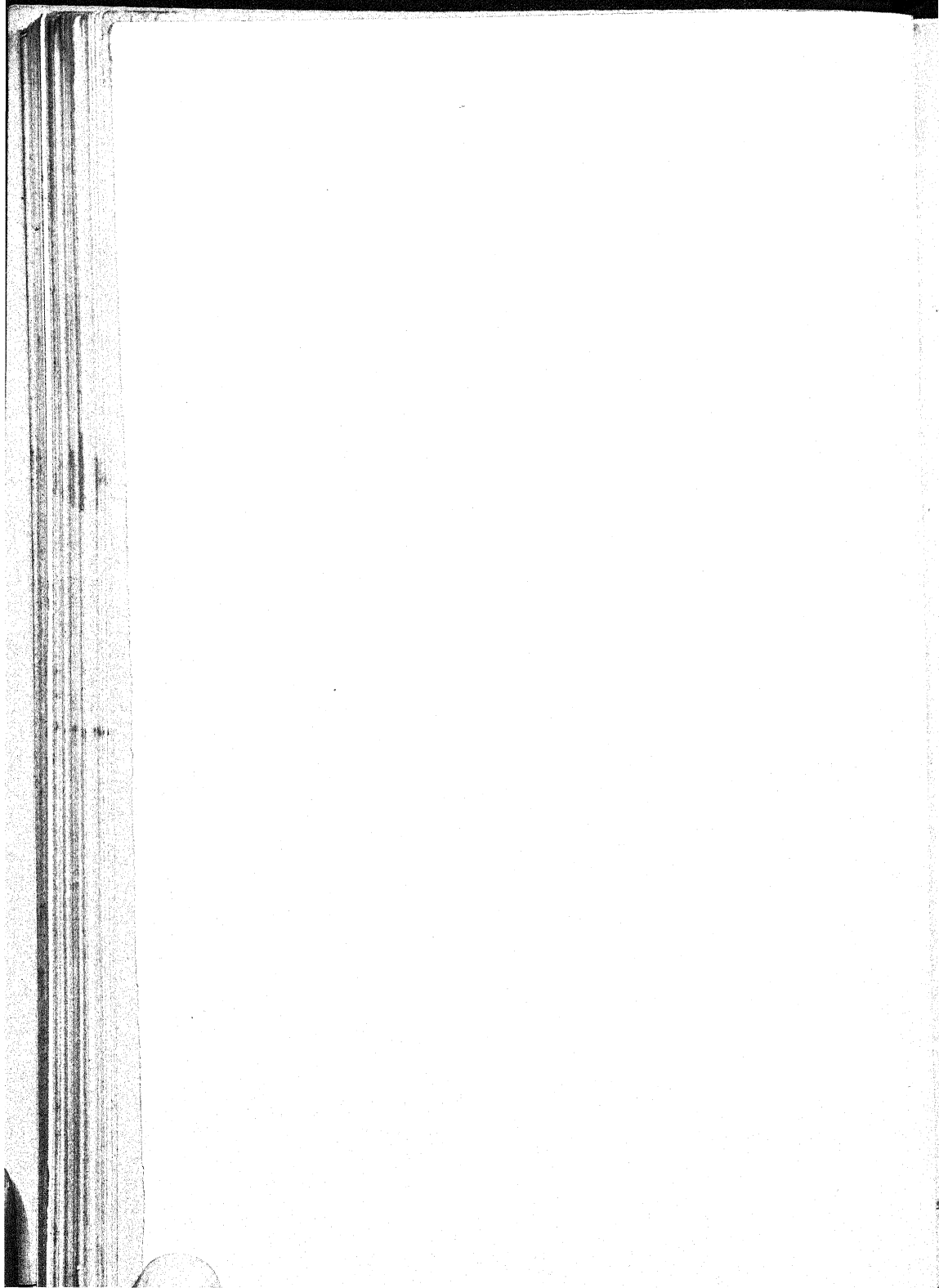
*March 18th, 1845.* The Adml. embarked, and was received without the Yards being manned by his request. The first time he has worn uniform on board *for 32 years*, his two daughters and Miss Reid came with him.

*Friday 20th.* This day the Admiral sent and reprimanded Lieut. Burton for swearing, he said the expression he had used yesterday was ungentlemanly and unofficerlike, and his daughters were immediately underneath which was most indelicate. Burton replied he would not attempt to justify himself but would endeavour not to do so; at the same time the nature of his duty (teaching men) compelled him to lose his temper, and therefore could not promise *not* to commit this fault, altho' he would promise to endeavour to prevent. The Admiral said he did not care, he would admit no excuse, if he did it he must leave the Ship. Burton said, very well he would leave the Ship.

In fact we live in a dangerous atmosphere. I shall carefully remember Cassy telling Lieut. Bernard "she thought it would be a good thing if the Officers were changed." It is the destruction of all comfort, her presence. The Flag Lt. [Herbert Austen] has not a word to say, and the Ship is held together by Capt. Seymour and Commander Noble; either going, the other would follow, and Cass would be Adml. and Commanding Officer.



H.M.S. "VINDICTIVE" (50 GUNS), 1845  
1,758 tons, old measurement. Built in 1813. Last service was as a store hulk in the Bight of Benin.  
Broken up in the '70's



She has tried to hook Pelly, and actually hinted about "a pity her brother was not out here, for if a vacancy occurred her father would not know whom to give it to."

She has every bad quality of head and heart.

*Bermuda.* A dead set has been made at Commander Pelly [of the sloop *Rose*] by her. Yesterday the Father asked him, or hinted to him, about taking her a drive. She is the Mistress of the Ship, influences the Adml. in every way, and in fact, *I imagine* will soon be Commander-in-Chief; it savours of it when she told Commander O'Callaghan [of the sloop *Vesuvius*] she was sorry she was obliged to detain him before he left for New Brunswick the other day. He is in bad books because Capt. Seymour is taken from her, preferring walks with him. I am sadly afraid Capt. Seymour cannot stay with such a Gang.

*Saturday 21st.* During the Morning Watch, *heard accidentally* that the Admiral had ordered breakfast at 5.30. Gave orders for the bargemen to get theirs and clean themselves. At 5.30 had occasion to report *Eurydice* coming out of Harbour to Admiral, and found Miss Cass, rigged with riding habit, sitting at breakfast table. On leaving the Cabin said "she hoped Capt. Noble did not think she was joking when she said last night she should want a boat at 6 this morning." I replied, "The boat is all ready" meaning clean and the Crew having had their meal.

About 20 minutes after, the Chaplain, George Austen, came up for a boat; she was piped away and was dropping, but before 3 minutes had elapsed the Admiral sent for me, and I found him almost speechless with rage, trembling violently, and he broke forth by "wanting to know where the difficulty existed, and what was the reason he could not get a boat manned to go ashore?" I told him there was none, that the men had breakfasted already. "Then why cannot she be ready? She has only this moment been piped away: Miss Austen told you herself, Sir, she should want her some time ago and they have been half an hour waiting. Pray, Sir, hurry her."

All this time the Christian Pastor and the amiable daughter were listening without saying one word to put the Admiral right.

This is another instance of a family Ship, and at this moment with 2 Sons—2 daughters—and Grandson, and a nephew expected—she is dangerous enough.

The Admiral, feeling the warm weather and of course much fatigued at his age, is still much annoyed by the petulant tempers of his Children, who occasionally talk at the Captain through their good father.

*Thursday 24th.* Yesterday a Memo was read to us, threatening severe consequences if any swearing is heard carrying on duty.

I hope to see the Flag at the main before 6 months are out.<sup>1</sup>

The evils of a Family Ship are becoming more generally apparent to most people daily. The other day at St. Thomas's, Cass remarked to Burton she was moving all *she* could to get the Ship's berth shifted.

*3 p.m.* Highly amused at Bill and Cass's flirtations and the Admiral's sharp look-out.

*Sunday 15th. 12 a.m.* Admiral's eldest daughter most adroitly drew the conversation to a certain officer joining us from *Vesuvius* and asked whether it "would not be a *much better* thing if I joined her." I replied by saying, "I *might* have done so 8 months since, but now I do not intend, so you will not have my vacancy for some time; when it perfectly suits me, I shall give you the vacancy," leaving her most sadly taken aback by my coming to the point at which she was driving so quickly.

*July 21st.* The *Hyacinth* arrived from Bermuda in 5 days, and has lately come from the Mosquito Coast, where she has been present at the Coronation of George Augustus

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the expected promotion of Sir Francis Austen. As a Vice-Admiral his flag was flown at the foremast; but on promotion to Admiral it would be transferred to the main. Actually he did not become an Admiral until his return to England in 1848. In 1863 he was further advanced to Admiral of the Fleet, dying two years later.—Ed.



Frederick, a Black boy 12 years of age, as King of the Mosquito territory.

Some of the Chiefs who did honour to the Coronation, had money given to them (our Income Tax I suppose) to buy Hats and Boots, but altho' bought, the Procession began before they could rig. So they fell in with the Hats in the blue boxes under their arms and carrying their boots with them. The bearer of the Sword of State was afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance and at intervals made a spring of about a yard and a half, side first—throwing the Sword up to the extent of his arm. The man who was carrying the Crown on a Cushion threw it up like a pancake, and caught it several times.

*Anniversary of Trafalgar. Oct. 21st. . . . Nelson in the cockpit, a dim light burning . . .*

Most Patriotically inclined and anxious both to feel and write something loyal and fine : but with a thermometer at about freezing point and my blankets alongside me, after keeping the 1st Watch, cannot work myself up at all. So Farewell Nelson and your brave associates ; tho' almost forgotten, may your deeds be imitated. 40 years have passed away, we have only one Trafalgar man in the Ship, one of the *Benbows*, Russell ; but as he swore *Britannia* was alongside Nelson when he fell, such a palpable twister, I would not give him the Tot he expected . . . Lord Nelson was never free from sea-sickness . . .

*November 1st.* When Lord Dalhousie was Governor, he was making a tour round the coast accompanied by Lady Dalhousie and his staff . . . Just as they were getting under way, a canoe came off with an Indian. He commenced a long story to Lord Dalhousie ; the purport was to complain of one of the staff for having had criminal intercourse with his squaw the previous night. Lord Dalhousie held his hands up and waving him off said : " Pooh, Pooh, pooh Indian—" The Indian imitating his voice and gesture said : " S'pose I—that white squaw (pointing to her Ladyship) you no say Pooh, pooh, pooh Indian—me know that."

[William was acting commander of the *Vindictive* for several months, and in such capacity "clashed" on several occasions with Miss Cassy. When he received the command of H.M.S. *Growler*, Sloop (6 guns) in December 1847, he was delighted, not only at this important step up the ladder, but also to escape from his spinster "enemy." The *Growler* had arrived at Bermuda with her captain and three others dead, and with forty-eight men in their hammocks from yellow fever. The ship was placed in quarantine, and William went on board and "tidied things up" successfully. He caught yellow fever, very nearly died (he overheard a discussion about the making of his coffin), but recovered and took the *Growler* home in March 1848, to pay off.

There were soldiers and their families on board. A baby girl, born during a bad gale, very nearly got christened "Growler" Rankin—the custom in the Service being that children born on board ships were called after them. William looked at the log slate in time and the infant escaped with "Henrietta" as a name.

On arriving in England, he received his promotion to Commander, as a special case, and out of the rule laid down by Parliament, Lord Auckland giving his reasons to the Committee of the House of Commons.]

*Dec. 29th.* At 11.30 *did the Captain* for the first time, read my commission and the Articles of war, made a short speech the substance of which was to admonish them to sobriety, respect and cleanliness, and told them I should behave well to them if they did to me. The men looked miserable, dispirited and very dirty—no care for themselves. I passed the word I should give them 48 hours to gain strength, scrub and wash every article belonging to them. The Fiddler struck up and they all cheered up at once and in less than 5 minutes I heard dancing going on.

The vessel and her accommodation for myself are very good indeed—the latter really superb. But for her Crew and Officers the very reverse. The Crew occupy the space which the Gun Room Officers had last Commission, and the Gun Room Officers, the Captain's. Much more ventilation is required and great want of system and arrangement. After

Supper mustered the men—piped hands to dance. The men were delighted beyond measure. It was the first fiddle they had heard since she was commissioned. Indeed some fellows said it was the first good washing day they had seen. Got the Admiral's permission to make what improvements I chose and he would sanction them. I spoke about Scuttles and Hoods. Whenever it has rained they have covered the Hatchways with Tarpaulins, like the Black Hole in Calcutta. Served out 2 lb. of Soap to each man. Organised Psalmody. No Divine Service has been performed in her since she was commissioned. One would think she would be inflicted by a Divine Punishment.

*Portsmouth. March 21st, 1848.* At 3.30 p.m. Rear-Admiral Prescott [Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard] came on board, paid off the Crew and afterwards inspected the Ship. He was much pleased and said it was quite a treat to see a Ship so clean and reflects the greatest credit. "I never paid off so clean a one." Upon my reminding him of the bad weather we had encountered, and wet days since our arrival, he said "nothing could have been better, Capt. Hall, if you had had the finest weather." Upon taking leave he shook hands and said, "I congratulate you sincerely on your Promotion and hope soon to see you down here again." I parted with my Officers and Crew. 4 of the latter, 3 being 1st Class Petty Officers, remained to pull me on shore. I had little time to spare, so getting over to Gosport as fast as possible, started for London at 5.30 in the second class carriage where I found 4 of my late Shipmates—Gilyeat, Howard, Spring and Jenkin. I was much pleased with the kind and willing respect with which they treated me, and a gentleman who was sitting in the carriage, after having found out who I happened to be, said, "Then I suspect you were the one they were talking about, saying the Skipper had got his Promotion and they were glad of it, that he was a d—d good fellow and they'd sail with him again to-morrow."

*21st March.* At 12 presented myself at Committee Room No. 2, in the House of Commons, on Sugar and Planting.

Was examined by Lord G. Bentinck, Mr. Labouchere, Milner, Gibson, the President and Vice-Presidents of the Board of Trade and Mr. Miles, principally as to the best method of conveying labourers to W. Indies from the Coast and to give my reason why a Steamer like the *Growler* would not answer. Lord G. Bentinck, the Chairman, was particularly attentive in making me at ease, and whilst relating the fittings of the *Growler* to him, I compared her original bunks to so many coffins, which amused him much, and he said, "Say that again, if you will be good enough, that the Clerk may write it down."

*March 11th, 1848.* Yesterday got sworn in as a Special Constable at Bow Street, for Monday next the Chartists from all parts assemble, and I think every loyal man should be sworn in. They talk of 300,000 and the tradesmen are much alarmed.

*Friday, April 7th.* Any man who is fond of his Country must deplore the exertions now making to disturb its Peace by a few unprincipled demagogues calling themselves Chartists, misleading and exciting many thousands. The Monster Procession which has terrified so many is to take place on Monday next, to assemble at Kennington Church, and proceed over Blackfriars Bridge to the door of the House of Commons. Government, however, have issued Proclamations forbidding it, and advising people not to join in or assemble in any way. I had been most anxious to be an eye-witness if possible of their National Convention and will now relate precisely what occurred previously to my reaching it, manifesting as it does the feelings of a portion of the lower Classes, resulting from want of labour and having so much idle time on their hands, are most thoroughly instructed in all the rebellious doctrine, hourly preached to them, and made to believe their sufferings and poverty arise from the "Tyrannical Aristocratic Constitution." There is I imagine no doubt that many foreign Emissaries are among us, stirring up discord and all this, added to the convulsive and volcanic eruptions of Europe, which to these unhappy Countrymen

of ours, are painted in colours most pleasing to them by these artful Traitors who are in the Convention, has worked up the most savage feelings against the Government.

About 12, I found myself a short way from Piccadilly progressing towards Fitzroy Square. Accosting a young man I enquired if he would be good enough to direct me to Fitzroy Square. With a penetrating glance, he answered "You want *John Street* and the Convention don't you?" I replied in the affirmative and he said "I will show you, for I am going there." "Well, I will go with you," said I, and he at once, supposing I was a Chartist, generally coupled us when he spoke, as *we* intend doing this or that.

"Well, you have heard the Queen is off, she has ordered a Special Train for Saturday—and she is right.

"We are determined to march in spite of their Proclamation and it will be a bad thing for them if they try to hinder us. For march *we will* in spite of everything. The Government won't be in many days longer." I asked him who he thought would be in? With that peculiar shake of the head, which is frequently indulged in, to express a great deal, said, "I can't tell you that, but they will not be in many days longer. We are only demanding our just rights and we *will* have them in spite of their Proclamation, and it will be a pity for the Government if they try to oppose it. We all know we have a right to Petition. Beside they have got enough to do in Ireland at the present moment." I then asked him if he was not aware that these same Irish were those we subscribed for to save from starvation only last year, that were now crying out to "Murder the Saxons." He said "Yes, and I subscribed as much as I could afford, I only wish they'd set them clear of us altogether, they are not worth keeping." I then, finding he was most unreserved, said, "Now I tell you before going any further that *I am not a Chartist*." He looked surprised and said "Oh! *you are not?*" "No," I replied, "I merely go to have a look at it. Have you been here before?" He answered in the negative. I remarked how much better it would be if these people who were wasting their time had work and kept out of trouble. "Yes,"

said he, "if I had work I should not find myself attending this meeting. Unfortunately I have none. I was a Gentlemen's Servant and have the highest testimonials. I have advertised 2 or 3 times but have not been prosperous. At this moment there are in London 15,000 English Servants out of place, and 5,000 Foreigners, in consequence of so many Families having been compelled to reduce their establishments. A large meeting was held a few evenings since of the Servants out of place to consider the propriety of the Queen and Prince Albert having 100 Foreign Servants, whilst so many of their own countrymen were starving." I was so much pleased with the candour of my companion that I offered him a shilling which quite surprised him and he apparently thanked me with great sincerity. By this time we had reached the Mechanics Institute, where the National Convention as they style themselves, hold their meetings, and a Board having a placard pasted on it announced that Brontone O'Brien would lecture that evening on the advantages in general to Mankind of the late French Revolution. I proceeded with my Companion (which by the way I took care should never be far away, in case he might tell them I was not a Chartist) up to the Gallery which, as well as every other part, was quite crowded, and with my right hand on the neck of a greasy cut-throat looking scoundrel, who had not shaved for a week, dressed in Corduroys, and my left on the shoulder of my companion, I contrived to maintain a position which I occupied on the Stool, and found the Secretary calling over the names of the delegates, the Secretary being a fellow named Reynolds, author of the *Mysteries of London*, and as I am informed a Foreign Correspondent of *Weekly Dispatch*, and I believe as I have been informed, about as great a Swindler as ever lived. When he called his own name, which he answered himself, *Here*, it elicited the applause he had intended, which shews how easily an ignorant mob may be diverted, and they cried out "That's Reynolds, did you hear him call his own name?" All being mustered, the different delegates read reports from the Provinces, all of course tending to show how much the



*good cause* was progressing. One letter came informing them of the Dockyard at Portsmouth, working day and night making Truncheons for the Special Constables to smash the men of London. They were 14 inches long and made of African Oak. This elicited roars of scornful laughter.

Mr. P. McGrath was in the Chair, and very much treason was spoken on all sides.

Fergus O'Connor who sat for the first half hour may be easily known dressed in a light Blue Coat buttoned with one button, baldheaded, and resembling from his bulk the Portraits of Danl. O'Connell. He speaks moderately well *only*, and appears to feel he has the most perfect command of the Mob who were there assembled.

The speech he made was to the effect that they would hold themselves responsible that no excesses were committed and endeavour to suppress all robbery, etc. but they were determined to march in a Peaceable Procession and lay the grievances of the People before the British House of Commons. He talked a great deal more rubbish and wound up by saying he wanted to see a fair day's wages for a *moderate* day's work. This puzzled me for I had always heard Fair day's wages for a fair day's work. He also stated that machinery was the principal cause of the distress of the People, and which he had pointed out enriched the few and rendered the others inhabitants of the Bastille, was mechanical labour, giving them as I thought, a small hint that there would be no great harm if this said mechanical labour was out of their way. He said it would be the duty of the delegates to place themselves at the head of the Procession (Cheers), but if either the Military or Police were let loose by Government, the effect would be fearful. They would not strike the first blow, but if a blow were struck, would defend themselves—Cheers.

After having been there 2 hours and heard Treason enough spoken to last me a whole life, I was rather glad to be off. I was much surprised however, upon reading the printed reports of the Proceedings of the Convention this day in the papers, that two speeches were omitted, one *highly amusing*,



the other, if not instructive, at least worth listening to, from the calm and apparently sincere exposition of the hardships the Miners laboured under, in the district from which this delegate came, and who said he felt certain Her Majesty's Ministers were not aware of the injustice and cruelty they suffered from their Masters, and which he was ready to prove upon Oath before a Committee of the House, and point out, how much Mr. Tremenhoe, the Government Commissioner, had been himself deceived when sent on enquiry, and had in consequence misled Government. If what he stated was correct, then it is quite clear to me that some remedies should be applied to remove these glaring injustices. He stated that if a Quart of Dross was sent up in one Tub of Coal, the Tub averaging from 8 to 12 cwt. the Miner who had sent it up was mulct of his day's labour ; if 2 were sent up, he was fined 6d. for the second quart and the same for every successive one. That after working all day in the Bowels of the Earth, and as he fancied had made a few shillings for his Wife and Family, he would find he was in debt by forfeits and he had often known men brought in their Master's debt 7s. 6d. in this way at the end of the week. If they complained and asked higher wages, the Masters said, "We will put you down by Proclamation." All this he swore was true. He related 19 men who were blown to pieces through Fire-damp, leaving families, merely because the Masters would not pay 10/- for six 4-inch Davy lamps.

As Government had circulated their Prohibition of the Procession advertised by the Chartists to take place on Monday next, I was anxious to see the effect upon the Convention, altho' I had, I must confess, some doubts as to, not *exactly* the safety, but in case a sort of haul should be made by the Police whilst I was there owing to any increase, if possible, of treasonable preparations being in hand.

It was raining hard and I had a very unpleasant walk from Eccleston Square to Fitzroy Square. The exterior of their Convention gave me a fair idea of the crowd inside, for in spite of the rain there were between 50 or 100 waiting for

admittance. The topics of conversation were their determination to march and the cowardly trick of Government raking up Charles II Act. After some difficulty I got inside the outer door, and all attempts to have got inside would have been useless. The heat was excessive. Others who came out expected the Gallery would give way, so I contented myself in hearing their speeches without seeing the orators. The applause quite shook the building. The people who were round me were determined, they said, to march, and whilst one said "You know *we* must *not* let these men be sacrificed, we must stand by them," I said, "Of course, *we* must stick by them." I was appealed to as to my opinion whether the Troops *would* fire if they were ordered? I assured them my belief was "*They would fire on us.*" "Oh no, they won't, the dear good men, we know they won't, for they have been obliged to order 2 Regiments from Manchester because the men told them they would not fire on the People," cried out a woman of the lowest description of a Middle Age. She was more vehement and treasonable than all my neighbours and was quite the leader of the small circle around us. Clenching her hand and looking up she said something most impious and regretted she was not a man to march in the front rank on Monday. "There are the delegates," said she, "dear men, going to lose their lives for us; they have made their wills and taken leave of their wives and little ones, for they say they will be mowed down on Monday and nothing shall stop us. Then there is Ireland all ready to rise on Monday. Oh, *how* I wish them success! It is time we had a change. *We will have our rights.*" Thinking it my turn to have a say, I said, "You may be sure the soldiers *will* fire on us. They are on their oaths to do their duty and mark me, they will fire and do their duty if ordered whatever it may be. And now as you speak about Ireland, I will ask you one thing. Can't *we Englishmen* settle our War among ourselves, without any other Nation interfering?" No answer being given, I said, "Then what do you think of the Irish asking 50,000 Frenchmen to come over, is that right or proper?" I completely silenced the violent old hag and

rejoicing in my temporary victory, retired, purchasing a most ill-written seditious piece of poetry called the "Tocsin for Tyranny." Of all the murderers I have met in the Convict Hulks, the countenance of the vendor of this was out and out the most diabolical. He had a downcast look scarcely moving his eyes from the pavement to which he directed them, large sandy whiskers, beard and moustache, which together nearly prevented his face being seen. A large cut over the right eye, just healing, and one or two scratches over his forehead, which shewed he had not been long out of a scuffle; his hair very long and fell over his back and shoulders in artificial curls. In a deep tone he incessantly repeated in a half inquiring manner, "Shelley, Queen, Liberty," "The Tocsin for Tyranny" or "Nobler Utopia." Price one halfpenny. I took several looks at him and hope the blackguard may be soon in safe keeping.

A large Placard pasted on the corner nearly opposite Somerset House announced the preparation of a newspaper to be called "The Democrat." It was headed by these words, "We are only humble because we are on our knees and the others are exalted above us." It enumerated 21 of its intentions and ideas—most republican and what would most affect me if the Democrat's Principles were adopted are "Reduction of Army and Navy," "Abolition of Pensions," "A National Guard to be raised," "Separation of Church and State," etc. Purchased for a Penny the portraits of the leaders of the Chartists, and was glad to get back to George Fowler's suite, wet and tired.

*Monday, April 10th.* The loyalty which has been shown in every place in the Kingdom has been cheering in the extreme, particularly in those towns which from the Government Establishments having been formed there, may be almost called Government Towns, inhabited by a body of people who as Artificers and Mechanics may be considered as a Class similar to the great body of Chartists, and who by their spontaneous desire to depend on Institutions and preserve the Peace of their Country, must to any man who

cares for old England, have caused his heart to gladden. And at the same time, silently and reverently to thank God for having raised up so many defenders of Peace and order.

Started from Woolwich and reached London Bridge by about 10 a.m. Just as a body of 3 or 4,000 Chartists were marching in procession towards Kennington, preceded by a Band, and several white flags with the Numbers of the different Trades, (I fancy) carrying on poles. They were walking and jumping along, old and young. A very large proportion of boys, arm within arm. There were no stocks to be seen and they extended nearly the breadth of the Bridge, whilst the foot pavement was crowded with a number of people who were walking the same way out of curiosity, but had nothing to do with the Chartists. All work having been suspended in the City and many shops closed, a number of unemployed attended, particularly as the day was fine. These visitors walking the same way, of course caused the Chartists to think they were their brothers in the *Good Cause* as they say, and this swelled the amount and made it amount really to about half the number stated by the Chartists as in the Procession. The number of Specials were I should certainly think fully as many as that stated in the papers.

I first of all proceeded to Folkards where I found an epistle from my little girl, and then went to Somerset House [Office of the Navy Board] and read it in Sir Baldwin Walker's waiting room.<sup>1</sup> Placing myself under the order of my old Commanding Officer, I amused myself in lounging about the building, occasionally going into the Strand to talk and hear the reports of the "moral force" Chartists, who were just as great destructives as the physical ones, but having employment and something to lose, were content in not going to the Commons.

Somerset House was most strongly garrisoned. A regiment of Guards, a Squadron of Blues and 30 Marines—beside which Guns were supplied to the Clerks and Messengers, as well as Ball Cartridge most liberally.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Baldwin Walker had been appointed Surveyor of the Navy in the previous February.—Ed.

*August 29th.* The news of a pacific nature generally and the Irish Rebellion nearly finished. The Chartists much more earnest in their movements and suppressed with vigour by the Government. The French and English getting on most gloriously. The German Problem just commencing ; whether they will work the end out remains to be proved by Time. But I prophesy it will never answer. Prussia the most enlightened and Austria the most ignorant and bigoted, beside all the Petty Kingdoms who have lived as separate Nations, may for the moment join heart and hand in the Cry for one Germany. But whether hereafter different feelings will not arise, remains, as I said before, for time. I can imagine the Austrians, Hungarians, Tyrolese and others would not willingly pay a tax, however small, to maintain a war.

[A conversation with a Lt.-Col. Edwin Cruttenden of the Royal Artillery, at Arrowe Hall, Cheshire.]

*Jan. 27, 1849.* I proceed to one subject on which we both agreed, namely that the Duke of Wellington has been much over-rated, that he was jealous of all who worked well under him, and that he will not long be dead before his faults will teem from the Press, in facts given by those who suffered from his selfishness. I long since thought this after reading Picton's Character and the manner in which he was treated by Wellington. Col. Cruttenden was an intimate friend of the late Sir John Cope Sherbrooke and was with him in Nova Scotia and Canada. Sir John Cope Sherbrooke and Wellington were Captains in the same Regiment in India and on one occasion Wellesley had retreated very precipitately from a stockade. Sherbrooke said "Hullo, come this way, come along with me and I'll show you how to take it" : and Wellington never liked Sherbrooke much in consequence during his life. The Colonel said upon the retreat on Torres Vedras for 14 days the Troops had nothing to live upon but Chestnuts and many died of Constipation, yet he issued an order complaining of their murmurs and said they had no cause to grumble.

He mentioned the case of a Captain or Major, the name

I now forget, who had distinguished himself greatly thro' the whole of the Peninsular War on the Staff and was famed for his discernment in reconnoitring. At a glance he would discover his enemies' position and as may be easily conceived, had distinguished himself and done good Service. He was astonished one morning at finding he was publicly reprimanded for neglect of duty and for having failed in executing some service. He was hurt and surprised for he had never received the order. Conceiving it arose from a mistake, after consulting his friends, he determined to see Lord Wellington and explain to him. Accordingly he went to his Tent where all the Generals were at dinner and after being announced was told to come in. He said "My Lord, I have served this Army faithfully through the Campaign, and I find myself reprimanded publicly for not executing an order which I have never heard of" but he was cut short by Picton who slapped his hand on his trouser pocket and said, "*Hold!* My Lord, it is my fault, here is the order" (producing it) "and it is my neglect and not his. I am to blame." "Well, my Lord," said the Officer, "may I hope your reprimand may be cancelled." "*No Sir*, Lord Wellington *never* cancels an order he has *once* given. I have nothing to do with it. Look to General Picton for redress." The tone of speech so stung this Officer that he went away broken-hearted, and the following day mounted his horse and rode along the French lines waving his hat. At last a fellow picked him off, shot through the heart. Picton on the following day told Wellington of it—who coolly replied, "What a fool!"

At Talavera he arrived *but* at the close and when the Generals delivered in their reports, he returned them saying he was present, (which was not the case) and he would make his own report.

*Feb. 22nd, 1849.* After dining with Shaw at the Palatine Club, walked down to the *Princess Royal* and at 9.30 left for Glasgow. It was blowing very hard from North-West and heavy sea running. She is made of iron and the first time I have ever been in an iron vessel. The motion was much more

Ls



lively, having great power she forced herself along 8 knots, though the sea, for she shipped a good deal of water, started the fore part of Paddle Box. The Mate never saw her ship so much water during the time they have been running,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  years.

She has a Steeple engine by Jod & McGregor, 380 Horse power nominal—cylinder 73", length of stroke 6 ft. 3". Air pump Cylinder  $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Diameter of wheel 30 ft. working 9 lbs. pressure. She is about 700 tons, drawing 10 ft. water, and steams very fast.

END OF PART I OF WILLIAM KING HALL'S DIARIES.

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## THE DIARIES OF WILLIAM KING HALL

### II

“Whenever Jacko had his cap down over his eyebrows it meant, look out for squalls ; when on the back of his head, he was always in a good humour !”

—AN OLD SHIPMATE WRITING ABOUT WILLIAM KING HALL.

[In August 1847, William wrote in his Diaries that he was “fancy free,” an unusual condition of mind for him.

About three miles from Halifax, Nova Scotia, there lived the Hon. Dr. William Gregor (his forbears had been proscribed from bearing the “Mac” at the time of the massacre of Glencoe). He was a well-known figure in Halifax society, and a member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia.

William was a constant visitor at the Gregors ; but had never met Mrs. Gregor’s niece, Louisa Forman, till one evening in August. It was dark when he entered the house, and he was surprised and delighted to feel a pair of girlish arms round his neck and a warm kiss on his cheek—Louisa thought it was her uncle. She was a pattern of Victorian modesty and was overcome with maidenly confusion. After this, William was a more constant visitor than ever at Thorndean. He sometimes took his Diaries with him and read extracts, which made Louisa laugh. By disposition she was serious for her age.

She lived with her parents, James and Margaret Forman, in a large house on an estate called Thorndean, four miles from Halifax. Her grandfather, James Pringle Forman, had come from Coldstream, and had been engaged in shipping. The Formans had been connected with Berwickshire since before 1446. Previously to that, some of them had been Abbots of Coldringham.

Louisa was descended from James Forman of Hordean, Coldstream, whose ancestor, Sir John Forman, identified the body of James IV after the Battle of Flodden in 1513.

Louisa was the child of first cousins (she had a sister and two brothers, one of whom, James Forman, was a civil engineer and built the Highland Railway). Louisa's parents could claim a common descent from such widely divergent sources as Van Dyck and the American Puritan family of Cobb.

At the age of twenty-two, Louisa had auburn ringlets, a dazzlingly fair complexion, lovely hands, and a slim figure. She also had plenty of beaux, and there are indications in William's Diaries that when he got engaged to her in September 1847, Halifax society lifted its eyebrows a little at the fact that Miss Louisa Forman was to wed "a Mr. Hall of the Navy." Mr. Hall cared not one jot.

He soon won round her parents, and though nervously speculative and astonished that such "a rollicking, careless fellow" as he was going "to be spliced," his confidence in the future never wavered. Marry Louisa he was determined to, in spite of finding himself jobless and deeply in debt when the *Growler* paid off in March 1848. He had received no pay for five months. After doing a steam course at Woolwich, he made frantic efforts to secure an appointment. There was interview after interview. Friends, especially Sir Baldwin Walker, were very kind. A Captain Townsend, M.P., introduced him to the Second Sea Lord as "one of the smartest fellows and best officers in the Navy." In vain! His words fell on stony ground.

Louisa had told him that she would wait for him "for ever." This idea did not appeal to him at all. It was when he was staying with his great friends, the Shaws, at Arrowe Park in Cheshire, that desperation determined him to borrow money from his agent and inveterate enemy Folkard, and go to Halifax to marry his "good, constant, affectionate little girl."

On Wednesday, May 17, 1848, William spent an afternoon in Folkard's office. The accounts connected with the paying off of H.M.S. *Growler* had to be proved before he could get his pay and, as he hoped, raise money on it. Folkard felt that there might be difficulty in passing the accounts. No doubt,

the memory of past fracas with William rankled. Anyway, this is what happened :

"I have now to relate the treachery of old Folkard. He had, through the forenoon, occasionally hinted that I should not be able to leave *England yet*, and once or twice hinted I should not get married. I was writing at one end of the desk and he at the other. I saw him make the C beginning at the word Captain and, in a moment after he had written it, took a glance. Fortunately, I did so. Unprincipled : ungentlemanly, dishonourable, or anything you please—fortunate I did so. I believe it was ordained I should do so, and, my dearest Luisy, I am glad I did look at it. These words were on it : "Please tell Capt. Hall he will not be able to leave town yet." My blood boiled within me. I hastily concluded a letter. My lips were parched with anger. Never did I feel more inclined to call him a Blackguard, and never did I feel my position so dependent. I thought, if I had no Luisy, I would abuse him and pitch his agency to the devil. But I wanted money for my passage. My rage increased. Treachery in the Camp is horrible I thought, but then how could I let him know it ? Taking the bundle of receipts he had under his arm, he said, "Come along and see the Clerks, but I am *afraid you won't be able to go.*" "Accounts or no accounts, I go to Halifax on Saturday ; I have made up my mind to go and *I will.*"

"By this time we were in Somerset House in the passage leading to the office. He said, '*You may* depend upon it you won't be able to go—your accounts won't be in.' I looked at him and said, 'I shall not be able to go because *you* have written to the Clerk to stop me.' Said he, 'I have not, I deny it.' 'I say you have ; I saw you write it.' 'What do you mean by looking over my writing ?' 'I will answer that. I could not help it, instinct led me to see my name and what followed.' We had reached the office door : I said, 'Is that *honest*, is that true, is that straight-forward ? Sooner than do such a dirty trick I would lose this arm,' which I struck with violence, I was so impassioned. 'Now,' said I, 'read it, it is in your hand.' 'Well,' said he, 'pass your own accounts, I will have nothing more to do with them,' but I saw he was ashamed and I had the advantage of him, and said, 'Before you move another step, *tear that up,*' which *he did.* 'Now

behave like a *Man* and a *Friend*, and assist me in my accounts, passing all you can.' 'So I will,' said he, and he did so."

William's writing fairly seems to leap from the faded page, as he recounts this distasteful incident. It is a writing of a villainous badness—and a law unto itself. He wrote with a quill pen. Curiously enough, after losing the top of his right thumb, and taking to writing with his *left* hand, his writing is a trifle easier to decipher.

When William arrived in Halifax, he found that Louisa had been grieving in silence. She had been the victim of "tattling," and unkind speculations on the part of the ladies of Halifax as to whether William really meant to return. The men, too, had had something to say on the subject, for an ex-admirer had presented her with a song entitled: "Poor Louise, being the melancholy story of an unfortunate young lady who, deserted by her lover, became mad and died from a broken heart." William was furious.

But preparations for the wedding began; there was a "great smell of clean linen above and duff below," and on June 29, 1848, Louisa came up the aisle of St. Paul's, Halifax, "looking very interesting." William could not resist kissing her before the whole congregation.

On seeing the miniature of Louisa—her first present to William—James had remarked: "That miniature bespeaks volumes. There is an amiable contemplative countenance for you—none of your polka-dancing girls. Nothing brazen-faced there."

William wrote in his Diaries that he had been in love with *handsomer* faces, but not with one that *pleased* him more. Her demure fascination was never entirely extinguished by maternity and domesticity. She kept the lover alive in William to the last. His Diaries are full of her.

Her nature held a serenity which his lacked. After years of married life he wrote of her "well-ordered mind which ruled her fragile body," and of her "quiet unpretending nature," with as much admiration as when he had first met her and "loved her but not understood her."

He never quite got over his surprise that so much self-control and strength lay hidden in the depth of such mildness of disposition. Her religious upbringing and views were of a

Puritan brand (she would not dance) but she was tolerant and much liked, even by the most sophisticated.

An authority on the subject has vouchsafed the opinion that had Louisa studied, she would have been a fine painter of animals.

The only existing specimen of her work shows a boldness of colouring and a freedom of treatment which suggests that she was not the average Victorian female amateur with her mincing sketches and would-be Landseers.

There was no time for painting. She was always sewing when she was not child-bearing, nursing the children, or trying to balance the family's financial budget.

Physically, Louisa was not a robust type. Some of her experiences when her babies were born, and the subsequent illnesses, make disagreeable reading. William once "nearly fainted from anguish of mind at the sight of her sufferings."

But she lived in the bad, sad days for wives. She had ten children born in rapid succession. She died of cancer.

Viewed from a more enlightened standpoint, much in Louisa's life seems tragic and unnecessary, but it must also be recorded that she was a very happy woman.

William sailed for England in November, 1848, and was appointed to the Coastguard at the Scilly Isles. It had not been visited by a controller-general for over twenty-five years. William arrived, full of zeal, in March 1849.

He found "several old men deaf and blind, and over sixty, sitting muffled by the fire in the Watch House, each propped with a huge stick to aid them to walk and to help them from tumbling, not for the protection of the Revenue." He decided it was no place for him. He wrote off to everyone he could think of to try and secure a new appointment; meanwhile, he waited, bored and lonely, longing to hear news of the birth of Louisa's baby. A ship called on May 2nd, and he heard that he had a fine son born on April 17.

Louisa was "churched" and sailed for England. William hoped that he would hear of a new appointment *before* his "wife and furniture" arrived—a wish surely that goes echoing down the years, sighed out from many a naval husband's breast.

Louisa arrived, radiant though nervous. Her ship had collided during a fog with another vessel, which had sunk in

three minutes, and she had been on deck at the time, and had seen 120 people drowned.

She celebrated her twenty-third birthday in their first home, which was draughty, and must have been uncomfortable after the solid colonial comfort of Thorndean ; but she was delighted with it. William records proudly that his young wife (a bunch of keys at her waist) was a perfect housewife, presiding over the little establishment and its one unsatisfactory maid, with dignity and competence.

Willie, the baby, had fine blue eyes, and William could not help noticing that he was admired by everyone who saw him. He was certainly a model infant, for when landing, after a terrible crossing from the Scilly Isles in a sailing-cutter, he was "handed from boat to boat like a brown-paper parcel," and "behaved admirably."

In October 1849, William was appointed to the coast-guard at Weymouth. They were glad to leave Scilly. Louisa had been ill there, and William had found nothing interesting to do except invent some fog-signals, over which he had, as he had expected, received a "rebuff" from the Admiralty. They had thirteen pounds between them when they arrived at Weymouth, by coach, for cheapness—"inferior to the railroad in every respect," grumbled William, who liked progress. (Another time he was told at Euston that they "did not go by Bradshaw Railway Guide." The train he wished to take arrived two hours late.)

They tried to sell their furniture which they had brought over in the sailing-cutter, but the "Eventful day, both for myself and Folkard," resulted in disappointment, for not a person turned up at the sale. A staunch friend, George Fowler, came to their rescue with a loan which was soon paid back ; for "my dear little chancellor of the Exchequer," now took William's debts firmly in hand. He remarked defiantly that he had always been in debt, and probably always would be. At school it had been "with slates, pencils, and marbles." But she refused to concur with this defeatist point of view, and effected miraculous economies. In the end, he found the best way was to take his pay and put it into her lap. Somehow or other she always managed to make them all comfortable at Weymouth. William was very active in suppressing smuggling. He did not think much of



the Coastguard Service, and came to the conclusion, "that the whole Force ashore and afloat were more expensive than they were worth." In 1850 he issued the following Memo: "The one-legged stools which it appears to be the custom for the men to carry on their guards are no longer to be permitted, nor the unnecessary way in which some of them load themselves with clothes, sheep-skins, etc., all of which prevent proper activity; the stool producing piles, which added to the weight of the clothes, prevents the possibility of men running. Some men I have met during the night visits have appeared like an immovable mass of clothes, stiff painted garments securing them like a sentry box."

And as for their appearance: "Their motley appearance would have done well for a fancy-dress ball, where C.G. men, smugglers and fishermen were the characters to be sustained, but unlike a monthly muster by an Inspecting Commander."

In May 1851, the *Seringapatam*, with a valuable cargo, was run on shore on the west side of Portland Bill. Lloyd's publicly recognised William's energetic and disinterested conduct in getting her off in spite of strong westerly winds.

He was extraordinarily happy with Louisa. His second son, George Fowler, was born on August 14th, 1850. He felt himself that there was no call to feel "ungrateful and rebellious," but he could not help it. His ambition acted sometimes like a hair-shirt to him and yet he would not, he wrote, "kiss and cringe" to get promotion.

But he was feeling particularly contented and domesticated on September 20, 1850, when he wrote:

"... She is now seated by my side with our second boy on her lap. There is a gale of wind blowing E.S.E., with hard rain patting against the windows. How much one's ambition in a seafaring way cools on such a night, and it is much more pleasant to hear the wind howling down the chimney than whistling round the masts: No anchor watch, nor lead over the side, no launch moored astern, no captain to call if it blows harder. However, a calm day with a clear blue sky and all the old feelings of top gallant yards and loose sails return."

On August 9, 1851, he was at sea again, Commanding H.M.S. *Stryx* (6-gun paddle sloop) steaming round the Cape of Good Hope.



## THE EIGHTH KAFFIR WAR

Sir Harry Smith, of high military fame, Governor, High Commissioner, Commander-in-Chief of the forces at the Cape, was informed in January 1852, by Earl Grey, that he was recalled for lack of energy and judgment in conducting the Eighth Kaffir War, and for not bringing it to a speedier conclusion. The war had technically started on December 29, 1850, when a patrol sent to arrest Sandilli, Gaika Chief and ancient thorn in the flesh of the Government, was attacked in the Boomah Pass. The Kaffir rebellion which followed was, according to Earl Grey, Colonial Secretary for Lord John Russell's Government, mismanaged from the outset.

In the dispatch which recalled him, Sir Harry was criticised for not foreseeing how events were shaping in spite of the warnings of the frontier farmers, and for the losses of the troops being out of proportion to the advantages gained. During the doleful progress of the war, Earl Grey admitted that the situation had been complicated by the Hottentots supporting the Kaffirs, but their defection from loyalty to Britain was due, Earl Grey considered, to injudicious methods on Sir Harry's part.

He had good replies to these accusations, and whether or not his civil administration of the Cape at a difficult time politically, and his tactics as a General, are above criticism, is a matter for the historian. There are some who maintain that he was in advance of his time in his faith in conciliatory methods of governing subject races. William's participation in the closing months of the rebellion, and his account of Sir Harry, may be of interest to students of the question, and to admirers of one of the finest soldiers England has ever produced.

Lady Smith, Spaniard of ancient family, was a girl of fourteen at the time of the Sack of Badajoz. There were appalling scenes, and she and her married sister hid in an oven.

The elder sister arrived at the British Camp, bringing young Juana Maria, and stopping at the first tent she came to, threw herself on the mercy of the two young engineers and Sir Harry Smith, then a captain of twenty-four. The young men drew lots as to who was to be the lovely Juana's

protector, and Sir Harry won. He had fallen in love with her and married her. This is the version of the romantic affair as told to William by Lady Smith at the Cape. He did not put it in his Diaries, but told his son George about it. Juana rode at the head of the famous Light Division for the last three years of the Peninsular War.

In his *Autobiography*, Sir Harry says that she had "inspired him with a maddening love . . . which had never abated."

She liked William, and he received much hospitality from her, but they had words over a charming Mrs. Campbell, who coaxed him to give her a passage to Kaffraria.

He was frequently harassed by importunate wives wishing to visit their husbands at headquarters. On one occasion he was almost reduced to tears by the pleadings of a delightful Lady Alexander Russell. She was a lady who had had experience of travelling in His Majesty's ships, as in 1846 she had had a premature confinement on board the *Belleisle* at Quebec, "just as the ship had anchored." William's serious duties in the *Styx* were to keep up communications between Cape Town and the Buffalo River, and thus to convey levies to the frontier. He made seventeen trips along the stormy coast, the distance being six hundred miles each way, and he lived night and day on the bridge, as he had to contend with "irregular currents, strong S. Eastern and heavy N.W. gales."

He was nearly wrecked off the Bird Islands. To enable his crew to get through the work in time, he took the look-out night after night, and sent all hands to their hammocks, so that, as soon as they got into port, they could commence coaling. His job was to transport hundreds of men, women, and children. On one occasion he had on board the *Styx*, four hundred women and children (and a few more women who were "not ordered passages") belonging to the 12th Lancers, 12th Foot, 2nd Foot, Rifle Brigade, 60th Rifles, 45th, 43rd, and 74th. They were looked after by William and the Surgeon, and, of course unofficially, "all hands" helped too. As well as his human charges, he safely landed during the Commission, 1,200 horses and mules.

To save labour and rest the crew from the incessant work in weighing and catting the anchor, almost daily at times, William would have the cable unshackled from the anchor

and when "coming to" would run out a very long length of cable, which sank into the ground and was sufficient to hold the ship even in very bad weather ; thus a few men at the capstan could weigh the cable, instead of turning up the whole crew to weigh the anchor.

In 1888 his son George used the same idea when he was blockading the East Coast of Africa in H.M.S. *Penguin*.]

*H.M.S. Styx. August 28th, 1851.* We have been under steam with the exception of a few hours yesterday, since Sunday.

*September 15th.* Since closing this book a proportionate share of disappointment has been my lot.

Although we crossed so far to windward the Trade [wind] has been very illnatured in its direction and whilst we have been daily, nay hourly, expecting the Ship would come up and make Southing she has never made better than S.W. Her sailing qualities are most excellent ; with the Mainsail touching and braced sharp up she has gone  $9\frac{1}{2}$  knots, and one 24 hours made 197 miles good. The spray and rain damaged our paint but still as we were rattling along through the Trade everything could be tolerated. I had joyfully anticipated what our performances were to be under steam, and having examined the Steam Register in which it was shown that two days before reaching Madeira she had made 180 mile in 24 hours with 2 boilers on 2 Grades of Expansion, calculated with justice we should do as well, although a faint hope gained strength that it should be better and for the following causes. The defective Tubes had been replaced with new ones. The Boiler had been cleaned. All Tubes swept, and in my Zeal, as black as a Sweep, I had crawled thro' the flues and given directions that about a quart of soot should be removed from the ends of the Tubes in spite of the Engineer saying, that small quantity was nothing, and was always left. Then again the facing of the Slide Casing of Starb'd. Cylinder had been repaired, and lastly, the "Ton of Coal" we were to commence with was English, or rather procured in England, and

the Ship now had first used provision water and Fuel to work the wheels at the most advantageous immersion.

*September 30th.* At 8 a.m. on the 30th landed and ordered a curricule to proceed to Simons Bay to report myself to the Commodore.<sup>1</sup> The streets are wide and regularly built, but the absence of pavement and stones appeared odd. There is a mixture of a foreign and English town also, which is much strengthened on the one side by the motley group of Malays, Hottentots and all other Nations. Whilst waiting for the vehicle and breakfast at Parker's hotel, met Fishbourne who walked up with me to Government House and introduced me to Lady Smith, who received me most kindly and told me I had come where there was a great deal of hard work, wished me to remain to breakfast and gave me an invitation to remain at Government House whenever I lay in Table Bay. Although Fishbourne was very kind and gave himself some trouble to initiate me into the duty I should have to perform, I was rather disgusted at the concluding sentence of our conversation. "But," said he, "you will have tremendous uphill work I tell you, coming after us." Of course, I thought, more troops to go, or worse weather might be the reason of his saying so. On asking him the meaning, he replied, "The *Hermes* is a great favourite with everyone; I never made difficulties and we were fortunate in always doing well." I certainly think he might have kept that to himself, but it at once determined me to do as much as the *Hermes*. He said he had taken a regiment to the Buffalo from Mauritius, and as 2 or 3 others were saying what the *Hermes* had carried, I was quite prepared to meet with great partiality to her from all quarters.

*October 7th.* Embarked 75 hands. Lt. Colonel Pole and 230 of the 12th Lancers, and I believe seven Levies came on board, as also various other passengers.

Nothing could exceed the good temper shown by all on board, and the appreciation of any trouble we took to make the officers comfortable, crowded as we were. They had no

<sup>1</sup> Commodore Christopher Wyvill. He died as a Rear-Admiral in 1863.—Ed.

place to hang up cots, and it was pleasing to see fellows with their £6000 and £8000 a year, roll themselves up in their cloak, and throw themselves down among the forage for the night without a word of complaint. The most united feeling evidently among the colonel, Officers and men will cause them to work well in the Officers' Mess, and the 10 days we were all shipmates, produced very warm feelings among us all, men and officers.

*October 13th.* Off Buffalo River. Each boatload of Lancers were cheered by us, and we parted from our passengers with mutual goodwill. They were most contented, and gave no trouble.

Afterwards landed at East London and was at once struck with the totally unprotected state the huts and buildings are from any attack. I consider it disgraceful. This spot which all the supplies and reinforcements come to, the important establishment of Surf Boats, which are the actual means of receiving them [lie] entirely at the mercy of the enemy. The line of communication is kept open by, and our coast protected through the friendship of Pato and his Tribe, but it ought to be borne in mind this very man whose alliance we now maintain by rations and presents, was the last Chief who gave in during the last War. And should any great reverse happen to us, who can depend upon his Tribe or himself?

It is disgraceful to all who are concerned but particularly those who live there—for the number of days the Surf Boat men are unemployed afloat, they could be beneficially employed in throwing up a wall and ditch from the river right across the neck of land and enclosing the Settlement. Our boats' guns might be well placed and the boats protected. As it is, you see numerous Kaffirs about the place, counting every soul that lands, and are so many spies. The residents tell me that these Kaffirs honestly say, "We are friendly now because it is our interest to be so, you are stronger than we, but we hope to see you driven out of the land." Then what a delusive and improper security our

people live in ! They have a loop-holed Block House Barracks on the brow of the hill which of course the Kaffirs would not go near.

*Oct. 21st.* Having 2 days since answered Mrs. Campbell's note requesting a passage, telling her either an order from the Commadore, or requisition from Colonial Secretary, Mrs. Campbell went to him and he wrote a note giving me *authority*. This compelled me to call and point out his error, it was an official requisition, which he would not then give, and having established the line made him understand it was a matter of favour.

In the meantime Lady Smith was furious at Ladies going up to join their husbands, and on Sunday she had received a letter from Sir Harry Smith saying how much he deprecated it, and stating that his Nephew had as little idea of his Wife's coming as he himself had. Lady Smith begged me to read that portion and with Stirling call on Mrs. Campbell and relate it, which I did. Poor soul, after battling Stirling's arguments for some time, in a most independent manner, and referring to Lady Smith's excessively rude behaviour to her the preceding day, she gave way to her feelings. She was quite overcome and said to me, "Capt. Hall, if you are afraid of offending Sir Harry or Lady Smith, pray do not take me." I assured her of my independence, and took leave for a few moments, calling back alone when we had a long talk. The affection she showed quite won my heart. She said, "Why, suppose my husband was wounded, who should be by his side, or who would he wish to have as soon as his wife ? The Adjutant of the 75th was killed," and then (evidently working herself up to command her feelings) "if anything should happen to my husband, if he were killed, I should never be happy if I did not see him before he was buried." As I am a most chicken-hearted fellow I could scarcely refrain from tears. The news also had just come in of 40 killed and wounded, including among the former Lt. Norris of the 6th, and 2 or 3 dangerously wounded Officers.



*October 28th.* Punished Jas. Cuss with 36 lashes, much against my will. Last night a 6 dozen case of Port in Pints was broken open and all but 5 gone. 3 of the number was in the heart of his Frock and 2 in his Mess Table. I mustered the Hands and found 20 more or less drunk, most of them Petty Officers. It was sent on board with commissariat Stores and not even a line to say what it contained. I sincerely hope Corporal Punishment may be unnecessary for some time to come, but it is as well to show that if necessary no qualms of Conscience will prevent your using the Power.

Whilst on this matter, went on board the *Yankee*, who appeared to be in very bad discipline. They were coaling and the noise and shouting was very loud. The Officer with whom I was walking sent forward twice to desire them to make less noise . . . quite unheeded. I thought it a good opportunity to ask how they got on without Corporal Punishment in their Navy. "Very bad," was his answer, "so bad that 3,000 of our best Seamen have presented a petition at Washington to re-establish it, for the good men do all the work." I asked if it was a fact, and he said, "It is a fact, they have petitioned." I asked what punishment he had now, and he said one was making a man fast by his thumbs with his toes just touching the deck, in which position he was left for 4 hours, then let down for a short time and given a biscuit and drink of water. The Surgeon examined him and he was tied up again.

She appears in bad order and discipline—Crew young and very old and dirty. She stores 1,000 ton of Coal, but so many different stories were told about her performances, that it would be folly to believe every one and consequently greater to note it.

*November 11th.* After Breakfast was much interested in listening to the eventful life of Lady Smith and the astonishing memory for dates and names she possesses which induced me to tell her that she should have an amanuensis and write her history, which is stranger than fiction. Parted with warm invitation to return.



*November 12th.* Anchored in Mossel Bay for the purpose of embarking 100 Foot Levies and 50 of Montagu's Horse, and having read of Clavering's Horse and others, in the days of Cavaliers and Roundheads, was led to believe a sort of Yeomanry Corps comprised this force who derived the name from the Colonial Secretary, and I made sure I should find all as he, Mr. Montagu, stated. They would not detain me 2 hours, as they were quite ready and had been written to. Swallowing a hasty breakfast and seeing no signs of either Totties or Horse, landed with Stirling and walked up to a house where a crowd was collected round, and soon found the ragged drunken mulatto crew were the Foot Levies, and a tall stout man in a blue coat and black hat, was *the* great man of the place, Magistrate—Commissioner, etc., rejoicing in the name of Marsh, who with 2 satellites under the name of Courtales were persuading, entreating, shaking and bullying them to stand steady in double file while he said something to them. They were all, as I said before, more or less drunk, and all were talking, some wearing their worn-out Jim Crow hats with a dirty ostrich feather over their heads, saying "All right, I go Kaffirland, I know Sir Harry. All right Massa Marsh. Sir Harry know me, he see me fight in Kaffir land, I don't care one damn for all Kaffir. All right me go Massa Marsh. I go fight." Another equally vociferous "I want my gooman, me must have my gooman, she get all my clothes—me bare (slapping his behinders which were assuredly in that state) me no able to go into bush this way." Mr. Marsh with great pomp coughed and cleared his throat and said, "Now, Mossel Bay Burghers, you are going to embark and fight for your country, *men*," and (evidently with studied effect) he unbound a large Blue Flag which fluttered in the breeze, showing the B.L. emblazoned on its folds. "I confide these Colours to your care and keeping, keep them in honour, let the enemy see them, but never let him take them"—the remainder was cut short by his roaring out, "Stop *them*, stop *them*, there they go, Courtales, round the corner, three of *them*," and turning round found others rushing up to the Canteen to which he called out, "Hie,

Ms

Hie, Stop Sir, down to the boat directly," but the Totties cut off and laughed whilst one fellow was holding the Colours like a Standard bearer, but devil of a follower would turn. They fled in all directions except half a dozen who were too drunk to keep on their pins, these dropped where they were, and the Courtalles and Mr. Marsh having lost in the chase of the others, made a most gallant onslaught on them, and dragged them down to the jetty, pitching them into the boat. It was too absurd after the instructions they had received *before* the speech commenced about their wheeling right about by 2's and marching in double file to the boat. I roared. Stirling joined in, and on Marsh returning quite blown with his fruitless exertions, he stammered out his wrath as he gained his wind at our laughing and was surprised when I told him it was enough to make the devil laugh. "But where are the Horsemen, Mr. Marsh?" "They are getting their Horses and soon will be here," and, added the Courtalles, "there will be no trouble with them; they are respectable sort of men and nearly all Englishmen—regular Burghers." About  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour after this I found a man lying on the ground quite insensible; the struggle had dragged a blue Guernsey Frock over his face, so that he was nearly smothered; a pair of dirty canvas breeches well covered with tar showed his occupation led him on the waters, whilst a large rusty spear strapped over his naked instep and an old shoe with his toes protruding through, led me to believe him to be one of the "Regular Burghers." The fact was soon assured me by another fellow—evidently a run-away sailor—galloping down the slope, and nearly over him, banging off his musket as he brought his horse up all standing within an inch of the fellow's covered face and bawling out, "I say, Bill, where have you left your Horse?" 2 men very nearly as drunk came to the protection of their fallen comrade, and regularly bounced this man's horse off which was nearly kicking and trampling on him several times, owing to the pitching of the spear and jerking at the bridle by his drunken master. These were "Montagu's Horse" and as bad a specimen of men as I ever met;

they all appeared of the same stamp, lawless drunken fellows who had taken the £23 bounty and purchased as miserable a horse as they could find, of course making as much as they could. As for evidence it was not half strong enough for their behaviour which compelled me to resort to harsh measures inasmuch as on one fellow walking away and said he would not come on board, I disarmed him at the same moment as Stirling knocked him down. He was very civil, touched his hat and smothered me with respect when we next faced him. 2 horses went over the Jetty a fall of 10 feet into the water, one man jumped overboard and was just able to swim on shore, defying everyone to take him off. 4 of the Cutter's crew quietly fisted him down. One fellow was very persevering in asking "Who *I* was." When on board, strangely enough, the same fellow among others came to request they might have rations, as they were all starving. So *I* just stopped all their grub, and served out nothing to any of them; it is interesting when you touch a man's stomach how his bumptiousness goes out of him. They were as meek as lambs by 8 p.m., and 8 a.m. on the following day quite mild and respectable members of society except in skin and garments. At 3.30 started with 125 Horses and 250 Levies. The next day we reached Cape Recife at 11 p.m.

The troops are all called in; the patrol had been out 46 days and were shoeless and in rags. No troops ever underwent more severe work.

*November 21st.* Found among the passengers Captain & Mrs. Fenwick, who had arrived from Mauritius a few days previously with a Company of Sappers and Miners ordered to the frontier, and to show the wisdom of the Authorities in England, they have actually ordered these troops 600 miles past the place their services were required—namely East London, this among the frequent proofs of want of organisation shows that although "a very old Nation" we are a very green one at times.

Reached Westbrook at 9. Found the Commodore was with Mr. Frere, a few yards outside the Gates. Lady Smith was

very kind and apparently pleased to see me till she asked me whether Mrs. Campbell was going up with me. Upon my answering in the affirmative she opened a broadside of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness which astonished me and showed the nature of her Country in its most unfavourable peculiarities. I quietly remarked "that I understood from her she always had followed Sir Harry to the field." This caused a parting shot, and I was glad to slip and make sail to the Commodore, to whom I gave Sir Harry's letter, before opening it ; he also told me to have nothing to do with Mrs. Campbell's journey up (evidently primed by her Ladyship) but on reading Sir Harry's note he altered his tone, for the latter had said " Pray let Mrs. Campbell come up in Steamer and let her be the last."

Paid Mrs. Campbell a visit with the Commodore. Returned at 6 p.m. to dinner, meeting De Smidt. After dinner another growl about Mrs. Campbell's going up. Whilst the others settled to whist, I took my moorings in an easy chair and having been on my legs 36 hours I dozed off whilst listening. Before parting for the night her Ladyship remarked that she could tell me people in town were beginning to talk about Captain Hall and Mrs. Campbell. I replied that if a man had a clear conscience he did not care a pin what people said.

*Christmas Day.* This day a few years since was invariably one of riot and every discomfort on board ships of War. The reins of discipline were so much relaxed that sometimes they slipped altogether and the end of it was that Officers were frequently insulted, crimes glossed over, and a multitudinous array of bunged eyes and broken noses cruising round the decks ushered in the New Year.

*December 28th.* As usual a hardworking day off the Buffalo—everything clear by 2 p.m. News from Kaffir reports are most favourable ; no official intelligence from Eyre's Patrol but his success has been great according to these accounts. Sandilli has sent to the Governor to ask for terms. Seydo has also sent to McLean, the T'Slambie Commissioner, to beg

him to intercede for him. A rebel Hottentot was taken at Whitterea on the point of starvation ; he says the Kaffirs are in a state of great destitution, and he has promised to show the troops where a great number of Muller's cattle are located ; in fact, things have never assumed so pleasing a prospect before. The crops are ready for gathering and it now depends on the firmness of Sir Harry. Last year he allowed them to gather the crops as he thought it would be cruel to their families ; if he permits them to do so this year it will most probably prolong the war, for if they are allowed to sow and reap and plunder our cattle, there will be no end to it. Another report from a spy is that they are so much in want of powder, Sandilli could only spare 2 cartridges each a few days since. This, added to the arrival of the 43rd, may dishearten them much.

General Somerset's division has taken 2,500 head of cattle whilst MacKinnon's have literally done nothing. Everyone complains of him—in fact, Sir Harry is unfortunate in having such leaders and still more to be pitied for having got into the habit of lavishing so much praise on their personal merits when everyone knows they are totally undeserving.

*January 9th, 1852.* Sir Harry's letter to Lady Smith was dated the 2nd and in it he states that Colonel Eyre's Patrol had 7000 head of cattle and General Somerset's 6000. They were in communication with each other. The Kaffirs were hard pressed. Not a word is said about MacKinnon's Patrol who it is generally supposed will do nothing to speak of. I have never heard anyone mention him except to accuse him of very great incompetency and only fit for an office.

*February 2nd.* The Mule waggon sent by the Governor (the majority of the party having gone on horseback) conveying Brent, Liandet and Turner. The day was the warmest they had experienced this summer, the road dreadfully dusty, and we had not proceeded a mile before we found our team were not accustomed to pull together, and having only been landed 24 hours before were not quite up to the

40 mile journey. The team, called colonially a Span, consisted of 8 which is the usual number when mules are employed, from their being driven by reins and under the reach of the whip. (Oxen have double the number and 16 is a common Span)

The first 7 miles to Fort Grey the road had a great trend to the Coast line. The numerous bulbs of the most brilliant hues and striking contrasts, as well as the fine fresh atmosphere certainly made this stage a most pleasant one ; we had not got well heated and the novelty was a charm. Upon reaching the loop-holed mud wall built as a square, dignified under the name of a Fort and called after the Colonial Secretary, it at once struck me how absurd and wrong it was terming such a place a Fort, for if one had read in the Weymouth Reading Room, as I have read, Fort So-and-So invested by Kaffirs—you would imagine a stone building, embrasures, curtains, etc., etc., and deem the Kaffirs very bold and picture breaching batteries to yourself. But the reverse is the fact. They are much weaker than they should be. The stakes are so badly driven at Pato, the next one, that Musket Balls and Assegais would easily find their way in.

The Escort was changed and the next step was to Fort Pato 17 miles ; on this road we passed several herds of magnificent cattle with their large horns, and many forming 3 parts of a mile, so even and correct to a degree. Their hides shining and sleek, and the whole country resembling a Park with thickets. Few trees, and those of a small size. At 3 we arrived at Fort Pato, which has much less pretension to the name than even Grey has. For about a mile on the other side of this Fort a dense bush exists, and it is rightly considered the most dangerous part of the road, for the bush in some spots touch both sides of the waggon. A few Kaffirs would destroy with the greatest ease the strongest convoy, and really with comparative, or I may say perfect, safety to themselves. It is really too bad that this state of things should be permitted to exist. The remedy is so easy. The trees are of a small size and the 50 men quartered at Fort



Pato with the least trouble could cut down on both sides the road for a quarter of a mile.

During the journey we met several armed Kaffirs, who are always *friendly* Kaffirs when they are the weaker side. But the facts are these. Pato, through whose territory we were travelling, was the last Chief to give in during the last War ; his friendship is now secured by presents of cattle to his Tribe and personal gifts to himself. At the same time he is a drunken dog and has a son who is particularly anxious to join the War party against us, so that if anything occurred to Pato we should undoubtedly have this Tribe hostile ; the neglect is inexcusable—instead of taking advantage and making the road so secure that we should be more independent of them, all goes on as smoothly as if the Kaffirs were as much inimical to fighting as the Quakers and the amiable race of Aborigines represented by the Exeter Hall Party. At 7 p.m. we reached Fort Murray where dwells Capt. Maclean the T'Slambie Commissioner—he is generally thought a very clever Officer and one particularly capable of dealing with the Kaffir character. The T'Slambie Tribes comprise Pato, Seydo, and although unable to deal with them except through an interpreter, his foresight is most beneficial. Pato the Chief lives in a back room at his house under strict surveillance which is managed extremely well, that the Sentinel having charge of his body is supposed by the Kaffir as a species of Guard of Honour. The neat home and prettily laid out garden with the birds singing their evening song hushing them to their rest with his wife and children walking in it, was a scene which made one almost imagine the Kaffir war with its cruelties was a gross mistake. And Mr. Maclean (when I remained whilst my shipmates went in to see Pato) assured me from the commencement they had never felt the least alarm and found no reason to do so. My shipmates were pleased at seeing Pato, who when summoned by Maclean, made his appearance with the usual covering over his shoulders—a dirty blanket which had assumed a brick dust colour from the dye with which they stain their bodies, made from the bark of the Mimosa tree.



On his entering, Maclean turned his back on him and during the few minutes interview Pato contrived to beg 2 or 3 shillings from his visitors with which he will probably buy liquor at Kingwilliamstown. The visit over he was ordered out, and on his shewing a symptom of remaining a little longer, the order with a wave of the hand was given in a more peremptory tone, and throughout all the proceedings Maclean manifested the most thorough contempt for him.

I have an idea from this, that in dealing with half-civilised races, it is much better to make them comprehend our ways and customs and ascend toward our forms and meaning conveyed by words, than descend to their idioms; it is like grafting civilisation on the stock of barbarity.

After remaining about half an hour we started and a few minutes drive brought us to the Ford of the Buffalo River, which was down in a hollow, and just wide enough for the whole team to enjoy their drink at the same time, whilst the waggon was just entering, it therefore appeared to be about 12 or 14 yards wide, and up to their knees in the deepest part. The stars and moon shining brightly on the top of our canvas kloofs, and yet owing to the gully we were in, on a level with the mules was darkness sufficient to shew the Fireflies roving about. The long indraught of water the poor mules enjoyed so gratefully and their hard breathing out resembling a sigh of thankfulness—for they had come a long hard journey in a boiling day without a drink from the impossibility of getting one.

A few minutes after 10 we reached Kingwilliamstown and found a messenger waiting from Sir Harry to say dinner was prepared for us, and we were to dispense with all ceremony and dress and at once to go to his Quarters which a few minutes walk took us to, and a most kind hearty welcome he gave us. The cloth was laid and dinner on it, but having enjoyed one at Fort Pato from the stock we brought purposely on shore—a cup of coffee was all that we required. I had anticipated meeting a careworn slow-speaking General but I found an apparently active, energetic, and fine specimen of a gallant soldier; he looked like one, a capital

figure, with a body as erect as though a young 'Cruity [recruit] on parade—short in stature, grey hair, and a loud commanding voice. The kind compliments being over, and as he always retired shortly after 10, having made the arrangements for meeting at breakfast, his nephew and Aide-de-Camp Captain Smith took me over to my quarters which was a house rented by the Crown for Major Hogge, but lent by the latter to Major Pinkney of the 73rd, the latter being out on Patrol. Campbell had made it all right for my occupancy and a most fortunate fellow I was, for the exorbitant price for house rent would be disbelieved unless one had been on the spot. However, this was a small cottage on ground floor—the latter not being planked or paved—4 small rooms which included the kitchen and not nearly as decent as the Coast Guard cottages and the rent paid is £7 per month. Finding Campbell's servant there, I sent a message down to know how Mrs. Campbell was, and to my great joy Campbell himself returned ; this gave me relief for had he not been out at Patrol my visit to her would have been very short. She has been ill and upon my walking to his home I was pained at seeing the difference in her appearance which visibly bore out her statement she had not been well since she came up. Low spirited, very thin and pale and suffering from a cough and pain in her side. I declare it grieved me.

*February 3rd.* Rose early and found the tents with a bright moon shining on them was a much more pleasing picture than with a glaring sun, and at this early hour the heat was most oppressive and gave indications of what might be expected at mid-day. . . .

A number of mean straggling houses and numerous Tents constitute Kingwilliamstown, the only exception being 3 or 4 well built stone buildings, namely Col. Mackinnon's dwelling as Commissioner of Kaffraria, the Mess Room of the 6th and small Hospital. At 8 breakfasted with Sir Harry, none of the staff opening their mouths except to eat and drink. Engaged to ride at 4 and dine at 7, and spent the remainder of the time from breakfast partly at Campbell's

and partly walking round the encampment. The worst possible arrangements appear to exist with regard to Hospital accommodation. The stone buildings I have named were intended for the sick of one Regiment and made up about 18 or 20 beds—at present they have upwards of 400—and the poor fellows crammed under canvas suffering from fever and dying one or two daily. The Deputy Inspector of Hospitals appears too old and slow for his work. Now 40 miles from this warm and by no means healthy place is the Buffalo Mouth with its fine bracing sea air, and where Officers get leave when sick to come to and recruit. Wooden Hospitals might have been sent out and put up there. The continual trains of return waggons might have brought down the sick and I doubt not, under Divine aid many who have gone to the grave might have been fit for the field. Too much is left to Hospital Sergeants in the Army and I would not give Sandler or Sheer for the whole of the Medical Staff of the Army.

Of course the unexpected influx of Troops has been the fortune of the builders, and those owning houses. As a specimen a house has just been hired by the 43rd as a Mess House—nothing but the walls and windows, a two storey house with 6 or 8 rooms for £30 a month, and all others in proportion. A place called the Hotel was let I am informed this day for £400 the year.

Met many of our passengers and in conversation both with them and others, the corruption and disgraceful conduct of General Somerset was the principal topic of conversation. The free and unrestrained remarks astonished me at first but these were not to be wondered at when his conduct and neglect has been so glaring. In the first place the general expression is "That fellow Somerset made his fortune by Waggon hire last War, and he is trying to do it this." He wishes to prolong the War, from getting so much more pay and allowances. The Cape Corps is a species of family monopoly to him, having his relatives in it as Officers, and they also say as men, bastard children in the ranks. On more than two occasions he has directly disobeyed Sir Harry's

orders. From two sources I was informed that although he had many empty waggons on his return from the Vlei, he hired 3 at £1 a day each from a Trader named Crouch to whom he is said to owe money—and that when the Divisions met on the Vlei, the European Troops of Mackinnon's had the mortification of seeing the Totties living in Tents belonging to Somerset's Division whilst their canopy was the clouds. They also publicly report that he had 3 or 4 prostitutes—Hottentots—with him, and from the care he takes of himself, travelling with every luxury and convenience, keeping well in a General's place ; these Patrols which are killing work to all under his command are a species of pleasure picnic to him with the knowledge of his getting out of debt by the prolongation of the War. It is an indisputable fact that during the previous wars many waggons hired by him were his own under the name of others.

Found that Sir Harry permitted me to proceed to the mouth of the Vlei ; our aid would have been valuable, for the cattle, as I expected, were driven there and on one occasion Eyre's Patrol went along the coast 5 miles after them.

At 4 p.m. rode with Sir Harry and Colonel Cloete, C.B. ; the day was most oppressive and I felt quite ill from the heat. Sir Harry said he never could forget the services of the *Styx* and paid me many high compliments, alluding to his helping me by assisting me in promotion, and was very kind, but he is generally so lavish in his praises that 2 words from the Commodore I should value more than a dozen from Sir Harry. He has praised Somerset when he should have been censured and now has his hands tied ; never was there a greater error ever committed than his coming out here, and his friends have been the ruin of him.

After riding we met at 7, a small close room and altogether the warmest, and at the same time most frigid dinner I ever sat down to, for none of the staff ever spoke. I was heartily glad when we broke up and Sir Harry went to his whist, the gaunt cold-hearted selfish Commissioner walking in to make the 4th, which he always does.

*February 4th.* Another warm day. Sandilli's Councillors came in, the speaker having a pair of old leather breeches on, the others in their dirty blankets, which they threw off them and sat on their hams, their arms folded and resting on their knees, their chins on their knees and their cute cunning looks with drops of perspiration falling from their brows whilst listening to the reply of Sir Harry as arranged through Mr. Ayliff the Interpreter. Their speech was that :—they wished for a cessation of a few days to the crop destroying to enable the Chiefs to meet and consult what to do. This was properly refused and as there was nothing subdued in their tone, they doubtless purpose holding out. A cool trick was riding one of the Cape Corps horses in, which was at once recognised.

About mid-day it commenced raining in torrents ; this prevented my returning the same evening to Buffalo. Dined with Campbell and was pained to see his good little wife so ill and as Shea has recommended a change of air, I trust my next trip will be to take her back unless wonderfully better, for there is much room for improvement.

*February 5th.* At 4 a.m. still pouring, but at 7 after much perseverance we made a start. The mule driver thought we *might* get as far as Fort Murray, whilst they *knew* the mules never could maintain their footing to drag us up hills. Several of my shipmates who were riding looked anything but pleasant, for the prospect was a damp one. However, after some trouble we were fairly off and in due time reached Fort Murray, where instead of resting I made them push right on, reaching at 2 Fort Pato, and after an hour's detention to feed the mules finally arrived at Fort Glamorgan at 7 p.m. just at dusk, wet through, but a good hospitable dinner awaited us, and I was never more pleased than getting sight of the *Styx*.

*February 23rd.* At noon the *Birkenhead* arrived having left Cork on the 7th bringing drafts for all the Regiments amounting to 464. The news by the *Birkenhead* is important. Louis Napoleon President for 10 years. Lord Palmerston resigned, Lord Granville appointed in his place.

*February 25th.* Sir Harry Smith recalled. Major General the Honble. Geo. Cathcart appointed. It will be a sad blow to him, more especially as there is a prospect of concluding the War. I can pity poor Lady Smith, who will feel it much.

*Wednesday, March 3rd.* Arrived at Algoa Bay about noon and received the sad and surprising intelligence of the loss of the *Birkenhead* with upwards of 500 souls on board. I declare I can scarcely realize it, having been on board this day week just before starting and seen Archbold, the Gunner, who was my old Shipmate in the *Vindictive*. The account states she sank in 20 minutes after striking—all the Officers of the ship are drowned except the Asst. Surgeon, Dr. Culhane, an Engineer Officer, Master's Asst. Richards and a Clerk named Freshfield, and all but a staff Surgeon among the Officers of the Army.

*March 5th.* I must not forget naming among our passengers Field Cornet Andreas Botha, who will be tried for high treason ; he is one of the Hut River Settlement, and it is the opinion of many that important evidence may be disclosed during his trial, and that Sir Andreas Stockensturn in some manner will be implicated, if not actively fermenting it, yet passively countenancing it, and keeping it secret. He is an old man, but a very clever looking head and determined countenance. Major Hogge, who commanded 1200 Levies during the last War states that he *has* done good service, and is a most courageous fellow. Several witnesses for the prosecution came on board with him, among them the Revd. Mr. Thomson of the Glasgow Missionary Society ; he is I believe very much respected in the Colony.

During the day had much interesting and useful information on the State of the Colony from Major Hogge, which his position of Asst. Commissioner, added to his local knowledge and long experience, render most valuable. When I named the only remedy to preserve the Colony was emigration on a large scale, I was pleased to find that his decided opinion was similar, and that the Amatilas should be peopled by English. The climate most excellent and fertile. He has



lately returned from Moshesh, and the Orange River Sovereignty and states ; we ought never to have occupied it, but having done so, it will never do to recede. Every Kaffir must be across the Kei which should be the boundary of the Colony and all the Kaffirs caught on this side should be shot. Moshesh it appears is the most civilised of all the Chiefs and instead of being in nature's garb as I imagined, I find the Chief like a European ; gold lace trousers, boots, coat and hat, black large neck handkerchief with neat collars, and talks in different type from the others. For instance, he remarked " It was a great mistake England making war on me, but then it is to be expected she will make mistakes sometimes ; see how much She has to think of—India, Australia, America and others."

*March 7th.* A look out on the part of the Officer of the Watch of the *Birkenhead* was I hear wanting. Various reports are abroad all speaking very much against the discipline of the Ship—and I have been told it was the common remark, that if they arrived at their destination safely, it would be a miracle. It is said, the Birth night of the unhappy Officer of the Watch had been kept up the same night.

There are two things which present themselves to my mind on this melancholy occasion. The Troopships are not efficient when commanded by Masters, from the paucity of responsible Officers, and that all Troop Ships should have more Boats hanging outside. It is said she struck off Point Danger, but I forbear writing any more until our arrival at Simons Bay. Thank God for so mercifully preserving us in our voyages, for 10 or 12 times have we passed this dangerous place at Night, and the last time on Friday it was a dense fog. The time previous I pointed out to Ellis rocks breaking apparently  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile farther out than we had seen it, and said let it be a warning.

*March 31st.* Table Bay at 4 p.m. *Hydra* arrived ; boarded her and had an interview with General Cathcart in his cot ; he wished for the news. The last report was that the Kaffirs were waiting to see what sort of person he was and were



ready for Peace or War—this seemed to amuse him . . .

Sir Harry has written to say he wishes to return by *Styx* ; dined with Lady Smith whose birthday it is.

*April 11th.* At noon we observed by the body of horsemen (Kaffirs) and 7 mule waggons which came over the hill that Sir Harry had arrived, and by 1 p.m. he came on board. Receiving him with all the ceremony of a Governor, I was quite shocked at his appearance as I helped him over the Gangway, and he was evidently suffering in mind and body. After remarking how beautifully clean we were and what a fine ship, he went to bed and told me he was quite overcome taking leave of his soldiers.

*12th.* Sir Harry still very unwell ; during the day I had a short interview with him, and was pleased at the warm expressions of appreciation he used relative to our Services, "and," said he, "Hall, don't you be afraid of me ; I have more interest than ever, for Lord Grey has made a Martyr of me, and the people in England like Martyrs. They are always fond of Martyrs, and I shall make a point of claiming your promotion on Public grounds."

*14th.* At noon rounded Green Point, and with an Ensign at each Masthead, steamed at full speed into the Bay. Thousands of people flocked to the landing place, and Triumphal Arches were erected, over which were inscribed "God speed Sir Harry" and "Gratitude." As Captain Adams was little known to me I was at first doubtful whether he would find fault with my men cheering. However, the natural respect one has for a gallant old soldier who has fought his country's battles for nearly half a century, added to the feeling that he was a setting sun, conquered every other objection, and with yards manned, and artillery men on the Paddle boxes, we gave him three good English cheers. He was close to the door, and was quite taken by surprise. He made the harbour boat's crew return it, and we gave him a parting one, and well they obeyed the order I gave to let the Dutchmen hear how an Englishman could cheer.

His reception was most gratifying, and the cheering hearty.

The excitement was too much for him and he had immediately to retire to bed.

15th. Dined with Lady Smith, Sir Harry still very unwell, although in the evening I paid him a short visit by request, and he told me he had desired Col. Garvoch to write a letter which he had dictated, and his regret was that he could not, according to his usual custom, write it himself.

16th. The number of calls to enquire after Sir Harry, and take leave of Lady Smith, were most numerous, also addresses from all classes. The poor will miss him much and in fact, all the Charitable Institutions, as it has dawned on some of the worthies that General Cathcart has given out he shall live on his rations and drink Cape Smoke, a species of vile Brandy. They are beginning to think Sir Harry was a very excellent Governor.

The aides-de-camp have been consequently very busy all day "choking off" visitors. In the evening dined there, and packed up a bracelet which Lady Smith has most kindly given me for my wife.

17th. Received from Col. Garvoch a most flattering Public letter, expressing Sir Harry's estimation of my services. At 2 p.m. he embarked amidst the cheers of the multitude, who took the horses out and drew the carriage to the wharf. We manned rigging, and cheered on his passing, and upon my going on board the *Gladiator*, was quite shocked at finding him so pale and almost fainting ; he was compelled to sit by the funnel until he was sufficiently recovered to take the arm of his medical attendant, Dr. Bickersteith—who accompanied him to his cabin, where he had no sooner got than he roared out for me and said "Where is that D—d Skipper of the *Styx*, send him down here."

Upon my going down, he repeated his former promises, and spoke of the *Styx* in high terms.

18th. At six she hove her anchor up, and I took leave of Sir Harry and Lady Smith, and was much surprised and

rejoiced at finding Sir Harry's quiet night had so much improved him, for I declare the previous day I considered it doubtful whether he would be spared to reach England. Lady Smith was much overcome, and cried bitterly. She has been a very warm and kind friend to me, and with the exception of her opposition to Mrs. Campbell going up, which was most unnecessary on her part, we have been on very good terms since my arrival. A room was always provided for me at Westbrook. The last words Sir Harry said, were—"Well, Hall, I will stick to you like glue, and go to the Admiralty and claim your promotion."

19th. 10 a.m. A dense fog came on, as eight ladies, principally Cloete, with their relatives in the male line came on board.

29th. Received a most handsome letter from Mr. Montagu, relative to my services in *Styx*, and he has told me he will not forget to see the First Lord about me.

[At the close of the Kaffir war the *Styx* was ordered to Rangoon. She was too late to share in the Burmese campaign, so took part in an expedition against pirates, under Admiral Sir Fleetwood Pellew.

On leaving the Cape, William had received a public letter of thanks from the merchants and inhabitants of Capetown. Sir Harry Smith, Sir George Cathcart and Commodore Wyvill were very laudatory about him. Admiral Pellew<sup>1</sup> placed on record that the *Styx* was one of the best men-of-war he had ever served with, and recommended William for promotion. William returned to England in October 1853 and found his devoted Louisa looking rather worn, and a new arrival, "a fine stout baby daughter with large eyes."]

#### MADRAS 1853

Tues. April 12th. Before getting so fast ahead, I must mention how very pleasant the Adml. was during dinner, he is full of anecdotes.

<sup>1</sup> Rear-Admiral the Hon. Sir Fleetwood Pellew, Commander-in-Chief of the China and East Indies Station. He was the son of Lord Exmouth, under whom James Hall had served at the bombardment of Algiers in 1816.—Ed.

Talking about the Fanshawes, Martins and Stopfords—with others who are related in our Service, he remarked on Fanshawe<sup>1</sup> and his wife. The former was for 26 years in charge of Plymouth Dockyard and was a correct good officer, though very strict. He had previously commanded the *Namur* in Lord Rodney's action, and going down Channel the fleet put in for water at Plymouth. Orders were given that *no* Officer left the Ships—including the Captain. Old Fanshawe was too strict to break through this order. The *Namur* was only there a few hours, but during that time Mrs. Fanshawe came off in a most quiet, unostentatious manner in a waterman's boat, and got on board. The fleet sailed, and in due course of time, as she had loved her lord, the fruits of love's labour began to shew itself, much to the astonishment of a large family circle and numerous *kind friends* who of course began to surmise, for none knew she had been off to the *Namur*, and they all knew Capt. Fanshawe had not landed. At last, when the time approached, the family were all requested to attend, and she made a public statement to them, assuring them that although the *Namur* had been in port only for a few hours, during that day she had gone off very secretly, and returned again unnoticed, but matters had now arrived at that stage she was compelled to inform them, that the effect in fact was attributable to this flying visit, and the Capt. of the *Namur* had done his duty.

#### [BALTIC EXPEDITION OF 1854]

On March 28, 1854, Great Britain declared war on Russia. The Crimean War began. A British fleet was already in the Black Sea, and on March 11, at the threatened prospect of war, Sir Charles Napier was sent to the Baltic, in command of a fleet from which great victories were expected.

Difficulty had been experienced in organising this force, as everything was on a peace footing, the ships were unprepared, and there was a scarcity of officers and men.

<sup>1</sup> Captain Robert Fanshawe, R.N., who began his family's long association with the Royal Navy; this has continued to the present day without a break.—Ed.

Eventually a large fleet was collected, consisting of nineteen sail of the line, two-thirds of which were screw-steamers, eleven frigates, and a large number of paddle steamers. The number of steam vessels was much larger than in any former force. Though this fleet was outwardly imposing, it was hampered by the inefficiency of the personnel ; pensioners and landsmen of every kind having been recruited to make up for the deficiency of experienced seamen.

The nation was to be disappointed, and this expedition has been subjected to considerable criticism.

On the shores of the Baltic lay Sveaborg, Kronstadt, and Bomarsund, Russia's great fortresses. Napier was ordered to prevent the Russian fleet from leaving the Baltic, to bring it to action if possible, and to cripple Russian trade. He was expected to attack the Russian forts. He had distinguished himself in the French and Syrian Wars. His detractors accuse him of indecision and incapacity in his command of the fleet and of not attacking Kronstadt and Sveaborg. In fact, as far as this expedition materially affected the course of the Crimean War, Napier is considered by his critics, "to have drawn a blank."

His apologists point out that it was impossible to attack Kronstadt and Sveaborg without gunboats and mortar-vessels, both of which he asked for but was not supplied with ; that he destroyed Russian trade in the Baltic and Bomarsund, its third fortress for strength ; all at a minimum loss of life. William's abridged account of this expedition may possibly be of interest. In January 1854, William, promoted to Captain the previous year, commissioned H.M.S. *Bulldog* (6-gun paddle sloop) for service in the Baltic. Commodore Michael Seymour was Captain of the Fleet. Sir Charles Napier hoisted his flag in the *Duke of Wellington*.]

*H.M.S. Bulldog. 1854. March 2nd, 11 p.m.* In my cabin. Just taken leave of my affectionate Louie and dear children.

*March 3rd.* Started at 4 a.m. but shortly after, thro' the forgetfulness of the Engineers, she came to a dead standstill, for there was *no* steam—this would have been embarrassing had we been near shore in deep water. However it may not happen again, for the Engineers were in a great stew about it.

Passed thro' the Needles, and anchored at Spithead at noon ; reported myself to Sir Thos. Cochrane,<sup>1</sup> who I found a most polite Petit Maître—a much younger-looking Admiral than I have seen for some time. A short conversation took place, and as he had no orders about me, and no one had given me any, I supposed myself still under the orders of Sir John Ommanney and continue to fly the White Ensign—a letter has gone up about the boilers not generating sufficient steam, and I wrote to Sir B. Walker on the subject privately—on my way off called on Johnny Hay,<sup>2</sup> who is at present living in an armed neutrality with his Chief.

*March 7th.* Exercising gunnery and preparing for sea. Shorthanded and very uphill work.

Unable to find out anything about our sailing, and being short of employment it causes me much anxiety.

*10th.* Signal made at daylight. Fleet will sail this afternoon. As our spare brasses were on shore, lost no time in rushing off to the Flagship,<sup>3</sup> expecting to find the Captain or Sir C. Napier on deck, but much to my surprise and delight I found the Commander [G. W. Preedy], who ridiculed the idea of our leaving—and said their pumps were out of order on shore—Signal made to send for double allowance of chloroform—much wiser had they sent order to the Surgeon to get it—for although all will know it, yet the young hands might not understand it or connect it with many wounded. Landed and found Commodore Seymour,<sup>4</sup> Genl. Eyre and many Officers and civilians, including the Port Admiral, at the George, waiting for Sir C. Napier. The Secretary, Ozzard, was also waiting and no one knows or could tell what had become of him. It gave me the opportunity of having a few words with the Commodore, whose

<sup>1</sup> Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. He was the son of Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Alexander Cochrane, and himself attained the rank of Admiral of the Fleet prior to his death in 1872. This family's long and unbroken connection with the Navy is still maintained.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Dalrymple-Hay, who was Sir Thos. Cochrane's flag captain.—Ed.

<sup>3</sup> H.M.S. *Duke of Wellington*, flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Napier.—Ed.

<sup>4</sup> Commodore Michael Seymour was Captain of the Fleet to Sir C. Napier.—Ed.



position is as important as it is unenviable. Added to its being quite a novelty to all this generation, it is evident that the Commander-in-Chief wants method and less acting suddenly and from impulse. No man is more suited for the post than the clear headed honourable and conciliating Commodore, who I feel proud of as my friend. Met Admiral Berkeley,<sup>1</sup> who would not listen to my having any men drafted into me. Purchased a coil of coir rope, said to be 100 fathoms, and paid £2 for it.

*March 11th.* Sir Charles Napier's squadron sailed after dinner.

*15th.* H.M.S. *Bulldog* and *Neptune* to sail immediately.

Picked up 2 stout hands on board *Neptune*, 2 Class Ord. and an A.B. Pensioner on shore—and received a draft of 12 from *Victory*—3 comb makers from Aberdeen—a tailor from London, rest labourers, and one fisherman from Stornoway who can scarcely speak or understand English. However they are all stout fellows, and have plenty of heart. I happened to be on board *Victory* when Signal was made about payment of their two months advance, so I went with them, meeting Adml. Martin<sup>2</sup> on my way, who inspected my ragged gang. There is one thing quite clear, that among the 14 I shipped this day they certainly have all “thin pair of breeches, and apparently all light hearts.” One lanky fellow from Oxfordshire, to my remark that they would easily learn to be sailors, said “Whether or no, we can all on us larn hard work.”

*March 16th.* At 11—the [Royal yacht] *Fairy*, with Her Majesty on board, and *Elfin* in company, came down from Osborne. The *Neptune* and ourselves weighed together, manned rigging and cheered. The Queen followed the *Neptune* nearly as far as the Nab. Then hoisted “Farewell” and a round of cheers. Put the *Fairy* about, for Osborne; we were about 1 mile astern and I scarcely expected she

<sup>1</sup> Rear-Admiral the Hon. Maurice F. F. Berkeley was 2nd Sea Lord of the Admiralty at this date, in charge of the personnel of the Navy.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Rear-Admiral Wm. Fanshawe Martin was then Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard. He died as an Admiral and Baronet in 1895.—Ed.



would have come purposely out of her way for us, a small smoker, but to my surprise and gratification she came down, and passed along not 2 Ships' length off. The Officers and myself were in a line on the starboard paddle box boat, and Marine Artillery inside us in another line. The Rigging well manned, and we cheered away most lustily and loyally. Her Majesty bowing—Prince Albert waving his hat, and some Maid of Honour her handkerchief—and having reached our quarter, the *Fairy* put her helm apart and steered for Osborne. Thereby shewing most clearly the compliment she paid us, for had we been a great fat Jolly Liner<sup>1</sup> it might have been expected. I must confess I was pleased—Good fortune attend her.

During the first watch it came on to blow and at 10 p.m. we went off—during the time we stopped and the *Neptune* ranged up very close to us, by no means an enlivening sight to observe a large flying fat boom pitching over your taffrail. The sea got up astonishingly fast, and the whole night we were tumbling about very much. I was indeed off and on all night. Slumbering in the early part of the night, startled by fancying dear Lou called my name.

22nd. At 6 a.m. a strong wind abeam cast off and at 8 it blew so fresh—signal made to close reef topsails and reef courses—about this time our boilers primed, and we stopped to shut off steam—dropped astern 4 miles at least. This is owing to insufficient steam chest. The raw hands astonished at the breeze.

11 a.m. Coast of Norway near Christiansand ahead—a very large proportion of crew, including Engineers and stokers, sea-sick. The signal was made for the Fleet to anchor, which they did in Nyborg Roads and shortly after the Danish flag was hoisted on board *Duke of Wellington* and saluted with 15 guns. Of course the opinions are various about what his (the British Minister's) mission may be ; I sincerely hope Peace. Glory is a poor recompense for the horrors of war, and even if it should please God to protect

<sup>1</sup> i.e. a line-of-battle ship.—Ed.

me in the day of battle I have no wish to reap honours and fame from seeds sown in fields of blood and watered by the tears of widows, parents and children.

A lovely evening . . . perfect stillness with the bright red sky in the west and a full silvery moon. It appears so unnatural to destroy one's fellows. The feeling of Peace and a desire to be grateful to God came over my mind, the anxious hearts throughout the length and breadth of the land, amongst them beating that of my wife, the anticipation that much sorrow must take place . . . all this made me feel that Glory is very absurd and that ambition is vanity and truly vexation of spirit.

The lower orders here, I am told, are generally in favour of England. The King, Court, and Army & Navy, Russians. They have cause to be so. Nicholas frequently sends orders and decorations to the Officers of the Danish Services.

The Palace is a much larger one than necessary. His Majesty is incompetent, divorced 2 wives because he placed the fault of no offspring to them—married a common woman who had been a shopkeeper's wife or shoemaker's, and kept at the time—raised her to the dignity of a Countess, and actually makes a great friend of the man who used to keep her. Very few of the nobility will receive her or come to Court, and only those who are quite dependent.

Various are the reports about the Russians. . . .

Another that large masses of granite are now on the ice in the Channels so that when the ice thaws they will effectively block up the entrance, and in addition they are charged with powder to explode by galvanised wire should the Ships come over them.

At all events there is one thing certain—Helsingfors and Kronstadt are almost impregnable and there the [enemy] fleet is lying.

*Sunday, April 2nd.* Anniversary of Copenhagen, 53 years since. *Valorous* and *Vulture* arrived 2 p.m. Mr. Buchanan came on board and the Signal was made from our masthead at 4—"Declaration of War."

Studied the chart, and think a strict blockade, taking Port Baltic as our rendezvous and place for colliers would be the best plan ; from its shape it appears very feasible to attack and also to retain and strengthen. A most incompetent Engineer in charge of the engines, one from whom you can never get a straightforward answer, and altogether in spite of the predilection one naturally has for one's old ship—the contrast is too great to dwell on with satisfaction. The crew *here* and *there* ! Anchored about 5 miles from Foreness Light at 8.30 p.m.

*10th.* A grand day for exercising pinnace in and out past box boats—loosing and fuelling, and gun drill and lastly disconnecting and mooring under sail about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, anchoring at 7 off Granaa—where there is a small harbour and many small craft loading with grain. The drill did much good, but we are very badly off for seamen, and grown-up fellows don't take to it so readily as others younger.

Got papers up to 7th, read the report of a speech said to have been made by signal from Sir C. Napier, which I hope is not the case, for "Lads, sharpen your cutlasses" is not very out of the way made verbally to a ship's crew, but becomes in my opinion rather too braggadocio before the enemy are in sight, or certain of attacking them.

Wrote to Sir C. Napier officially to say I hoped if active operations took place we may be considered worthy of serving near his Flag, and also to ask whether I should accompany *Belleisle* to the Fleet. Of course no one has a right to expect to choose duty, but still I should be sorry to be out of anything going on.

[William in the *Bulldog*, following the *Duke of Wellington*, wrote on May 28 he had heard from Sir Charles Napier that he was to cruise about and capture prizes. He took two brigs in May. On the 28th, he decided to follow the example of the rest of the fleet and discard his pilot, who was useless ; "Many years since he has traded here ; his knowledge is from books." The fleet, according to some authorities, was badly handicapped as it groped its way through the fogs, by the scarcity of reliable pilots.

The French Rear-Admiral Penaud, and his fleet, joined Napier. He brought eight sailing line-of-battle ships, several frigates and smaller vessels. He was second-in-command to M. Parseval Deschesnes. The idea was to advance up the gulf and reconnoitre Kronstadt, said to be armed with 1,000 gigantic guns. William afterwards told his son George, that at a War Council held on the question of attacking Kronstadt, he gave his opinion that it should be attacked at once; he was snubbed and was told that he was only a young Captain, but that later on it was discovered Kronstadt was then in a very undefended state. Kronstadt was reconnoitred on June 26, and was considered unassailable.]

*May 8th.* Steamed toward the Scaw, anchoring at 10 p.m. to wait for daylight, having a good read at the papers. I find my good friend Commodore Seymour is the first on the list—and I regret three things, first that the system of displaying anxiety and undue haste, and working for effect—in prosecuting the War, daily increases in the Navy, both Black Sea and Baltic Fleet.

Secondly, that the Country are wakened up to a pitch of expectation of unprecedented successes, and thirdly they have been disappointed. They *are* disappointed and will be disappointed.

The Signal made at Kiøge Bay—"Lads sharpen your cutlasses," etc., and the reply, "Willing and ready"—all trumpeted forth—and here 6 weeks have gone and nothing done after exciting the feelings of all England, who are more than half ignorant of when the ice breaks up or the strength of these fortified harbours.

*May 16th.* At 1 p.m. discovered the French Fleet ahead, much to my delight, for I had been nearly persuaded to go the other way to Nyborg. Passed the reef and joined the Fleet at 3. 7 Sail of the Line, 4 Frigates, 3 steamers and the *Alban*, lying on a shoal. They are just 60 miles from where we left them a week since, during which time we have towed *St. George* 270 miles and taken in 240 tons of coal. The Line-of-battle ships excepting *Trident* sailing infamously, the *Inflexible* barely moving, though a nice breeze aft, with

stunsails set. Paid the Admiral a visit. Took my Chart and shewed him where I proposed anchoring if he determined taking advantage of the fine night and fair wind. He said his ship's company were new. Frigates only a month in Commission, so he would wait for a fair wind. At 9 p.m. anchored having done 9 mile in 7 hours.

*Wednesday, 17th.* The *Alban's* services being required with the Fleet, accompanied by Otter [Captain of the *Alban*] I called on the Admiral and stated if he did not purpose towing I should send her away—it struck me he was rather glad to get rid of her and do away with the possibility of towing through, and I was impressed that it would require some tact to prevent his deeming me very intrusive. He still said he would wait for a fair wind. They were enough to tow all thro' in 2 trips—but I can see he is in no hurry. Called on Rear-Admiral Penaud—who appears impatient of delay, and anxious to go on, wisely remarking—The *Bulldog* might tow 2, *Darien* 2—*Lucifer* 1—*Alban* 1—*Soufflier* 1, which would be the 7 Line-of-Battle Ships, and tow the Frigates afterwards.

*June 10th.* In the afternoon it cleared up, and the spires of Reval were elevated much above the horizon. Went on board *Duke* and had a good look at them; as it is probable we were as clearly seen, I daresay it did not increase their appetites for enjoying a tea, or make their slumbers more sound. Had a conversation with Biddlecombe, Master of the Fleet, and was so much surprised at his statement, which is important in many ways, that I note it at once (Sunday 11.30 a.m.). Having remarked that I hardly knew what we could do except blockade, he answered "I know what we can do, and what you will do. Go to Sveaborg." But I said, "You can't get there." "Well," he said, "I have been there and I have been looking at it in all its bearings all day until I am sick of it, and if he only sticks to the plan reached upon, and doesn't get persuaded out of it, we shall soon go there, where we might or ought to have been 6 weeks ago—but first one and then another gets hold of him and then everything is capsized. I have left it all on paper for him. There

is one thing, I never saw a Squadron so bad at manoeuvring since I have been at sea, and I expect he will ground his defence on that—that he is afraid to take them into narrow waters—here we are supposed to be in 2 lines W.S.W. from Adml. I shall dot down on paper the positions they are in by and by.”

*June 12th.* At 4 a.m. weighed in company with Fleet and steamed towards Sveaborg. At 8 a.m. the masts of the Russian fleet became visible from the deck. At 9 we were directed to take station ahead of the Admiral. At 10.30, 30 Ships anchored with stream anchors in 39 fms. and a signal made for me, the purport being to take *Driver* under my orders and take the Master of the Fleet in to sound. The Admiral was most impressive in his directions that I should not run any risk of getting ashore. We went into the Eastward of Stora Miolo, on which Island the Signal department reported 3 guns pointing right at us ; on going to the masthead found they were if anything logs or trunks of trees. Got well in sight and saw the excitement they were thrown into—Signals flying and guns to enforce it, steamers getting up steam. There appeared to be 4 in harbour, 1 large, 1 small and 2 of our size. The rigging, tops and crossrees were crowded with observers as also the batteries. A large number of soldiers were moved over to an Island nearer and the Line-of-Battle ship, apparently from her size a 3 decker, which lies moored head and stern across the entrance sent down her topgallant and Royal Yards and struck Topgallant masts. The dome of the Church with its gilt cross and other gilt ornamental work glistening in the sun looked very pretty.

The position we were in was about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 miles from the Shipping and where no gun pointed, the battery nearest being clearly visible and shewing the direction of the guns—in fact we quite flanked them and there would be no difficulty in steamers pitching shell over the island into the fleet where they are now lying at a range of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile—and at present with safety to themselves, for they have no guns



mounted which could touch them, but the fleet would of course shift berth farther up and be safe. Some damage might be done however to them. There were 2 small schooners put out of a creek immediately ahead of us who went along the land and I have no doubt these were sent as a stratagem to endeavour to get us to chase them into rocky ground with the hopes we might get on shore. I certainly expected they would have sent out steamers and gunboats to disconnect Biddlecombe's angles, but we remained until 9 p.m. quietly sounding round their bays, not  $3\frac{1}{2}$  mile from them, and 6 or 7 from our own Fleet.

The Ships, as could be seen, were well painted—masts well stayed—sails furled neatly—and fore and aft sails in covers with broad gaskets, and looked very well. We made out 8 Line-of-Battle Ships, 1 Frigate, 1 Corvette and 4 Steamers. 2 Rear-Admirals and *I think* a Vice. They are red division, and their Colours, unless blowing out, enabling the white Jack with Blue diagonal cross to be seen, resembling our own Red Ensign very much. The forts flew the Russian Jack, which is still more like our own at the distance.

Returned at 10 p.m. and reported on proceedings to the Adml., who was over his spirits and water. He said he was very nervous when we got inside the small Island and afraid we should get on shore and they would send out gunboats and steamers. No plan apparently decided upon, except that as the Signal had been made to wash clothes in the morning, it appeared probable we should not start until after breakfast. Glad to get on board by 11—still good daylight.

*Friday, 16th.* Captain Watson<sup>1</sup> sent me at 10 a.m. with a private note to the Admiral giving him the necessary information and thinking it would cause something to be done, namely directing him to push on and send a blockading force here.

The visits of ceremony between French and English having been finished to-day, it is supposed some plan of

<sup>1</sup> Captain Rundle Burges Watson of the *Imperieuse*, member of an old naval family.—Ed.

operation will be decided upon ere long. The sailing ships should blockade Sveaborg. The others should push on to Kronstadt and see if anything can be done on the shores on either side ; if only to keep our men from being stagnant, and to create an occasional panic of the Russians, it would be desirable.

19th. Called on Rr.-Adml. Penaud at 9 p.m., he having paid me a visit whilst coaling, from there to Sir C. Napier to state that, having heard *Cuckoo* was at Copenhagen with my Prize crews whether I might wait until her arrival ? Stated before him, that as Count Nesselrode had been pelted with mud as the author of the war, some days since, if the Ships' masts were seen from the streets of St. Petersburg the moral effect would be great and they might throw *brickbats*. Capt. Gordon [of the *Duke of Wellington*] and Adml. Seymour heard me. *We ought to push on.*

July 1st. Rushed on board, having been engaged to dine at 5, and found they were just finishing their last course—a plate of cold mutton and cold potato was given me after waiting 3 or 4 minutes, which was bolted, as also some cold rice pudding, and in about half an hour the party broke up and we retired to after cabin and stern walk. Adml. Chads<sup>1</sup> and Capt. Pelham [of the *Blenheim*] were the only strangers. The conversation was all shop and Kronstadt. I expressed my opinion about Fireships, bombs and also sinking our Line-of-Battle Ships and effectually shutting them in both at Kronstadt and Sveaborg. I was rather snubbed, so I told them very plainly if I am ever to have brains I must have them at 39 and having my opinion I expressed it. "Yes," said Charley, "but it may not be right for all that." I agreed with him but also said it was my opinion, and I urged the Fleet's anchoring above Kronstadt to the Northward, that all the people of St. Petersburg might see it. I also told him they might anchor in 6 fms. off Systerbach which was only 12 mile from St. Petersburg and would

<sup>1</sup> Rear-Admiral H. D. Chads, Second-in-Command of the Baltic Fleet. He had been Captain of the *Andromache* when James Hall was serving in her, 20 years previously.—Ed.

be the spot to land Troops if ever we desired it. This induced him to go in and examine it on the Chart, with Adml. Seymour ; whilst we were doing this Adml. Chads came in, and said, " I would not allow *anything* to go to Northward of Kronstadt, Admiral, on any consideration." To which I remarked with great emphasis, " Well, my opinion is that we should take advantage of our having possession of the Gulf, and next year we should have a set of Charts, actual surveys of every nook and corner, and not trust to Russian or Danish or anyone else."

However, the discussions were carried on with good temper, and although I feared I may have been too energetic, Charley was very kind in parting.

The Fleets sail at 8 to-morrow for Seckar and Barro.

*July 2nd.* Minié Rifles have, I think, completely changed the nature of war, for they kill at such a distance and with so true an aim that a Company of Riflemen well covered, at 400 yards, would clear all exposed on the deck of a ship.

*August 5th.* Charley Napier savage because I could bring him no certain information of the French Liners expected with the Field Artillery. Had a sharp engagement for a few minutes, when I cut and went on board to read my wife's letters, which was much more pleasant than his bullying.

*Sunday, 7th.* The French Liners *Tilsit* and *St. Louis*, having on board the material, having arrived yesterday, certain arrangements were made, and altered as fast.

Yesterday we were told to proceed to *Royal William* and take up on Monday 1,100 French troops. This day it was altered, and 400 men from *Hannibal* were directed to be shipped on board us. Eventually at 10 p.m. I was informed by Adml. Seymour it was probable the Admiral would hoist his Flag on board and we should take no one.

The French Line-of-Battle Ships which came out yesterday went up to Bomarsund, followed by the French Adml. in his Flagship *L'Inflexible*. So much for the public news of the Sunday.

The French Admiral it appears has gone up without

mentioning his intention to do so to our Admiral—no cordiality between them.

*Monday, 8th.* Having been officially informed I was to hoist the Admiral's Flag [in the *Bulldog*], beat up all my friends for ale, and from *Algiers* and John Andrews, my one messmate, got a plentiful supply.

*August 9th.* The most unpleasant appearance was the Fort of Bomarsund with its double tier of guns staring us in the face, for we were right abreast of it, and owing probably to the clear state of the atmosphere which has the effect of making objects appear closer, we certainly looked as within range—and I expected every moment to find a shot dropped alongside us. Capt. Ramsay of the *Hogue* also came on board, and told me I was well within range. Hewlett<sup>1</sup> also came on board and told me both Admirals, with the Captain of Fleet, were behind the opposite side of Presto. It was a curious position to be placed in, the junior Captain having the Flag flying of the Commander-in-Chief who was himself away, and might have brought on a general action, for had they opened fire I should have been compelled to draw ships in to cover me.

[In August, the fortress of Bomarsund, chief stronghold of the Aland Islands, was attacked, and its fall, after a bombardment lasting for three days, was the one decisive success of the Baltic expedition. William acted as flag-captain to Napier for the occasion, and he took a prominent part in the surrender. On August 16, he went on shore to answer the flag of truce which was hanging from the fort, and on his own responsibility and against the advice of the French officers, he then and there demanded the unconditional surrender of the fort. This was finally acceded to, and the Russian Commandant offered his sword to William, who however declined it, and took it to Admiral Napier.

The Russian officers warned him that if he tried to run along the parapet to show the British flag to our fleet, he would be shot. He waved the flag from the parapet, and the fleet knew that Bomarsund had fallen.

<sup>1</sup> Flag-captain to Rear-Admiral Chads in the *Edinburgh*.—Ed.

He wrote elsewhere that he was : " preserved from an infuriated soldiery who were enraged and inflamed by drink at the surrender of the fort. I had to elbow my way thro' the Russian troops who with bayonets fixed and loaded rifles received us with scowling looks and ground their teeth at us. . . . "

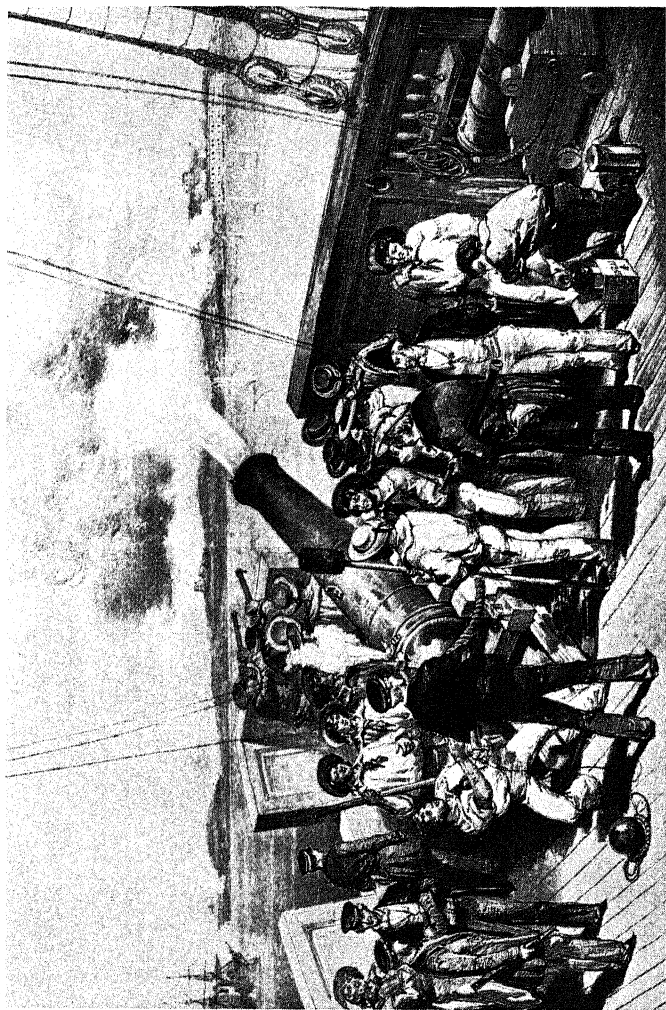
The fall of Bomarsund was received with exultation in England, but Sir Charles Napier soon fell under the displeasure of the Admiralty for refusing to attack Sveaborg, and his position became increasingly difficult. The French fleet withdrew in September, and he was left alone and winter coming on. He retired to Kiel in October and sailed home in December. He was offered a G.C.B., which he would not take. He was never employed again.]

*August 22.* We started having the *Esmeralda* in tow, and about half way down whilst going at full speed struck under her port bilge which gave her a considerable heel, shook the old Adml. in his chair, and made him rush on deck—and speak to me about going so fast. I explained that had we been going slower we should have stuck fast, to which he answered, had it been a rock we should have knocked a hole in her bottom.

*September 12th.* Several promotions having come out, and Hobart not being included, I asked the Admiral as a favour to forward a letter respecting him to the Admiralty. He refused and we had a small discussion. I pointed out we were Flagship—and that I wanted neither his patronage nor interest, but simply to forward my letter.

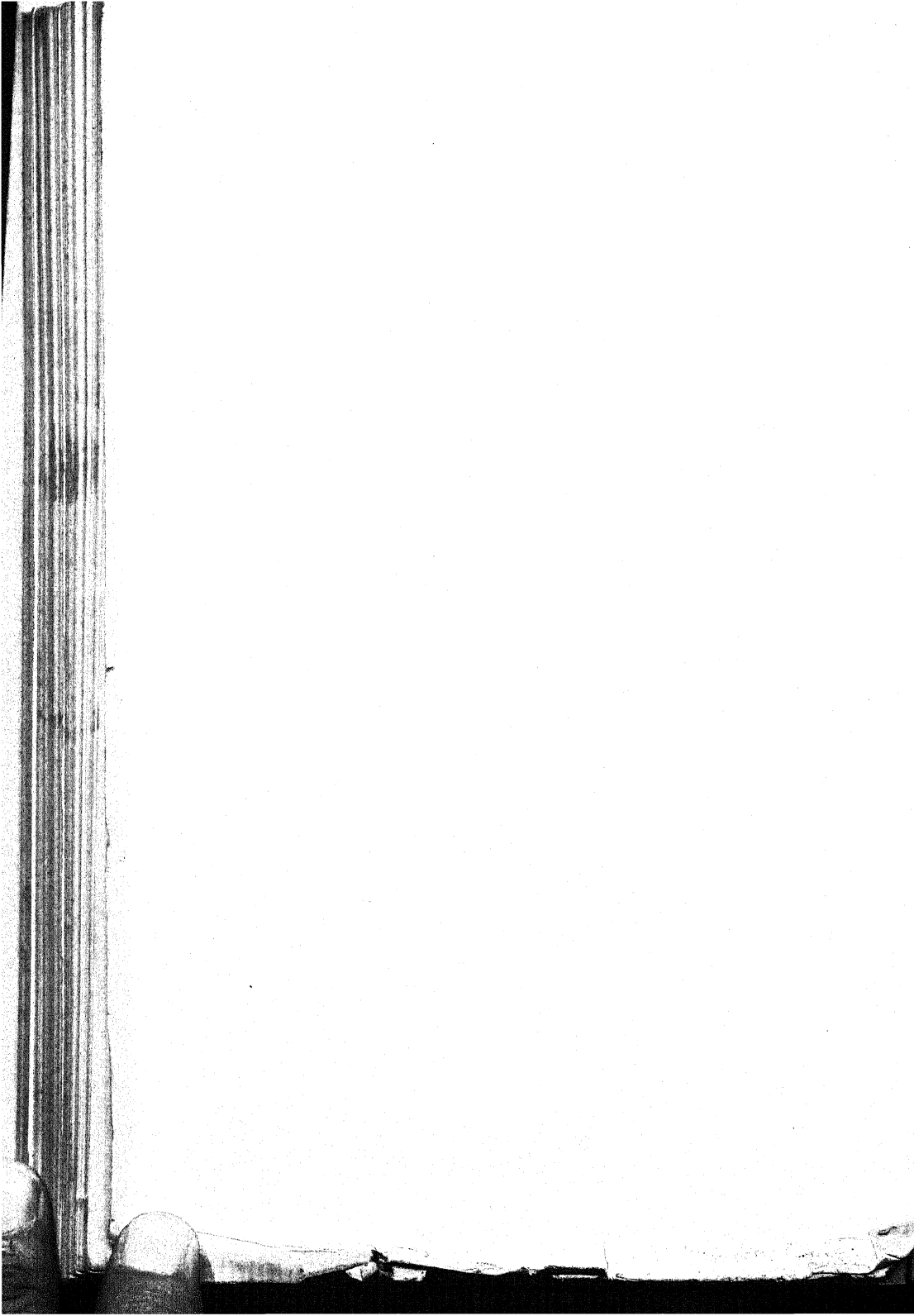
*August 24th.* I have no doubt the Senior Admiral and both Generals will have a sickness and wisely determine them to hasten home the troops before the bad weather comes on. During the afternoon two more Transports came in.

*Danzig. September 1st.* Met Mr. Reid, formerly a Lieut. in the St. Helena Regt., now one of the correspondents of the *Herald* ; this paper is always most severe on Sir Charles Napier. I was much amused when mentioning to Reid they were rather too sharp on the old Admiral—when he said,



A SKETCH ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF H.M.S. "BULLDOG,"  
AUGUST 15TH, 1854, BOMARSUND  
(Captain Hall, second figure from the left)





"Give my love to him and tell him I will give him pepper. Won't I give him pepper!" A few days since it mentioned the Captains of the Fleet were so discontented it was little short of mutiny and this was quite true. The old Admiral is not respected by any Captain—if they are to be believed, nor does either Chads or Plumridge rank high in public opinion afloat, and I am delighted to write that Adml. Seymour is universally esteemed by all classes.

Nugent states they were dissatisfied at the dispatches, and well they may be.

*September 17th.* It appears from what one can gather, the Govt. sent a messenger forward with orders for his instant transmission by the first Man of War or Line or Steamer. The dispatches I believe were to order or wish something more to be done, and it appears the Cabinet Council of all Flag Officers decided that nothing could be or was to be attempted.

Orders had been received from France for their Fleet to leave on the 1st September. Evidently our Admiralty and Govt. are yielding to the pressure from without, and in the winter doubtless much will take place to spoil old Charley and Chads' appetites.

*October 2nd.* Heard from my mother who is now at Jersey. She states that whilst at Boulogne my dear old father was in bed very ill, when a gentleman called in and said Bomarsund had surrendered to Captain Hall. He was out of bed the following day and has been improving ever since.

*October 17th.* Anchored Nargen Roads. The Admiral was evidently much displeased with the contents of the dispatches and I made my exit as speedily as possible, to enjoy the reading of dear Loui's letter.

The bad weather here and worry of mind has made the Chief most nervous.

One of his fears is that the Fleet will be frozen in—the other that they will be half starved, both most groundless. Dined on board the *St. Jean d'Acre* with my good old Skipper

Os

[Captain the Hon. Harry Keppel], whose welcome is ever warm.

*November 11th.* A long talk to Adml. Seymour, who I can see feels quite low, and I have no doubt regrets his good nature and desire to make all things smooth should have induced him to agree with the opinion of others, against his own judgment. The poor old Admiral one cannot help pitying and being sorry for ; he will have lost all his fame and prestige, opinions will be freely expressed, and we shall see whether the excessively cautious advisers around him will have the justice and generosity to share his fall, and ease the attack made upon him. I allude to Chads, Gordon, Sullivan<sup>1</sup> and Biddlecombe, who, in my opinion, have ever been ready to back up his discreetness. I daresay it will have a serious effect on him, and even in this does it not enable a man to trace the retributive justice of Providence ? Once Sir Robert Stopford's closing service was unnecessarily dimmed by our Chief, who blew his own trumpet, and put aside his Admiral, became the newspaper hero of the day, got home, told *his own* story, and talked about his being Admiral and General, etc., etc.

Now, *his* closing service has brought him into contempt from his bragging signals—and daily he is making enemies and losing friends.

*Nargen. Saturday, 21st.* At 8 a.m. *Gorgon* arrived and shortly after *Duke* anchored in the offing—went on board her, and found the Admiral very much altered for the worse—excessively nervous and completely broken. He fancies the blockships may have been dismantled and compelled to winter in the Gulf, and become hard up for provisions. I should not wonder at his going home from Kiel ; received my orders and left him at 1 p.m.

*Kiel. November.* Dined with Captain Mundy<sup>2</sup> of *Nile*,

<sup>1</sup> Captain of the surveying vessel *Lightning* ; afterwards Admiral Sir Bartholomew James Sullivan, and member of a family whose naval associations date from the 18th century.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Admiral Sir G. Rodney Mundy. He was the son of Admiral Sir George Mundy and father of Admiral Godfrey Mundy. H.M.S. *Nile* still exists as the mercantile marine cadet ship *Conway*, on the Mersey.—Ed.

meeting Pelham and Boyd. After dinner was much interested by hearing extracts from his brother's letter, and one or two remarks were forcibly impressed on my mind.

He says, "I wish I could see my way into Sevastopol and also out of it, for I fear when we get in the forts on the North side and their fleet will open fire on us." He thinks they could have gone in the first day they came before it, but since then the Russians have received reinforcements and also thrown up new batteries.

*Monday 20th.* The telegraphic news which arrives tends to keep the mind in a great state of anxiety with respect to our gallant fellows before Sevastopol each day and report confirms the heroic, and at the same time, forlorn charge of our Cavalry before the Allied Army.

[William reached Weymouth in December 1854. In February 1855, William was appointed flag-captain to Rear-Admiral Michael Seymour, whose flag was hoisted in H.M.S. *Exmouth* (90 guns). William had already served under Seymour in the *Vindictive*. In June 1855, to anticipate events, William received the Order of the Companion of the Bath, and, in the same year, the Baltic War medal. He had, up to date, the Syrian, Turkish, and Kaffir War medals.

One of the first things to happen on board the *Exmouth* was that the chief engineer came on board drunk. William had him put in the launch and covered over with the tarpaulin till he recovered.

#### BALTIC EXPEDITION OF 1855

The Baltic fleet wintered in England and prepared to return north, when the ice broke up. Rear-Admiral the Hon. R. S. Dundas succeeded Sir Charles Napier; Seymour was second-in-command.

The fleet, strengthened by gunboats and mortar-vessels, anchored a few miles off Kronstadt on May 31. They were joined by the French, a smaller fleet than the year before, commanded by Rear-Admiral Penaud. Kronstadt was again reconnoitred, and once again it was decided that it was useless to attack the fortress. But the nation was at last to

be satisfied in respect to Sveaborg. There had been a public clamour since the beginning of the war for the bombardment of Sveaborg, and on August 9, the bombardment of Sveaborg began. On August 11, the Russian batteries ceased to reply. The bombardment was of tactical as well of political interest. It was the first time in war that shells were thrown from such a distance.]

*H.M.S. Exmouth. April 14th, 1855.* Thick rainy cold weather. Off the Naze of Norway, having made it last evening. The movements of the Fleet are very much like a luggage train—slow, but not so sure, the chances of collision not remote. The wisdom of dragging the Paddle Steamers after us in going over much ground and expending coal, I am inclined to dispute. Had the Ships made the best of their way we should probably have been at Kiel and all thro' the Belt. I suspect the Admiralty wished us to make a fast run which we might have done, and it might have had some influence on the Conferences. Some years having elapsed since I served in a large ship, the apathy displayed by all classes appears astounding. The most simple precautions and necessary directions are quite gone out of mind.

The disease which has sprung up and is most catching may be styled Elephantine Lethargy, for the movements of nearly all the bipeds on board here resemble in some degree the slow and majestic gait of that quadruped. I hope we may get rid of it. They are I believe willing to learn, so it will be my fault if they remain untaught.

*April 19th.* Dined on board *Nile* with the Commr.-in-Chief,<sup>1</sup> meeting Captns. Codrington,<sup>2</sup> Elliot,<sup>3</sup> Sullivan. A long quiet talk with Adml. Dundas about our movements last year, especially relative to the non-destruction of wood. The quiet solid manner of our present, and Lucifer-like composition of our late Commr.-in-Chief is most striking.

<sup>1</sup> Rear-Admiral the Hon. Richard S. Dundas. He afterwards became a Vice-Admiral and K.C.B., dying in 1861 as 1st Sea Lord of the Admiralty.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Captain of H.M.S. *Royal George*; afterwards Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Codrington.—Ed.

<sup>3</sup> Captain of H.M.S. *James Watt*, and afterwards Admiral Sir George A. Elliot. He and William had met as midshipmen in 1833.—Ed.

Adml. Dundas in the short conversation I had shewed sound sense, great judgment and an opinion of his own with a determination I think in his character which will be most beneficial.

*May 10th. 6 a.m.* Anchored off Narod. Not a sail to be seen. The port of Reval perfectly open, and as we spread over a pretty fair surface in 2 Lines open order, the absence of any of their Ships is unaccountable to me. Nothing in sight to the Southw'd or inshore and as far as our Masthead men could see, some 20 mile at least, nothing to the Northw'd., so that one half the breadth of the Gulf appears to have been open for the last 2 days. An ugly fact for us. That anyone can turn round and say Blockade, while your Fleet saw nothing on its way to Reval for 2 days.

*Tuesday, May 15th.* I feel so strongly on the practicability of bombarding Kronstadt by mortar vessels, and feeling sure they will be useless in the Black Sea. Wrote to Sir B. Walker *only* 3 sheets of notepaper with my ideas and solicitations about sending them here. The 25,000 men said to be coming I cannot believe. 100,000 might do some good, but with this number I should employ them on Kronstadt and attack it by the batteries and advanced works, whilst we worked away the other way.

*May 18th.* Fleet exercised at General Quarters firing at a Target. Found the Crew were willing to do well and most teachable. Went up to Fore Topmast head and found out Practically and Personally how much easier it is for an Officer to hail the Royal and T.Gt. Yard men to move up *faster* than for either them or himself to do so.

No batten on edge of Top. A Catch Rattlin which nips the knuckles when two or three are going over together. Up aloft about 8 feet below the Cap Trees the Topmast Rigging is so close there is an impossibility of ever getting your toes in. A Catch Rattlin or two to the Topmast Backstays most desirable. A Batten from Cap Trees also added for men to work on.



## [THE INFERNAL MACHINE]

The "Infernal Machines" were an early form of mine, and were a cause of considerable anxiety and bewilderment to the attacking forces.

In describing another explosion which happened to the French ship *La Tourville* when she hit a "machine," William says that "her masts shook like whips, the ship trembled, crockery smashed." After surveying Kronstadt, the two Admirals decided that it was impossible for them to attack it, and the allied fleet returned to Baro Sound.]

*Thursday 21st May—Midnight.* Before retiring to rest, although unable to *feel* the loving kindness and mercy of the Lord, yet I desire to do so and acknowledge his goodness in having snatched me from the jaws of death and frustrated the violent designs of the enemy. The noble-minded and gallant Admiral Seymour, my sincere and honoured friend, and Capt. Louis [R. Marines], Commander Augustus Booth, Lt. Pearce, Mr. Harker, Devonport, the Yeoman of Signals and Mr. Simpson were wounded, as well as others, including the Revd. Mr. Matchett, who were all knocked over by the explosion on the poop of one of the Cylindrical Submarine Explosive Machines. This took place at about 5 p.m. and indeed the escape from death of Admiral Seymour and the Signal Yeoman is indeed a miraculous interposition of God. This Conical Cylinder, connected with another, was swept by our boats creeping and were about 8 feet down and when first seen appeared like the head of Piles, but upon my touching them with a boat hook, felt they were metal and soon after this one floated to the surface. It was taken into the galley over the bows, passed aft and the Admiral went on board the *Duke*, where it was further handled. In the meanwhile the other one drifted towards the Ship and I got the Main Yard tackle fast, pulled it up and found two stones fast to it. Admiral Seymour returned, desired me to be careful as they contained powder. A Signal to that effect was made to us from the Flagship. In about 5 minutes I heard the explosion and saw the smoke on the

poop, heard a shriek, and many voices babbled out to me over the side, "The Admiral's hurt, Sir." I jumped up the side exclaiming, "Is the Admiral hurt?" "Yes, Sir," and I fancied I heard some say he was killed. I ran up the ladder and saw my dear friend being led below from the poop, apparently blind—hair burnt—coat burnt and blown off his back—blood over his face. Poor Capt. Louis carried off the poop. The Signalman had just been carried below. The Clergyman without a cap, much paled in the face, by the shock. Poor little Booth's cap, wanting an owner, he having been injured and retired to the Cabin with the Surgeon. The Admiral's presence of mind came to his aid and he at once sent me to Admiral Dundas to acquaint him of the accident and recommend Public notification of caution being given. He was inclined to think lightly of it and begged me to tell the Admiral he had had a dig in the eye. The right one was unimpaired and he quietly remarked "Thank God it is no worse, for at my time of life the loss of an eye is of no great consequence." After fulfilling my mission returned and was glad to see him take a cup of tea. He complained of faintness and headache coming on. The Doctor wished for Leeches, but thought it was doubtful getting any. I dispatched one boat to English, another to French Ships, got 4 from *Nile* and 12 from the French. Applied 12 to his eye, forehead and lower lid. Medicine given him and he complains of humours.

#### [THE BOMBARDMENT OF SVEABORG]

*Island of Sveaborg. Thursday 9th August.* At 3 a.m. general Signal made to get up steam and the Commander-in-Chief went on board *Merlin* about 4 a.m.

The *Arrogant*, *Cossack* and *Cruizer* weighed and went in between.

The *Amphion*, *Cornwallis* and *Hastings* moved in towards the Batteries at Sandhamn.

The old *Duke of Wellington* shifted her Berth and anchored near us, but afterwards moved again, went out of the

anchorage and found a spot that suited her. Shortly before 8 the Signal was made to Engage the Enemy or commence firing and repeated.

At last the 4 Mortar vessels who were directed to try range did so, and the Shells burst most accurately. This was the Signal for all and away went the French as well, altogether, counting the 6 ten-inch which were landed, about 26. The Russians did not reply for a few minutes and were evidently not expecting it that moment. But shortly after they opened fire with shot and shell, many of the former falling short, while the latter burst very high up in the air. The French and English Gunboats moved in and continued under steam just inside the Mortar Boats, plying Shot and Shell from their 95 cwt. Guns with good effect in most instances, altho' a great deal of ammunition was uselessly expended, the Shot falling very short. Hewlett in his Gunboat devoted his attention to a 3-decker and struck her with his Lancaster Shot so often she moved in and sheltered herself under one of the Islands.

The Russians, finding from our Gunboat Shot falling short that theirs did no good, prudently abstained from anything like a General fire, and used only the few guns to which they had given the greatest elevation, and probably the highest chance, and also some Mortars. Not a Shot however, struck, or Shell burst, near our vessels for some hours, and the French Island, on which 6 Mortars were mounted appeared to be quite unnoticed. Our firing men were rapid and very good and about 10 (having commenced just before 8) some buildings were discovered to be on fire.

The Rigging and Yards of the Ships were crowded with Spectators and about 11.30 a series of explosions took place of magazines, probably shell, and then a louder report. At the time I was looking and saw some beams fly up in the air. The men cheered lustily as so many of their fellow creatures, who personally have done them no harm, were hurried suddenly into Eternity, and, such is War, and yet there are many who say they delight in it. It is an infliction on any land and God grant He may bless us with Peace. In the

evening the Gunboats hauled out to replenish their ammunition and several of the Mortars were practically disabled, that is, a cavity in the centre of the chamber occurred which zinc and lead rectified, I believe under the doctoring of Messrs. Ward and Alton, Engineers.

In the evening, the Rocket boats, by which I mean the Boats of the Ships, assembled alongside the *Duke*, and during the night until 2.30 a.m. they were firing with good effect say the Actors. But with no effect or a bad one say the Audience, including myself, and I have no doubt the Russians agree with us.

*Friday 10th.* Throughout the whole night the fire of the Mortars continued, and the Shore seldom returned it. At the same time the Sky was quite lightened by the Blaze of Buildings on fire and early this morning the Gunboats again opened fire. The Russians appeared this day to have got more Guns which could range the distance and the Shot flew over the Mortar and Gunboats in excellent direction and the escape of those under fire was a direct interposition of Providence, for the closeness of the Shot was extraordinary. In the forenoon accompanied Admiral Seymour, who with the Commander-in-Chief and the Captain of Fleet,<sup>1</sup> went in *Merlin* to reconnoitre, and run along our line, also to obtain a view of the damage done. Dropped near the small Island on which the French Mortars were. The 2 Admirals landed and whilst doing so a Shot dropped about a yard from their Boat. The French Admiral was there with many of his Officers—2 of their Mortars were disabled out of 6. Not a Soul had been touched nor had much fire been directed towards it. On reaching the *Merlin* the Russians dropped 2 Shot close to us. She is well known and they of course see the Admirals going on board her. The Batteries at Bak Holm gave us several Shot, one or two came the distance, the others fell short. After ranging along the Eastern end of Line, we steamed to the West Extreme and whilst looking at the ravages committed by the fire, saw a long line of Sheds, apparently Boat houses or Stores, catch

<sup>1</sup> Commodore the Hon. F. T. Pelham.—Ed.

and with the fresh wind blowing they caught one after the other like Lucifer Matches. In fact, there can be no doubt an immense amount of damage has been sustained and the Board of Works will have a pretty stiff estimate. The Fortifications scarcely appeared touched and I only saw one Gun which shewed any symptoms of having been struck.

The firing continued throughout the day and in the evening I passed round to several of the Mortar vessels. The Mortars of 2 were split from the vent and one of *Roberts* was split and lying in the well. The others however, which had been doctored by Mr. Ward, were still going on. In the evening Signal made for certain Ships to send two Boats to *Dragon* on their reaching her ; Stewart<sup>1</sup> did not know what they were there for and whilst we were deliberating on the subject the *Merlin* ran hard and fast aground with the 2 Admirals on board. Upon going there found she was out about 3 or 4 feet forward. *Geyser* came astern and fruitlessly and foolishly endeavoured to take her off with a jerk, which instead of being right astern was on the quarter and snapped her stream cable at the same time, rather hardening *Merlin* on and at all events doing no good to her keel or forefoot.

Admiral Dundas borrowed my gig and went away and shortly after I got on board my own Ship. The Rocket Boats as I think wasting Rockets at a great rate. The fact is however that all who were in the Rocket Boats imagined they contributed a great deal towards the existing conflagration and were satisfied.

I must confess I feel gratified that the town has been spared. Its destruction would have no effect on the war except to cause our name to be execrated. There were many who advocated its destruction, I have no doubt, especially the Frenchmen.

*18th September.* At 4 a.m. *Driver* arrived with the mail, and gratifying news that the south side of Sevastopol had fallen.

<sup>1</sup> Captain Wm. Houston Stewart of the *Dragon*, who had been one of William's shipmates in the *Benbow*.—Ed.

The loss is named at French 4,000—ourselves 2,000, quite sufficient to bring many more mourners in our land, and this will I sincerely hope bring Peace.

The Press has a most libellous attack on Adml. Dundas and accuses him in fact of want of personal courage—full of fake and wilful mis-statements. It is a great pleasure to have a Commander-in-Chief whom you can most conscientiously defend, and a more honest honourable officer I think does not exist. He told a plain statement of truth, and did not exaggerate in the slightest, for although I thought his remark about the effect of the rockets from the Boats was a mistake yet from those who were there, including Caldwell, the statement was fully borne out.

Dined on board *Orion*,<sup>1</sup> and a very pleasant party it was. Dew of the *Geyser* was also there and remarking on the article of the Press said, “I shall be ashamed to land in England.” I said, “Why, you are not ashamed or afraid to tell the truth, I hope,” which remark rather silenced him. But this is the system, that men are afraid to be honest, and will agree to the fancies of an Editor, or join in the same style of reasoning, because they are afraid to be thought singular and wanting in courage, and dare to tell the truth. The fact is Officers in command are fair game, and having no solicitor to watch over their interests are compelled to suffer calumny and be tradesmen whenever the caterer of the public feeling discovers it to be requisite for their appetite.

*Devonport. February 2nd, 1856.* Not much has transpired since my last notation—save the opening of Parliament and the prospect of Peace which I am most thankful to feel appears pretty certain—for I have always felt that whatever *could* have been effected against Kronstadt would have fallen far short of that which the people in general and *The Times* in particular had pictured, indeed if Kronstadt had been destroyed, the cry would have been St. Petersburg should have been destroyed, and most probably *The Times*

<sup>1</sup> With Captain J. E. Erskine, afterwards an Admiral; an uncle of Admiral of the Fleet Sir James Erskine, and great-uncle of Admiral Seymour Erskine.—Ed.



would not have been satisfied unless the Emperor had been seized.

In the first place the French are tired of the War, and who can say whether they might not have withdrawn before many months, and left us to ourselves, or compelled us to follow their train in making peace.

Next we may suppose the Russians would not go to sleep from August until May, and would have so added to their means of defence that they would have had value received for the roubles they have spent—Now it is doubtful to my mind whether we should have received  $\frac{1}{6}$  of the value in a pecuniary point of view, and nothing in a political point by destroying Kronstadt *partially*—if *effectually* it would have been a different matter, and what I call effectually would be destroying it in toto and pitching it into the Neva, and not leaving one stone on another. But the season is so short we have not the time. For instance in September the south side of Sevastopol became ours, and in about 4 months afterwards the Docks are destroyed. The first gale of wind was about the 27th of August and had we swarms of mortar boats and gunboats, and the harbour of Kronstadt not unmistakably ours by that time—if lying off there it is probable several would be driven on shore with a westerly gale. Then again if only to *shell* Kronstadt—why your expense is not repaid  $\frac{1}{10}$  part. To destroy it—you must land and remain there about a month.

*February 30th.* Heard Jenny Lind—went with Loui—she sang 4 times, the Echo Song being the last. and certainly the extraordinary power of her voice quite equalled the opinion I had formed of it, in fact surpassed my imagination, but the moment she came on I was forcibly struck by the length and circumference of her neck, certainly 2 inches longer than any female's near me, and I looked most particularly, doubtless this is the cause of her vocal power. She is plainer than I had imagined.

*March 31st.* The Peace was proclaimed thro' the Streets by men with Ribands flying from their hats and halfpenny

fly sheets giving the news in their hands. Not a soul appeared to take the least interest in it.

This war has been so far away, those in England have not realized it, our Trade and Commerce having been uninterrupted, and demand for labour so great, taxation has not been felt, and lastly, having made such vast preparations the Country was prepared to have another dig at them and be gratified by a single Victory without any Allies.

Our Navy has not had much to do actively, and I think the great part of the Lower Class expected we should have been paid for the expense of the War.

I must say as far as my feelings go I am most thankful we have concluded Peace at any price without dishonour, for had the Treaty not been concluded who can say whether France would not have been a cold friend or silent enemy before the close of this year. Could we have denuded our Shores of the powerful Baltic Fleet with the French Army returning from Crimea and their Ships disengaged? I thank God we have Peace and believe the War has been an Act of Providence to show us our weakness. Our Coast now with our Gunboats may be rendered unassailable and we may yet bid defiance to the World. I honestly believe that had this armament gone up the Baltic they could not have accomplished half what was expected of them—and as the Russians have spent so many millions of Roubles in fortifying, they will have to suffer the loss of deterioration without any satisfaction. I only hope that now a Good Bill may be brought in to man our Gunboats when their services are required.

To be a good flag-captain one needs the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon and it certainly is a great trial to the temper.

[In March 1856, William commissioned the *Calcutta* (84-gun sailing line-of-battle ship) as flag-captain to Sir Michael Seymour, his "dear and kind friend," and his beau ideal. In May he was on his way out to China, and a little later Louisa was on her way in a paddle steamer to Halifax to join her parents. The appointment to the China Station had

been a blow to her. She was now thirty and the mother of three young children. She had faced the trials of her wandering married life with its financial worries and constant separation, with a fortitude which could not have always been easy for her, as she was delicate and had not been brought up to be poor. The couple never had anything but William's pay on which to live. His pay was £400 a year when he was Captain of the *Calcutta*, and he had to "run two messes," in his ship and at home. The naval officer of those days was also involved in endless expenses connected with the service. William spent £200 on furniture, etc., in commissioning four ships. William wrote that his "bright hopeful ray" could disperse "the dark cloud" of his "gloomy despair" when things went wrong. But when she heard that he was to leave her for three years (and letters took three months to come from China), she was very distressed.

As the *Calcutta* passed the Scilly Islands, William remembered the days when he and Louisa, and the first baby, had set up house there together. He felt very mature and experienced. Louisa remained alone in "rooms" at Devonport, and a few weeks after William had sailed, the eldest boy, Willie, died of brain fever. The Diaries are painful reading when William heard the news. Willie was an extremely clever child, "always with a book in his hand," and very advanced in lessons. William had never approved of the spartan educational methods of the time, and before his own child's death he had written in his Diaries that, in his opinion, "children should live in the open air till they were eight or nine, and not be bothered with books." He was convinced that many intelligent children were "carried off or suffered failure of health" through overworked brains.

He had always loved and theorised about the young. Even in his bachelor days, when the spectacle of married couples and their fatuous domestic bliss had stirred his caustic wit, he had taken the greatest interest in their children, noting down the doings and sayings of those who appealed to him. His own large brood idolised him, and to the end of his days often treated him as an elder brother. They were brought up in furnished rooms in naval towns, on board harbour line-of-battle ships and frigates and in Admiralty houses. One of the

daughters was born in H.M.S. *Southampton*, frigate and harbourship at Sheerness. The family had the whole ship to themselves and the younger members hardly went on shore. One small girl landed twice in eighteen months.

#### H.M.S. CALCUTTA

On the subject of the *Calcutta*, it was recorded in 1907 that :

The *Calcutta* was an old two-decked 84-gun line-of-battle ship, built at Bombay in 1831. She was the flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, who was commander-in-chief on the China Station at the time of the Second Chinese War. It has before now been noticed that this commission bore excellent fruit for the Navy, for no ship in modern days has turned out so many officers of the first rank. Here is their record. The Commander-in-Chief was afterwards Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom. The Captain, W. King Hall, rose to the rank of full Admiral. Among the Lieutenants were Lord Gillford, afterwards Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of Clanwilliam, George S. Bosanquet, who became a Vice-Admiral, and Sholto Douglas, who also reached active flag rank. In the gun-room were many men known to the present generation. E. H. Seymour, then a Mate, is now Admiral of the Fleet Sir Edward Seymour. Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom, was also serving in her. Among the others were W. R. Kennedy, now Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy ; A. T. Dale, and Claude E. Buckle, each of whom is now a full Admiral ; T. Sturges Jackson, also a full Admiral ; A. K. Wilson, now Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Knyvet Wilson ; H. Rawson, now Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, and Governor of New South Wales, and N. Bowden-Smith, now Admiral Sir Nathaniel Bowden-Smith. Robert F. Hammick did not reach the active flag list, but is now a Vice-Admiral.

As has often been remarked, there has been no such record of individual achievement by members of one ship since the days of Anson's *Centurion*, which carried round the world Piercy Brett, Peter Denis, Philip Saumarez, Augustus Keppel, John Byron, and Hyde Parker, nearly all of whom rose to high command.

Extracts from *My Naval Career*, by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Edward Seymour :

The *Calcutta* was a sailing two-decker of 84 guns, built in India of teak. Her figurehead represented Sir Jamsetjee Jeebhoy, and was a very fierce-looking thing.

Promotion in the China Squadron was rapid at that time. From the *Calcutta* alone while I was in her, one Commander was made Captain, and five Lieutenants were made Commanders, besides some junior promotions. Her Midshipmen, generally, were more successful in the service than those of any other ship of which I have ever heard. About seventeen got on to the active list of Captains, and nine or ten on to the flag (or Admirals) list. To what was this due ? I will not pronounce, but our Captain, William King Hall, took a real interest in his youngsters, who also had the benefit of a first-rate naval instructor, afterwards Professor Sir John Knox Laughton. I also look back with extreme respect and affection to our Gunnery Lieutenant, who afterwards became our Commander, the late Commodore J. G. Goodenough, than whose example no one's was ever better, or impressed me so much.

Extract from the *Life of Lord Fisher*, by Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon :

In the *Calcutta*, Fisher served as Naval Cadet, Midshipman, Sub-Lieutenant, Lieutenant, Commander, and Captain.

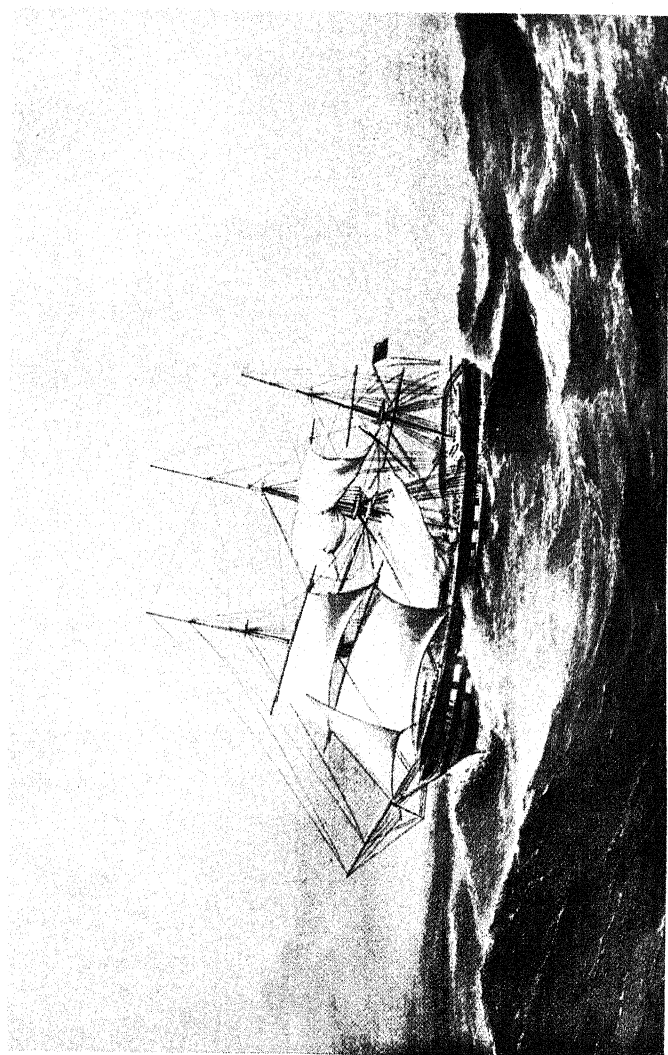
On the ship being broken up, he had her figure-head erected in his garden at Kilverstone Hall.

For many years the *Calcutta* formed part of the gunnery school *Excellent* at Portsmouth, and towards the close of her career, part of the *Cambridge* gunnery school at Devonport.]

*May 7th, 11 p.m. H.M.S. Calcutta. 1856.* Half way between Sicilly and Ushant. The period of three years is a long and dreary time to look forward to. Oh, that it may be shortened by Sir Michael getting his Vice Flag !

*May 8th.* Fighting against dullness. Half inclined to touch at Madeira to land letters and get water.

*May 10th.* Course about 150 miles from C. Finisterre. Busy day. . . . Later gratification and pride in reading my



H.M.S. 'CALCUTTA,' 1858





dear father's Journal written in 1805. One remark particularly struck me : " Easter Sunday. Rose at 4 and prayed until 7." I read it to Anderson who also was struck with the clear view he took of events.

*19th.* Lat. 23.25 N. Well inside the Tropics. Hot weather. 57 sick list, nothing serious. From the masthead observed 2 sails. Hoped they would come near enough to send our letters on board. Trade wind light and Southern Cross in sight. Progressing on the violin satisfactorily.

*30th.* For the last two days we have been becalmed. Yesterday we had tropical rain. In less than ten minutes all hands were luxuriating in a cool bath.

*June 3rd.* In the evening the Officers dance, altho' the thermometer is 80. Great number of men come aft to see them and hear the band. On the upper deck singing goes on. Absence of lash so far makes me grateful.

*Cape Town. 19th July.* On getting on board found the ropes all coiled up, swinging booms out, and an evident feeling that we were not to sail until Monday. The surprise was great when other orders were given, which soon disabused their minds. My annoyance was still more when I observed the marked spirit of dissatisfaction and discontent manifested when weighing and making Sail. There was a light air from the N.W. sprang up on my arrival on board, but as the men had not had their supper, by the time this was finished the wind was quite gone and the probability of our getting out of the Bay that evening gone also. It was important for many reasons to make a start. First because I had said if possible we should sail. It was clear the Officers and Men had made up their minds we should not leave before Monday. The former of course would probably go on shore on Sunday. The applications from Petty Officers to go to see their sick messmates would also have been made and Sunday would have been a scene of drunkenness and disorder.

Next, the calm lasts sometimes 3 days.

Ps

The noise at the capstan was continued in spite of repeated orders from Commander Rolland and myself. On making sail half the Maintopmen remained below. The topsails were barely hoisted, not even walked up, and orders were tacitly nullified. Yet no Officers picked out a single man as an example of not working.

We weighed, however, and kept under way for an hour and anchored about two cables' length distant.

*20th July.* Weighed soon after 8.30 a.m. to a light S.E. wind. Ship's company as slack as before, and compelled me to lower the topsails 3 times before they would even walk them up. However, the point was carried, and by great perseverance we managed to get half way between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Agulhas by midnight.

*21st July.* Breeze freshening steadily ; at Noon we were 18 miles to the southward of Agulhas. During the forenoon I turned the hands up and read what follows from the Log Book, which I told them the Lords of the Admiralty saw, as also did the Commander-in-Chief. I expressed my surprise at their behaviour, and my firm determination to stop it, explaining that I could lead them or drive them, but I never would coax them. . . .

My reading this had, I believe, a good effect, for it is so much the custom to smother up these acts that they appeared surprised I should make it so public. I trust it may do good. During the day the breeze freshened and barometer fell gradually until soon after midnight, when it grew so squally, it became necessary to reef. Never did my good Loui make a more true remark than saying we all punished the men for doing wrong, but they had no one to advise or teach them how to do right.

[The *Calcutta* arrived at Hong Kong in September 1856. The Indian Mutiny broke out in July 1857. Reinforcements were sent to India from China. Since he had been out in China, William had told Sir Michael Seymour that he was sure that there would be war with the Chinese Government. For once his chief and he disagreed. William wrote to Sir

Baldwin Walker, Controller of the Navy. He stated very fully his reasons for his forebodings. He showed the letter to Sir Michael. This letter was read at a Cabinet Meeting, and it was decided to send out 5,000 troops, the *Sans Pareil*, *Shannon*, and *Pearl* (battleship, frigate, and corvette), and six gunboats, as an increase to the naval forces.

The troops reached Singapore a few days after the Mutiny commenced. Lord Elgin, the Minister Plenipotentiary, who had just arrived in Hong Kong, sailed with the troops to Calcutta. The ships formed the famous Naval Brigade under Captain Peel.

Artillery went from Canton, and William was not impressed by the manner of their departure. This is what he wrote at Canton on August 6, 1857, on board the *Calcutta*.]

The news from Calcutta is very bad. The only cheering thing is that the mutineers are running short of their percussion caps and turning their Rifles into Matchlocks. General Barnard was still before Delhi and had just been reinforced by Neville Chamberlain with 4,000. But every white face who can handle a musket is worth his weight of gold. Lord Canning wrote strongly on the subject to General Ashburnham here—I had an opportunity of seeing the letter wherein he begged him to send every man he could spare. And especially Artillery, for nearly all the Bengal Native Artillery had mutinied. The result shall be shewn hereafter of this urgent application. The news had not reached England yet, so that we may imagine the Electrical shock they will feel, when they hear it.

*Sunday 9th.* About 8 p.m. the *Sampson* anchored near us, and when her Skipper came on board he impressed those, who heard his remarks, that he was not over-zealous in so good a cause. It struck me most forcibly the job was not to his liking. However, he was told to see the General on the following morning and make his arrangements. He went away declaring he could never take 250 men. So I felt pretty well that our scheme of the *Sampson's* departure on the following day was all up, and the cheering sight to our hard-pressed Countrymen in Calcutta of 300 Artillery delayed for

a time. In the meanwhile an offer came from Jardines to convey them in *Fiery Cup*, for 12,000 dollars. I was at once dispatched to the General's, and it was settled that the Staff would be on board the said craft at 6 p.m. there to meet the Admiral and decide. Upon our going on board we found the main body of Staff on board—including the Col. of Artillery named — The Depty Q.M.G. Major Crealock with his measuring tape and note book, ascertaining how many Cubic feet and inches there were below. And taking as much pains as tho' they were going a long passage at a cold Season of the year with no Indian Empire in danger. And no fast spreading rebellion to crush ! They pointed out her after Steerage where they said 18 men might go. It was certainly large enough for 80 in 3 watches. But they were right in saying it was warm and no ventilation from the side. In fact, after a great many objections the General agreed to allow half a Company to go to Calcutta in her. I could not help remarking that with an Empire at stake every exertion should be made and that the *Fiery Cup* as the Captain said, would carry the whole with ease and safety. I remarked that as for ventilation, the ship had great space on the upper deck and with double awnings every man would live on deck. But I found myself losing my temper, especially when I told them the *Hermes*, a vessel of 800 Tons, brought 700 men from Mauritius to the Cape Colony during the Kaffir war. The Colonel of Artillery replied, "Well, if a foolish thing was done once, it is no reason why it should be committed a second time" ; My answer was, that before he said it was foolish, he should have heard whether those Colonists whose throats were kept from being cut called it foolish ! However I could not help regretting that the Tape measure was put in force when every man with a white face that can carry a musket, and every moment is of the utmost importance. At all events the Adml. was as much disgusted with their proceedings as myself, and as for the oft-repeated supposition that should the cholera break out and they were crowded much loss of life would ensue, I believe that the fact of their going in a very fast vessel with a Captain whose local

knowledge was great would more than counteract any dangers that might be anticipated from their numbers, for it is probable this Ship will make the Passage in 16 days, stopping at Singapore on the road for a supply of coal and Fresh Provisions.

*Tuesday at 9.30 a.m.* The Admiral met by Appt<sup>t</sup> the General and Staff on board *Sampson*, and on his return on board I was told that they had agreed that *Sampson* could take 160. The thing was absurd! [Captain] Hand with £4,800 and *Fiery Cup* with her 12,000 dollars could not convey 250 soldiers! On an emergency like this, instead of measuring cubic feet they should have been shifting over, and this day started, and a Corporal making a seat for a Sergeant—and vice versa. But with the exception of the Admiral, I could not discover that the anxiety so desirable, was manifested by either soldiers, or sailors on board *Sampson*. I should never want a man to do more than I would do myself—and for this Trip I should have taken 500 had I commanded *Sampson*, had it been at my option, and landed them by God's blessing. The following means I would have adopted: Holds full of Baggage, double Awnings formed by sails—spread and sloped—Made all the Soldiers comfortable. Filled the Pinnacle with Water for them to wash in, etc., etc., etc. However, the Adml. determined to send for *Sans Pareil*. So at 2 p.m. *Sampson* went to Macao to tow *Nankin* to relieve *Sans Pareil* at Chuenpee Fort and then return to watch *Raleigh's* wreck—*Coromandel* sent for *Sans Pareil* forthwith.

*Wednesday 12th.* 7 p.m. Arrived *Sans Pareil* and *Coromandel* and nothing worthy of remark occurred until *Sunday 16th*, when *Sans Pareil* and *Sampson*, which had been previously sent for, proceeded in company on a fine calm day and every prospect of a good start. The *Sampson* will tow *Sans Pareil* until she (*Sampson*) has just sufficient Coal to return here. And I have no doubt that *Sans Pareil* will make the Passage to Singapore in 15 days. Several of the Artillery Officers have gone in *Fiery Cup*. The difficulties which arose were, I cannot help feeling, discreditable. In the first place the

Officers of the *Sans Pareil* stated they had no Mess Traps—and talked of applying for Table Cloths to be purchased. It vexed me ! Then the soldiers were by no means desirous of roughing it. Now consider, our best blood being sacrificed, brutally massacred. Should not the men have been glad to have felt they were sent, instead of doomed to inactivity here ? Might not the Ward-Room have sent on shore and purchased a few plates if necessary, or only had 2 meals ? In fact all parties on such an occasion should have been content to have taken their meals with discomfort, tin Pot and spoon, and spread their beds inside a main deck screen on a good wholesome well ventilated deck, rather than separate from their men and costing Govt. a large sum with their servants. The details of this I shall note in another Book. However they are off, and may they land in health *speedily*.

#### [THE SECOND CHINESE WAR

Trouble had been brewing for some time over the trade treaty which the Chinese had been compelled to sign in 1842. It was in 1833 that the restrictions of the East India Company were removed, thereby throwing trade open to British merchants. A Royal Commission was established at Canton to superintend trade.

James Hall recounted in his Diaries how H.M.S. *Andromache*, of which he was surgeon, took out Lord Napier as the first Commissioner, how the Chinese refused to recognise the political position he held, and the changes in trading conditions. James wrote : “ The Chinese cannot comprehend the matters of trade being superintended by a Government officer, as it is at variance with their notions of rank for a man of power and dignity to have any concern with trade.”

It was the beginning of the end of China's centuries of unprofaned slumbers. The hedge surrounding the Celestial Sleeping Beauty was to be hacked down by a Commercial Prince Charming. It is a distressing story.

Lord Napier was given a warm reception. The Chinese considered that the noble Lord was : “ rash and ignorant of the principles of dignity, perverse and disobedient to the laws of the Celestial Empire ” and “ obstinate, unyielding,

wilful, inadequately honouring and magnifying himself," also "squatting himself down in the barbarian factories till a stop had to be put to the said nations' trade."

They blockaded him in his own house and took his servants as prisoners. The following is one of the posters that was displayed on the wall of Canton in September 1834 :

"A lawless foreign Slave, Napier, has issued a notice. We know not how such a Dog Barbarian of an outside Nation as you, can have the audacious presumption to call yourself Superintendent. Being an outside savage Superintendent, your person, in an official situation, you should have some little knowledge of propriety and law. You have passed over 10,000 miles in order to seek a livelihood. You have come to our Celestial Empire to trade and control affairs, how can you control affairs, when you cannot obey the regulations of the Empire well. You audaciously presume to break the barrier passes—going out and in at your pleasure. A great infringement of the Rules and Prohibitions. According to the laws of the Nation the Royal Warrant should be respectfully requested to behead and openly expose (your head) to the multitude, as a terror to perverse dispositions.

"A General Notice of the People."

James also described the taking of the "Bogue and Tigris" (Bocca Tigris) Forts in September 1834, the death of Lord Napier in October 1834 and a Peace which was not to last for more than four years.

It was an unctuous Victorian boast that Britain supplied the three C's to the "heathen nations," Christianity, Civilisation, and Commerciality. In this case, trade with Britain also brought smuggling and a large importation of opium.

The Chinese issued edicts to the effect that they were resolved to put down the importation of opium. They complained that the result was demoralising to the people, and another unavowed reason was that the country was being drained of silver for payment of the drug. The war which followed ended in the defeat of the Chinese, and in August 1842 they signed a treaty which consigned to Britain twenty million dollars as indemnity ; Canton, Amoy, Ningpo, Shanghai and Foochow were to be opened to trade under the superintendence of British Consuls. Hong Kong



was granted to us as a perpetual possession. There was peace for some years.

Then, the terms of the treaty of 1842 having been to a great extent disregarded, a supposed outrage to the British flag in October 1856 brought matters to a climax, and the Second Chinese War commenced. Before the end of October 1857, other nations were interested in the Chinese question. France sent a squadron under the command of Rear-Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, and Russia and America held waiting briefs. The vultures gathered round.

The Chinese Commissioner Yeh refused to give redress.

In October 1856 there was a successful naval attack on Yeh's palace at Canton. The walls were scaled, and William and Commander Fortescue of the *Barracouta* blew the gates to pieces. Admiral Sir Michael Seymour entered the city.

William was brought to notice for his gallant services at the capture of the Barrier Forts, defence of the factories, capture of the Bogue Forts, entry into Canton in November 1856, capture of that city in November 1857, and capture of the Peiho Forts. On one occasion, his services were urgently requested by the Governor of Hong Kong to avert a threatened descent on the Island. He took part in many other minor actions during that year, for forts were taken, junks destroyed, there was night shelling and pitching in rockets, but all in vain. William, summing up the situation, remarked : " I will discard altogether what Yeh said or did, but simply confine myself to what he did not do, namely, give in. Would he give in ? No, he would not give in." What William thought of British diplomacy and the ethics of the whole affair will be seen later on. In spite of personal achievements, a great pride in his profession, and the unorthodoxy of even the mildest of pacifist sentiments in a man of his type and traditions, he was beginning to feel growing disillusionment on the subject of war. In 1857 he wrote : " No good man or really brave one should desire war for the purpose of adding to his glory." ]

*Canton. H.M.S. Calcutta, 1856.* It is difficult for any man not to feel on Xmas Eve when " Angels announced to the Shepherds the birth of our blessed Saviour who would preach *Peace* on Earth and Good Will towards men," that it was

wretched work bursting Shell among them, people who individually had done us no harm. And in the middle of the night one of the Mandarin Junks, which I had set on fire in the afternoon, drifted down and caused the Dutch Folly to open fire with Guns and small Arms in various directions, which must have destroyed several people.

They have a mercenary Soldiery, called Braves, from 96 Villages, about 25,000. They receive 5 dollars a month, in addition to [the rates paid] the Chinese and Tartar Troops. The people of Canton are fleeing to Fatshau, Yeh striving to stop them. The Rebels, or rather Freebooters, are also in the River and the Country is in a sad state. Can the man (Yeh) who has taken off 70,000 heads in a year ultimately prosper? Impossible.

*December 26th.* Stirring events following each other so rapidly that it is almost an impossibility to note them at the time. However, the most important was the burning of the factory on December 14th, Sunday, 11 a.m. I was roused out of a deep sleep by 3 simultaneous occurrences, a bright red glare lighting the room, the Chinese Watchmen around beating the alarm of fire on their Gongs and Tom Toms, and the Sentry shouting out "*Fire, Fire.*" Whilst I was dressing Sir Michael Seymour came down and we observed the blaze immediately in the rear of Dent's House, where we were living, one of the old ruined houses in the Factory Street commencing it. The fire spread rapidly; for some short time it was hoped that Dent's house would have been saved, but the wells were soon pumped dry and it extended in all directions. About 10 a.m. a house adjoining the English Factory was blown up, or rather down, and it was hoped by great exertions that the British Factory would be saved. By about 3 p.m. the Bank in the rear caught and by 9 p.m. the whole of the houses in front were in flames with the exception of one.

Many hairbreadth escapes took place and a merciful Providence watched over those who were quite unable to watch over themselves, for many men were drunk, and

when it is considered that there were not only so many cellars open and inviting them to drink, as well as many places who were bribing them by giving it, to cause them to aid in removing their furniture, it is marvellous no more accidents took place. In the afternoon a portion of wall fell not far from the Admiral and crushed to death a very nice young fellow, Mr. Lane, a Consular Clerk. Never was death more sudden. A few seconds before he was the most active and cheerful member of the Party. The dear Gallant Chief, as cool and self-possessed as it was possible for man to be, was in the thick of the work. I was alarmed occasionally for the safety of his only eye, as the sparks flew in all directions very thick.

The Church and Boat House did not catch. Into the former were crammed valuables and furniture and into the latter and library were the men worn out with hard work, want of rest and in many cases stupefied with drink.

On the following day we commenced our defence by throwing a ditch across the garden.

A sad scene to witness the wreck and ruin, but not a murmur escaped the lips of any of the Community, English or foreign. The Chinese were observed firing the houses on both sides of China Street and immediately in the rear of Seath's house oil was thrown on burning embers.

[In the middle of January 1857, the *Calcutta* was sent down to protect Hong Kong, which was in a state of agitation.]

*Canton River. Saturday 3 January, 1857.* A look-out from the *Coromandel's* Masthead, with all our glasses from the Paddle Boxes, failed in discerning the sign of a single Mandarin Junk. The Sequel will show the facility with which we may be taken in, owing to the numerous Creeks, and the Chinese striking their Masts.

*Sunday, January 4th.* We all flattered ourselves that the reconnoitre made yesterday would give us a quiet Sunday. After 1 p.m. George Fowler [Admiral Seymour's flag-lieutenant] accompanied me on board the *Coromandel*, where our purpose was to spend a quiet afternoon and recall to our

minds all who were so near and dear to us far away, and refresh our memories by looking over their last letters. As our dear wives are like sisters, I anticipated with pleasure 2 or 3 hours quiet and friendly communion with my old and true friend.

About ten minutes elapsed when I heard a voice calling out "Is Captain Hall on board?" and found Eden breathless with anxiety and excitement, his men showing signs of their exertion in pulling against the tide. "Mr. Alton has sent me, Sir, to say there are 50 or 60 heavy Junks full of men approaching to attack Fort Macao, with places at their Mastheads for throwing Stink Pots." Steam was got up, and in ten minutes the *Coromandel* was steaming out, having all the boats in company unmoored and prepared to move outside except the *Encounter*.

Our gallant chief came on board with his Barge. Jeans [his secretary] accompanied him, and we were soon outside steaming down towards Macao Fort. On arriving near it, we found our pinnacle about a quarter of a mile in front of it, firing and gradually retreating from before a line of heavy Junks and Row boats. The *Encounter* made the signal that she was ashore, and firing her Stern Gun, showed plainly enough they were threatening in the other direction. I did not count their boats, but estimate the large and moderate-sized Junks at 100, with at least an equal number of Row boats of various sizes, some apparently pulling 60 oars and the whole crowded with men, whilst the large Junks, of which there were several, had large Crow's Nests, full of men with Stink Pots, at each Masthead, resembling the beacon of Southern Beacon.

The tide being ebb, their Junks and boats were all under management, stemming the tide, whilst it was with difficulty we could perceive our position.

Their Guns being of longer range, their Shot flew all round and over both the *Coromandel* and the Boats who were lying on their oars near us. Poor Pearn<sup>1</sup> was struck by a round Shot a few minutes after I had spoken to the Boats to

<sup>1</sup> A master's assistant, belonging to the *Calcutta*.—Ed.

fall back. I gave orders for his boat to pull to *Encounter* with all speed, with this fine lad, full of Courage and life, lying in their Stern Sheets. His Boat's Crew stripped to their flannels and showed their anxiety and affection for their young gallant Commander, who had been under fire so often before.

Providentially the *Coromandel* backed straighter than I ever before saw her, and we retired until we were abreast of Fort Macao, over which their shot flew. In front of me was literally a mass of human beings covering the whole breadth of the River, steadily pulling towards us, led on by 2 heavily armed and manned Junks. Whatever may have been the feelings of any other person, I can honestly write my own, for I had never seen the Chinese as an *attacking* party, and to use a common expression "my heart was in my mouth." When I looked at the mass advancing and the multitude behind them coming on, it brought home to me the reward offered for our own heads, the handful of men when compared to them (for at least 7,000 or 8,000 men were in front of us), the inability of the *Hornet* coming in one direction, or *Encounter* in the other, the certainty that if one or two well-directed shot struck us near the water our machinery must have been hit, the great chance of grounding which would be a signal for a further advance, and the knowledge that Macao Fort had no heavy guns to reply. All this combined made me feel our helplessness, and for a short time I thought our lives were gone, and had they possessed common courage we must have been captured and destroyed, for if they had approached faster we must have backed astern faster. The water was dead low and so there was a greater chance of our grounding.

I was afraid they would throw on shore 1,000 or 2,000 men at Fort Macao and cut off every soul, and for a short time thought it wiser to withdraw them. Happy am I to think the Admiral thought better, so the boats were ordered in to strengthen it. We then withdrew farther back and their shot flew over and struck the Fort, which replied with rifles, for 2 or 3 were within 1,000 yards. Matters looked critical for

half an hour when, to my delight, I saw them, with the first of the flood, move back and gradually up the creek. As they retired we advanced. We threw rockets and some shot.

[Commanders] Bate and Rolland, who were on board, were surprised at the magnitude of their fleet, their firing and advancing. Both were out here during the last war.

I found that poor Pearn lingered for about an hour. He asked the surgeon of the *Encounter* if he were dying. When told he was, said: "Oh, my poor father. I died for my Queen and Country. God bless the Queen, long live the Queen."

[Canton was bombarded and captured on December 28, 1857. The city was taken by escalade, and an ultimatum given to Yeh which was to be answered in forty-eight hours. The time should have expired on Sunday 27, but as William rather naïvely remarked, it was decided to keep the Sabbath as a day of rest and "commence the week's work" on Monday 28. He had landed on Christmas Day with Mr. Parkes, the Consul, and assisted him to paste up handbills, warning peaceable inhabitants to move out of the line of fire, which would be opened on Monday. He wondered uneasily "where the poor creatures are to move to? to starvation and murder amongst those scoundrels, the village Braves." On the 28th, the British were under the walls of the city and, in William's words, "commenced our necessary destruction and it would have been pitiable had there been time to think of it, to witness calling people out of their houses, breaking open the doors . . . and then setting fire to them. One poor deaf and dumb creature dragged out. . . . In an hour about 100 houses were on fire."

On the 29th the walls were scaled, and a few days afterwards Yeh, who was in hiding in Canton, was taken prisoner. Our losses were about one hundred and thirty killed and wounded, more than one half of which were of the Naval Brigade.]

1858. *February 20th.* An old promise of mine to shew my friend Mrs. MacLeod the Ex-Viceroy Yeh, who has been kept in strict seclusion, prevented my attending the Races. So at 1.30 P.M. I went on board *Inflexible* with the MacLeods, and



going through the form of asking Yeh's permission, we went down into the cabin. He at once turned his eyes away from my good little friend and kept them steadily upon the deck. His garments were of the dirtiest description, which he had worn for 10 years, and the odour proceeding from them, from the cabin and his pipe rendered a short stay by far the most pleasant. Several commonplace questions were asked him, and on our taking our departure, he was asked whether he would shake hands with MacLeod and myself to which he gave a ready assent. Upon the same request being made for Mrs. MacLeod, he shook his head vehemently and with clasped hands said it was against his religion ; he dare not look on a woman.

*March 18th.* Piracy is, has been and I suppose ever will be in existence among the Chinese. As they say, "if one piecy boat have three piecy men and catch one piecy boat with two piecy men. He catch he !"

*August 25th, 1857.* Our Boards of Admiralty are most absurdly constituted. Here is Mr. T. Baring [afterwards Lord Northbrook] who was Private Secretary to Sir C. Moore Walker, as one of the Lords ; then the report is that either Lord John Hay or Lord Clarence Paget will probably become members *because* they are in Parliament.<sup>1</sup> It is a joke and should be exposed that our Rulers are made of such material. Take either of them—a pair of Lords, and "Good fellows." But they know little of the Service, have no experience, and in the profession have rushed through the lower grades of apprenticeship. Both with handles to their names, and both to whom the salary would be the most important thing. Of course, they are chosen by the 1st Lord, and become his tools, and the Civilian [Sir Charles] Wood, makes the others sign whatever he chooses. I am surprised that the Naval Members did not resign rather than see the Country and Service endangered by these wholesale reductions and

<sup>1</sup> Lord John Hay was Junior Sea Lord in 1866 and 1868-71 ; Second Sea Lord in 1880-83 ; and First Sea Lord in 1886. Lord Clarence Paget was Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty from 1859 to 1866.—Ed.



unjust acts, and taking away the gratuities of Petty Officers. I am ashamed of the Naval Lords.

*September 18th.* Was glad to have made the acquaintance of General Barrett, a good warm-hearted gallant soldier, with plenty of decision and nerve. He goes to India to-morrow. I was much struck with his answer when I enquired whether he would have a Division or not? He said, "Well, Hall, thro' my life I have always been a waiter on Providence, and have found things all come out right at last. I shall say to Sir Colin Campbell '*Here I am*' and he will say '*There you go,*' and away I shall go."

Now there is a whole practical sermon contained in those few words.

*21st September.* Paid Lord Elgin a visit. Had a long conversation with Mr. Bruce, and as I shall be glad to see hereafter how wrong my surmises and opinions have been or how right, I will write down a few leading points.

I assume and believe the Rebels are in great force about 80 miles north of Canton, also that in the City there are many of them.

I believe that these Rebels, from what I can learn, are holding back until we approach Canton, and then will close it. A blockade right round the City by water on our part will cause the Rebels to advance, both by water and land, to the north of us. The inhabitants of the villages will flock towards the City. The braves of the villages will at first leave Canton to attempt to defend their Cities. Food must be short and great distress exist. Should the braves leave the City, the panic will be great in the City, and they will dread our assaulting. Then I think they will offer to throw open the City, pay our demands and settle our claims. In that case we should insist on occupying the defences of the City to humble their arrogance, and convince them of our power, notifying that the Rebels should not approach the City, that we should receive it intact until the New Treaty was signed, that they should open the River and allow trade to be resumed. This would allow the village braves to devote all

their energies to disperse the Rebels. Much distress would at once be removed by the water communications being free, and thousands and tens of thousands, poor souls, would resume their usual occupation and livelihood on the Canton river.

If they are obstinate and we are compelled to storm and bombard it, the moment we begin we may expect to see the Rebels advancing towards it, and as they approach the place, their adherents inside will arise and much bloodshed take place ; it will be unavoidable after it once commences, for we cannot engage to stop the Rebels or we should have more on our hands than we could manage. Under these circumstances, should not Lord Elgin point out on the score of humanity these probabilities to the Court of Peking, as he is about to write ? I think decidedly he should, and give them the chance of ordering Yeh back and Peking the chance to give our terms. But 30,000 or 40,000 Chinese lives *may* be saved at least by doing so, or at all events, we shall have the satisfaction of feeling and the world of knowing, our policy has been a just and merciful one. Mr. Oliphant says " that with 500 Troops he would march to Peking, or right thro' China ! " *Courageous Oily !*

*September 27th.* I must relate a strange renewal of acquaintance. The evening before Fowler left I called with him on Mrs. MacLeod to take leave. Whilst there I was told by this lady that she had a friend stopping with her who was most desirous to know whether I recollected her at Lisbon when she was a child. Her name was McAndrew, having married last May at Macao. On enquiring her name as a maiden, I found that it was Mary Ann Watson, whose sister Harriet I was particularly sweet on, and went out with the idea of proposing to at Cintra 16 years since. I found that Harriet was still Harriet Watson, living with her eldest sister at Paris. That Elizabeth, whom I was up to the eyelashes in love with, was married in Cheshire. Down Elizabeth's back I dropped the iron key of a park gate to stop her nose bleeding ; it slipped thro' my fingers.

I found out that Miss Harriet has had several offers, as I imagined. She is right to remain single if she cannot find the being on whom she can place her affections. Strange is life.

*5th October.* 12 Marines and 10 Bluejackets went on board *Ava* as a guard and boat crew to Lord Elgin, for it was scarcely creditable to see "his Lordship" pulled about by Chinese or Malays, and his bodyguard some natives disbanded from the 20th Regt. who murdered or tried to murder their officers. A gangway sentry, a black man, without shoes, and a broomstick for his side arms.

*16th October.* Dined on board *Ava* in the evening, a large party on board. Band in attendance from this ship. Dined on deck. Band much admired, and had the order given by myself for them to leave by 9.30 p.m. been adhered to, all would have ended well. Result of an hour's delay—a solo on the Horn playing "Love Not," a lick on the lip from another man to the Leader, the Drummer lying like a hog, sprawling on the quarter-deck, and the only words clearly uttered and frequently repeated—"I'm a man. I'm a man."

[Lord Elgin, the British Plenipotentiary, was convinced that the Chinese must be brought to their knees by force.

William, after a conversation with Mr. Bruce, Lord Elgin's brother, on September 21, 1857, wrote in his Diaries: "that bloodshed would have been avoided by a firm but *pacific* attitude on the part of the British, if at the commencement of operations the city of Canton had been blockaded by water, and an immediate note sent to the Court of Peking, enlisting their help against the rebel leader Yeh."

In 1857, on October 21, William noted that Sir Michael Seymour had just returned on board from an interview with Lord Elgin. The latter had remarked that we had no hope of getting a new Treaty, except at the point of the bayonet, and in reply to a remark of the Admiral's as to the possibility of "Yeh's yielding," he had said: "That is the very thing I do not want." William added that there was still time for diplomacy to avert further hostilities, and, "I sincerely trust that not a shot or shell may be fired which will

disappoint many fire-eaters, who cannot be satisfied unless great destruction of Chinese life takes place."

After Canton was taken and Yeh captured by the British, he was degraded by Imperial edict, "for not soothing the barbarians," and another Commissioner was appointed. William wrote in March 1858, that : "This will, I hope, dispel at once all prospects of further war." He was convinced that, while sterner measures should be employed in individual cases (he complained of the atrocities perpetrated on Europeans after the capture of Canton while the "flags of the two powerful nations fly over the City"), a skilful diplomacy should be used instead of force.

After the capture of Yeh, the British and French Ambassadors, supported by the Russian and American Ministers, sent a request to the Emperor that he should dispatch a plenipotentiary to Shanghai to conclude peace and to meet Lord Elgin.

No Chinese ambassador being forthcoming (the Emperor was quite indifferent as to what befell the cities of the coast line), Lord Elgin decided to renew hostilities in the north on the Peiho, a river on which Peking stands.

William wrote that a little more patience would have averted this move, that though the Forts would be certainly successfully taken (as they were), they would be as certainly re-armed again by the Chinese, and thus further wars would be inevitable.

In April 1858, Sir Michael Seymour sailed from Hong Kong. He arrived at the Gulf of Pechili, into which the Peiho river falls, on the 24th of the month.

The Emperor finally sent a Commissioner named Tan to Taku, a town at the mouth of the river, to meet Lord Elgin, who sent in his demands. They were avoided, and on May 6th, Tan was given an ultimatum. Six days elapsed, bringing no reply from Tan, and on May 19th, the Ambassadors handed over matters to the Navy.

On April 24th, in describing this situation, William wrote : "The Russian told the Admiral that his orders were distinctly not to engage in hostilities. The American has the same views, so it comes to this—four powers make a demand—the answer is unsatisfactory. Two of the powers are against war, but the other two virtually commence a serious war

with China, with all the miseries attendant on it. Because we are strong, ought we to have a war to force them to give us a new Treaty? No.

"The trouble is that England is in too settled a state of safety. Six days will show us whether we have a Chinese war thro' blundering or not.

"It will be unjust, and every sacrifice of life the English Ambassador must place to his own account, for he leads the French.

"Captain Osborn (of the *Furious*) came on board, and we had a talk about the capture of the Forts. When I mentioned the advantage of giving the Chinese a way of escape, he did not agree, and said also that he had no wish to make prisoners."

Britain was to reap an unpleasant harvest of this early sowing. In June 1859, British forces were again to attack the Peiho Forts, only this time they suffered a severe defeat at the hands of the Chinese.

The British losses were heavy; many of the wounded were drowned as they lay in the mud round the Forts, and three gunboats had to be abandoned.

The news electrified England. The newspapers screamed out their astonishment and horror that the Chinese, so far utterly despised as an enemy, should inflict such an indignity on Britain.

Twelve months were to pass before our prestige in China was restored, and peace concluded. Rear-Admiral James Hope<sup>1</sup> had succeeded Sir Michael Seymour, and Mr. Bruce was now plenipotentiary. It was a shameful chapter in English history.]

*May 18th.* All arrangements made for an attack on the Forts in consequence of the Ambassadors of France and England taking upon themselves the responsibility and calling upon their Admirals to take action.

The Ambassadors' piratical act relieves the Admirals from declaring war.

Drums beating, flags flying and all the rest of it! As if men were as easily brought to life, as killing, or as if it

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Admiral of the Fleet Sir James Hope.—Ed.

were heroic, shooting and shelling Chinese for diplomatic blunders !

*May 19th.* The French Adml. and Flag Captain, also Captains Lévêque, Nicolson, Osborn and myself were confronted, and the mode of the attack explained, etc., as it was open to discussion. I expressed my most decided opinion that it was wrong. There were 3 forts on the South Shore, and one on the North. The former was to be taken by the Division under the Command of Capt. Reynaud and myself. His division was to be towed and carried up by the *Leven*, Gunboat, mine by the *Firm*. The *Staunch* and *Bustard* were to tow up and carry in Sir Frederick Nicolson's division, he being in the *Staunch* with [his men from the] *Pique* ; Osborn in the *Furious*, whilst Capt. Lévêque had the *Opossum* for his service.

The orders were to attack the North fort first, acting on the supposition that the Chinese would *not* fire first, and that these Boats would get into position to effect a landing and storm (after the larger Gun vessels had silenced the forts, which Gun vessels were to steam up slightly astern of them).

I observed, that to send Gunboats laden with men in front would to be court a loss, while if they only discharged their guns close and bolted, many lives would be lost ; but that the Gunboats and landing parties should remain out of fire until the bombarding parties of the Force had done their work, then push on with the others, cease firing and land. Capt. Reynaud agreed with me. Not so the others. It was not brilliant enough for them. "The Chinese would bolt after the first shot !" "They would not give you the chance of firing a second time." All spoke against my proposal. I concluded by saying that if I thought I could save the limb of a 2nd Class boy I should deem it my duty to do so.

This consultation ended by what I called, sending the Storming Party before a Breach was made.

*Wednesday, 19th May.* Woke the night before last and remained awake fighting against the idea that I should either be killed, or be severely wounded on taking these

Forts. Fought against it, and prayed for Faith to Trust in God, which I could not say I received then. But this day I awoke after a most refreshing rest, and commenced making all the arrangements with a bold and calm heart. After dinner got *Slaney* alongside and moved all our Party into her. *Firm* taking those of the *Fury*—we then picked up the French Adml. and when we left the French Flagship's stern, her Band struck up "God Save the Queen," which was acknowledged by the hearty cheers of our Division on board *Slaney*. The cheering was then taken up by the other French Ships and returned in a similar manner. Opposite the *Furious* the Admiral stopped, and paid a visit to Lord Elgin, receiving a letter which had been written by the Synalogues of the Embassy, calling on Tan to give up the Forts to the Commander-in-Chief, which were to be held until existing difficulties had been removed, and granting 2 hours for an answer. This letter was to be delivered at that time which would, when the 2 hours had expired, prove the most favourable for the attack to commence. We anchored near the *Coromandel*, close to the Russian Steamer *America*, and on board the former vessel the Captains assembled. And the first remark made by Captns. Sir F. Nicolson and Osborn, on their reaching the Quarterdeck was : "I hope, Sir, your original plan of attack will not be changed." This said so pointedly before me, of course I could not but feel. But now the two Admirals had determined to be guided by the opinions of Capts. Dew and Tryon, who had been lying there for some time, and these latter unhesitatingly recommended that the forts should be first bombarded and a few broadsides fired, and then the Landing Parties to land. At the last moment this plan was adopted, and I received most emphatic injunctions from my brother Flag Captain, that we were to land in the same boat and our respective Marines were to form and advance together, and in fact a very precise military movement. I assured him it would be impossible to restrain the Bluejackets whilst the Marines were forming—nor did I think it advisable. The extract from the "Journal des Debats," in which it is stated they were



waiting 2 hours for us in the Canton attack, was still remembered by many of our force with no pleasant feelings. At last all was said that had to be said—and I laid me down and slept peacefully.

[On May 28th, at 8 a.m., William and the French Flag Captain, Captain Reynaud of the *Némésis*, landed, bearing a demand for the surrender of the Forts within two hours. No answer was returned. The Synalogues were interpreters.]

*May 20th.* The first thing, I proceeded to *Cormorant* and saw the Chinese were quite prepared. Moved the *Firm* closer to *Coromandel* out of the line and range of shot—as she would have to move up my Division. Gave a message to Sir F. Nicolson with respect to his Gunboats dropping down ; he said they had dropped, and were all clear—the most absurd thing to see them remain within range like Targets. It makes one uncharitable enough to think that a long list of Casualties was desired to add to their renown, for it was cruel and unnecessary ; they were lying with their heads to the Ebb, fronting the batteries.

At 8.30 Captain Reynaud and myself, accompanied by the Synalogues, landed and walked up to the old Blue Tent, where were Sweetmeats, Tea, etc., which we were pressed to partake of. My eyes were much more gratified however by observing that behind the long line of Sandbag Parapet there was no ditch inside nor any flanking Gun, and I had a most quiet survey of the spot. For Chinese, they had done well in their construction, for large piles of timber had been driven into the mud at Low Water Mark—so close no Boat could get inside them. They calculated on our landing at High Water. This effectually prevented it, for the men wd. have been up to their necks, and at Low Water up to their knees in soft, although most tenacious mud. But they had not piled beyond the immediate front, and our point of landing was on the flank nearest up the River.

Breakfasted, and went on board *Firm*, with my Division ; ordered the Marines out of the Paddle Box Boats. *Leven*

received my colleague's Division and lay astern. Commanders-in-Chief hoisted their Flags on board *Slaney*. The Russians on board the *America*, and Americans on board the *Antelope*, in their rigging and tops, were most anxious to see the ball open. At half past 10 the 2 hours had expired ; orders had been given that should the Chinese open fire it was not to be returned until the signal was made. This was done to prevent our Ships firing first, and that it might unmistakably prove the enemy commenced, as well as enable our Gunboats to get better into their berths. At the appointed time the Signal was made to proceed and the *Cormorant* started off like a Greyhound. I never saw a finer sight, with her Raking Masts, her symmetrical shape, and great speed.

The Forts waited a minute or two, when they all opened on her, and the old saying " Fortune favours the Brave," was proved in her case. Gallantly she steamed on, as though treating their attempts to arrest her progress with disdain, and not a shot was returned—one (or two) came brushing along to where we lay, dropping or rather finishing their range close to the Russian Steamer. For many minutes she was quite unsupported. The Signal was made to fire, when she opened, and being in position, completely enfiladed the North Fort, and as completely silenced it in 5 or 10 minutes. The French were long moving up to support. This I fancy was not so much from want of steam as having neglected breaking their anchors out before the Signal, and it delayed them. I think *Cormorant* was alone about 18 minutes.

At last the *Mitraille* and *Firm* moved up, *Nimrod* having previously advanced on her side. The Forts really worked well, and had they possessed our modern appliances, no more formidable enemy would be found behind the Wall of a Battery. The Gun Boats moved up. I landed on the South Shore with my Division, and the French had not to wait—Now if I once began to say I did this or that, I should be doing harm. So I will conclude all by saying :

" I did my duty." The Forts fell. The Powder Magazine of the one occupied by the French blew up and several were

killed and wounded. The Chinese fled towards Taku and beyond it. The *Bustard*, *Opossum* and *Staunch* gallantly led up to the attack of a heavy Battery in advance, the *Bustard* leading. I then went in to Taku in *Firm*—met *Slaney* with the Commanders-in-Chief, landed and took 9 Brass Field Pieces—searched Tan's House and close to it saw a poor fellow lying with his head clean off alongside him, his hands tied behind his back, and we were informed it was for cowardice. The Troops had all bolted 8 miles further on, and Wade said that they were picked battalions from Pekin. Sir F. Nicolson and his Party took charge. We returned to *Coromandel*, *Belleisle*, Hospl. Ship, just anchoring. Sent wounded off. *I never believed we had right on our side.*

[William's coxswain, by name Quick, wrote the following account of the storming of the Peiho Forts :

“ Captain Hall went on board the *Firm*, and ordered the Marines out of the Paddle Box Boats, seeing the danger of having them in the Boats. Not three minutes afterwards, they were smashed to pieces by the enemy's shot.

“ When Captain Hall landed in his Galley, his Boat was the first in, and he pushed straight up to the Forts with his Boat's crew, and the Division followed close on his heels through mud up to the knees. He and his men jumping down into the trench climbed the parapet over the other side into the Fort amongst the Chinese. There was a large number of them who fled after a hot fight.”]

*May 26th.* Anchored off Tientsin the proximity of which was announced to us by many salt depots on the banks. We anchored in a species of gutter, 3 or 4 fms. of water within 10 yards of either shore. Hundreds of Chinese came down, some swimming, all with small birds on their heads to offer as peace offerings ; others pushing baskets with eggs before them.

Town people came to offer bullocks, sheep, etc., as a present, whilst every other man on board was to be seen with a fine large radish in his hand or mouth.

The first report was the authorities had fled. A report also that other Commissioners, a Prince of the Blood being one, had been nominated.

27th. Moved up and moored in the junction or outlet of the Grand Canal.

28th. Started with *Cormorant* at 6. Astonished to find her skipper's cabin choking full of mandarin's dresses, and had some forced upon me. I scrupled to take them, and still deem it wrong, but the only excuse was I *had* accepted them, and Saumarez was most averse to my returning them. He amused me very much by his telling me the Frenchmen came on the same mission, so he pointed out a locality for them, and stuck to his own preserve. Whether there is anything in the air of China, or because the Chinese are such looters themselves, it is surprising the systematic manner and apparent right everyone feels to "put his hands to looting," and I have found in China how hard it is to keep from breaking the Commandment, when you know there is no policeman near you.

#### [FOREIGN MINISTERS]

The Russian is a regular hard-weather-looking seaman, clear-headed he has proved himself to us, and clever he must have proved himself at home to have been A.D.C. to the Emperor, and Chief of the Staff to Prince Menshikoff to defend Kronstadt against our anticipated attack in 1856. He has failed in his Mission to Peking and hopes as he tells me to see the Gunboats going up the Pei-Ho to Tientsin as the only chance of obtaining a new Treaty.

Mr. Reed is a *Philadelphia Lawyer*, not brought up as a Statesman, but eminent in his State—carrying great weight with him. I think an honest upright man, who told me the day the Mail arrived he was more interested in the news of his first grandchild being born and his daughter becoming a mother than all other affairs. He said it was their business to remain quiet, and I presented him with Saml. Taylor Coleridge's work, wherein he says, "The way to make a man a foolish Ambassador is to bring him up for one." And that "a love of Country, an honest heart and knowledge of the Ten Commandments form all the requisites for a Diplomatist."

[In June 1858, the Treaty was signed at Tientsin between China and England, France, Russia, and America. England secured two important and beneficial provisions :

1. Sanction of a Resident British Ambassador at Peking.
2. British subjects were secured a right of travelling over every part of China.

William, writing about this Treaty, said : " We forced a Treaty out of a weak and divided nation, which Treaty will be delayed and evaded when they can do so with safety. The Treaty was conceived by vanity and ambition, and obtained from them by mighty wrong and piracy. The Treaty was forced from them by necessity, the land being overrun by rebels. The misrule since Lord Elgin's advent is sad. We have spared when we should have struck, and struck unjustly without a cause except the power of doing so. We have forced a Treaty from a nation at peace with us. We commenced wars and piratical acts in the North, and in the South were bullied by the Braves. A year ago *they* ought to have been well licked."

As well as disapproving of Lord Elgin's diplomacy in China, William had reasons for disliking him personally, as there were very strained relationships between him and Sir Michael Seymour, which afterwards developed into a war of official correspondence.

William, of course, threw himself into the fray with ardent partisanship, and his Diaries during his Chinese appointment bristle with indignation against the Plenipotentiary. He wished that " Lord Elgin would come off his stilts and walk in his boots."

He wondered whether " one will yet become radical enough to ask what is the use of a House of Lords ? A dozen peers of Lord Elgin's stamp would cause thousands of chartists in the middle classes, and cause more to capsize his order than he or the peers can conceive. Lord Elgin was sent out for Canton. He pooh-poohs it with a peculiar aristocratic curl of his lip and pug nose. He has said once or twice, ' Canton ? Canton ? I did not come out for Canton.' Most noble Earl, you will find before you leave China that you did, and the sooner you realise it the better for all parties."

He noted that his Lordship was " a needy man and a

hungry dog ready for India if he could displace a better man, i.e. Lord Canning."

He observed disapprovingly that "Lord Elgin has treated the merchants with cool disrespect, but he will find yet that they carry shot with sufficient range to reach him in the House of Lords."

But when Sir Michael Seymour's health was affected by all the unpleasantness, William's wrath knew no bounds with the "electro-plated or brass coronet."

*August 19th, 1858.* "I calmly and coolly write my opinion that his (Sir Michael's) ill-health has been caused by the undignified and unfeeling behaviour dating from April 26th, when he first found fault about the gunboats not being there, and said he was determined that a Committee should enquire into the affair. This threat to a high-minded, honourable soul like Sir Michael . . . etc."

William avoided shaking hands with the object of his detestation, and on one occasion succeeded in making his Lordship colour up with mortification.

What with his disgust over the war, dislike of Lord Elgin, and a nervous fear which haunted him sometimes that he would suddenly hear that either Louisa or one of his children had died, he was rather pleased when the Chinese Commission came to an end.]

*July 20th.* We have been drifting about with light variable winds, and are now 200 miles off the Rugged Islands, but last night got her steam up. The wretchedness of a sailing vessel most apparent.

*August 4th.* Taken in tow by the *Inflexible*. Before doing so however, lost my temper most forcibly and unnecessarily with Lt. Walker<sup>1</sup> attending on the lower deck. A serious accident very nearly occurred, thro' want of judgment by himself or those under his orders, and instead of being thankful to God that no lives were lost, I got in a great passion and called him a — lubber. The following day he wrote a letter. It went to the Admiral. The Devil, who had me well in hand, still made my conduct more foolish and wrong. Again lost my temper, and eventually on Saturday

<sup>1</sup> This was the first lieutenant, Douglas Walker.—Ed.



I came to my senses, and expressed regret to Walker at having said anything to hurt his feelings and also to the Admiral who has been kindness itself to me.

*September 1st.* I gave away my portrait of Yeh and plan of the 96 villages, with their statistical information. I have thus been enabled to get rid of a present (which I should not have accepted) of loot. The other silver ornaments I pitched overboard at sea. A difficult thing to keep from thieving when there is no risk in procuring it, and no policeman within 15,000 miles. This looting is considered by most fair game, which I differ from. It is most demoralizing.

*September 5th.* Trade at Canton stagnant and much mistrust prevails on the part of the Chinese. It is thought Tea in moderate quantities is near at hand. But they cannot understand if all the bobbery is finished, why "them Sodger man" remain. The Commission cannot be abolished except by Lord Elgin. And the Consul, Mr. Alcock, does not feel himself in a position to commence his Consular duties whilst the Military occupation and Government last.

Lord Elgin has returned from Japan, having made a Treaty there. But Mr. Harris, the American, had forestalled him. The American Consul-General was landed with his portmanteau, and left to his own resources; without bullying Naval force, or pomp, procured voluntarily an admirable Treaty. This is diplomacy; knocking a fellow over the head with his hands in irons, is not.

The Russian has a large slice of Territory. The Count stated nothing but truth to me when on more than on one occasion he said, "Sir, I find these poor men most reasonable—most reasonable, and kind in every way, and always quite ready, sir, to yield all they can. But they can't yield everything, it is impossible."

Another remark is worthy. In the Treaty the word signifying Barbarian was never more to be used. In the last Pekin Gazette we *are* called Barbarians. The fact is the Treaty has not half the importance attached to it—the most valuable part is the opening of the Ports, which I



believe we should have got by Lord Elgin settling all at Canton.

The *gammon* about not building houses in Peking higher than the palace is dust thrown in our eyes. In fact I pity the poor fellow who has to carry out the Treaty, and hope we shall be in Old England. The remark made by the Chinese Commissioners when protesting against the admission of Ambassadors at Peking was most correct. "They will only bring trouble because sometimes you send fools, and they fight with each other."

*September 25th.* Tortosa day. Two of the crew, old *Benbows*, who were employed in her boats, dined together, and it gave me great pleasure to give them a bottle of ale each. 18 years have made us all feel old and look it.

*October 15th.* Heard also by the last Mail from Admiral Austen and little Florence Shaw. How it recalls old scenes and happy by-gone days to hear from one whom you had nursed as a baby—How much it reminds one of the quick voyage of life, the young ones saying, like a policeman—"Move on."

*October 31st.* MacLeod was met by his Chinese boy saying, "One small piecey Baby come at 1 o'clock" which was the case. His wife gave birth to a daughter. I am to be the God-papa to Fanny Maud MacLeod.

*Wednesday, 10th November. 6 a.m.* A most lovely morning, the Eastern sky so soft and peaceful, and the sun about to rise, for the last time, on the *Marine* who murdered Mr. Saye, Engineer of the *Hesper*. We are about to assemble to witness this spectacle. How hard and impossible it is to realise that to this man—in sound health and vigour, in full possession of his faculties—in two hours this world and all its concerns will have ceased to be.

At 8 a.m. the gun fired on board the *Hesper*, and the prisoner was run up to the Foreyard arm. I never heard or read of more determined nerve than this unhappy man has shewn. Without any bravado, and moulded in a better mind, he would have been a fine character.

The evening before his execution he remarked to the Master-at-Arms, "Well, I do not think there is much need of thought about whether a man is a Catholic, Protestant, Calvinist" (or other sects, mentioning them all) "but if a man asks forgiveness of God from his heart, he will receive it. But the sect" he said, "I do not understand are the Mormons," talking as coolly as possible.

He also expressed a wish that a man named Will should be sent to hang him, (he had known him in prison) for it would get him his freedom.

To Will, the man, with whom he shook hands when about to place the noose, he said, "I hope this will get you your pardon." Will replied that it would, and hoped he would not think ill of him for doing it. "Certainly not," he replied. He also said to the Marine Guard, "Good-bye, boys." Asked forgiveness of the crew. Said he hoped all would forgive him, as he forgave everyone, and hoped he might be prayed for. The poor soul walked up boldly, and went up without a struggle.

The *Hesper* was moored out 2 miles. *Coromandel* and gunboats took the ship's crew out, as did *Niger*. The boatmen of each boat went on board to man the . . .

This is the first, may it be the last, execution I may have to witness.

*December 9th.* The Party (at the Club, Hong Kong) was very pleasantly sustained. But I certainly, without being strait-laced, should not desire to see my wife or daughter or in fact any for whom I entertained respect, or regard, hugged in the embraces of a Polka or Waltz. I cannot imagine anything to be more likely to inflame the passions of the Partners, whilst I do not say that this is generally the case. But it gives any ill-principled designing fellow opportunities of making an acquaintance of one hour's knowledge, ripen into uncommonly friendly familiarity—I think the Queen was right in not allowing it, as I have heard was the case at the Palace.

The quadrille has quite action enough and opprotunity

enough to enable the parties to show their figures, and attitudes, and the light fantastic toe, if they choose to do so.

*21st December.* Dined at Col. Caine's meeting our French friends at dinner and I was seated next Baron Chaperon who talked much, and was very amusing, and altho' there may be almost a breach of confidence in appearance, it is not really so, speaking of so public a character as the Emperor of France. He said the only time he ever saw the Emperor display any emotion was during the birth of his child. The Empress suffered great agony and for 12 hours and more. The Baron with many other High Officers of State were in the adjoining room compelled to listen to her fearful and terrible cries of anguish and pain. At one time they were more loud and piercing, and the Emperor deadly pale, rushed to the door exclaiming, "What are they doing to her?" The Prince Murat who is a very large man—stood with his back against the door—put his arms out and said, "Sire, I am a bigger man than you, you cannot pass me." And prevented him. As soon as the Child was born they were called in to witness it and the umbilical cord just then cut.

I asked after Thiers. He said he was in Paris, and ready to take office. But the Emperor would not employ him yet, but alluded to him when he opened the Chambers in terms such as "an Author who writes as conscientiously as he does ably." He said if the Empress has another child her life will be in danger. Chaperon was at School with the French Princes and told me Joinville was a great radical, had written one or two Pamphlets. Adml. Lalande had said to him—"Prince, this Pamphlet will do harm—it will not matter to me, for I shall be in my grave, nor to my sons, for they will not be old enough—But it will do you harm, and your family for the Principles will be obeyed—by the People."

Chaperon in his amusing manner informed me his wife's sister was to be married to a Prince of Hesse-Cassel, a vulgar, fat drinking fellow—He said the Emperor announced it to him, and he said, "Yes, Sire, I am sorry for it." "Oh," said Napoleon, "you will have good shooting."

*March 19th.* At 10 a.m. started under sail. Saluting and cheering. Our departure must have looked very pretty from the shore. We have 71 invalids, including 10 Frenchmen, and a little lad of five and a half, Henry Hance, and also passengers. Farewell to Hong Kong and China. Many anxious and many happy days have I spent there. My last act was to drop Joseph Jardine a line, asking a favour, viz : that MacLeod should accompany his wife home. I think he may grant it.

[On leaving China, William was publicly thanked by the British colony for his services.

The *Calcutta* arrived at Singapore on March 29, 1859, where William said good-bye to the Admiral, Sir Michael Seymour, who hoisted his flag in the *Esk*.]

*Singapore. April 1st.* During the afternoon my kind Admiral gave me a highly complimentary letter thanking me in the kindest way for my work since I had been his Flag Captain.

I am, as I should be, very proud of this document, more especially when I reflect what an out and out Radical I have been, and I fear my hot temper has often betrayed me into expressing my opinion on many matters with a freedom sometimes wanting in respect to so good and kind a Chief.

About 5.30, the Admiral made a most appropriate speech on the quarterdeck to the Officers and men, just saying as much as he should say and all to the point. There was an inclination at once to cheer him the moment he had concluded, but I gave the orders to man Yards, and from there he was cheered 3 times 3 and one over—such *hearty* cheering, real, unmistakable English cheering, I never before heard. Officers and men alike. The Band were most zealously blowing their lungs out to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," but scarcely a note could be heard, so completely drowned were the notes by the Hip Hip Hurrah. The men were hanging like bees about the Rigging. The Admiral hoisted his Flag on board the *Esk* and shortly after I followed him, meeting him at dinner, as also Commodore Tatnall, U.S.N.,

his Captain, the Judge, and Captains Vansittart and Browker. We had a capital dinner on Deck and at 9.30 I landed the Admiral and Jeans and at 10.30 took leave of my kind Admiral and Jeans. A more efficient painstaking Officer than the latter cannot be found. I volunteered my services to the Admiral and assured him I should be ready to sail with him if he ever wished me, and of my readiness to give up any other berth to sail with him. I think gratitude should compel me to do this, his having taken me when he had so many volunteers to select from. This should not be forgotten.

*April 4th.* When daylight did appear, our bearings placed us as near a rock called the Cornelius Rock, as we could be without being on it. These Strait directions and Charts are a disgrace to our Nation.

*May 3rd.* For upwards of 3000 miles we have met no sail, nor even a shark to enliven us.

*July 10th.* We were thirty-six hours perfectly becalmed last night, when people's spirits were at zero ; a light air sprung up and still continues, for we were in the belt of Calm called the Home Latitudes, and I yesterday took stock of water and found by personal inspection we had 55 days water at our present rate of consumption. Now we are all brighter, for 1900 miles to England is no distance, and I pray the breeze may continue.

[On a friend who was drowned at sea :]

May his soul be at peace, though his poor body may be dashing against the rocks.

[The *Calcutta* reached England on July 30th, and he was "staggered" to find a letter from Louisa, informing him that she was not coming home from Halifax, as he had been appointed to command H.M.S. *Indus*, as Flag-Captain to Sir Houston Stewart, C.-in-C. on the North America and West Indies Station. William sent telegrams off to Sir Baldwin Walker, asking whether he was to go to the *Indus* or not, heard that it was the case, saw James and his step-mother, and sailed with his coxswain Quick, on board the *America*, on August 14th, for Halifax. Quick served with

Rs

William in six ships and helped to bring up some of his children—when he commanded the *Royal Adelaide*—in which the family lived.]

*Wednesday August 24th.* 150 miles from Halifax. Much anxiety. May God bless me with a happy meeting and find them all in good health.

*Halifax. Thorndean. September 1st.* Writing this by the side of my dear Louisa.

*October 11th, 1859.* Our child [George] 9 years and 1 month old, left us in the *Tartar*—for school. The trial is great to his mother and grandmother. The little fellow himself is full of excitement, but altho' by no means expressing any wish to remain, shows great feeling because his mother cries, and his constant appeal is for her to cease crying whilst his own eyes are streaming. I have parted from all I love so often, that I am more accustomed, and my feelings are not so acute.

[The *Tartar*, a screw corvette, and the *Devastation*, a paddle-wheel corvette, both started on the same day. Captain Dunlop of the *Tartar* had an idea that by making a sweep away to the northward, he would beat the *Devastation*, who kept to the southward—the result was that the latter got home in a fortnight, and the *Tartar* took thirty-six days, under sail part of the time, meeting gale after gale. The child was George Fowler King-Hall, the next writer in this series of Diaries.

George was sent off with a large sugared cake, given to him by his mother for school, but when provisions on board were getting to the "salt horse" stage, it was suggested to the young traveller that his cake might become mouldy if it was not eaten. It was much enjoyed by the officers of the ward room.]

#### [DEATH OF JAMES HALL]

*Sheerness. March 1869.* In consequence of letters from Southsea, stating my poor father's sufferings and that his continuance of life was precarious, I went there. Arrived at

8.30. Found my dear father perfectly conscious. He was glad to see me, and as I had anticipated the Nurse said he had often asked if his Son William had come.

I told him I believed I was an Admiral. He said that he had prayed that he might be spared to see me one. And recalling, as I did, my entry into the Service in '29, when he took me into the Dockyard to join the *Rapid*, he said, "What a beggarly outfit you had. It was the best I could give you or afford." I assured him I had often wondered he did so much for us, or could do it, and that his example as a good Father had this influence on me, that I would try to follow in his steps. The poor dear old man said, "You have always been a good son." This like the blessing of a patriarch of old was most comforting to me. But conscience at once made me feel what a troublesome, undutiful boy I was.

I deeply regret it now. I can see how much vexation I might have spared him.

*James died on March 30th, 1869.*

1877. Went to Buckingham Palace at 10 and found already appalled a great many of my acquaintances and shipmates.

There is no more pleasant place than a State Ball. The sofas along the Passages enable you to sit down and chat with those you may not have met for years, and compare notes about old Shipmates, as well as see the Company that flow by. But after a long talk with Sir M. Seymour, I followed the stream, and as I could not see Royalty dancing every day, I pushed on to the Upper end of the room, where a Quadrille was dancing. The two most prominent figures were the Princess of Wales, looking pale, and the Princess Mary of Teck, looking very pleased. Her face portrays a happy disposition. The Emperor and Empress of Brazil were present. The former in evening dress. As one of the Court remarked to me, "He is the only one out of uniform, and I think he might have put on some."

At midnight went into the Supper Room, and the Prince seeing me walked towards me, shook hands most cordially,



and had a conversation for 5 minutes. He said, "You were not down at the *Warspite* yesterday. I was there, and took my two boys dressed as Naval cadets." I replied, "I read it, and the Navy considers it a great compliment. Your Royal Highness is lifting us up. We have been too long in the mud." "No, no," he said laughing. I said, "Yes, your Royal Highness." He shook hands and parted laughing.

[ENVOI TO WILLIAM

*"No one knows but that death is the greatest of all blessings to men."*—SOCRATES.

The last nineteen years of William's career were crammed with success and activity.

In 1860, the Duke of Somerset, First Lord of the Admiralty, appointed him to the *Royal Adelaide*, with the remark that he was "happy to have the opportunity of marking my sense of your long and distinguished services, both in China and on previous occasions."

The *Royal Adelaide* was a 104-gun Receiving Depot and Guardship, moored at Devonport, a three-decker line-of-battleship, so top-heavy that she never went to sea in case she capsized. The King-Hall children found her a roomy floating nursery. William had taken to signing himself "King-Hall" to avoid confusion, as a contemporary in Navy was also William Hall. During the Baltic expedition there had been two "Captain William Halls," and later on two "Sir William Halls"; after which William took on the double name unofficially, and it was legalised in course of time. William's god-father, Captain King, expressed a wish that he should carry on his name as he had no son of his own. The King family approved.

William went to H.M.S. *Russell* at Falmouth in 1862-1863. He was a great success there (incidentally the people of Falmouth and Penryn asked him to represent them in Parliament) and when after two years he gave up the Steam Reserve at Sheerness in 1865, more official bouquets were handed to him about his "vigilance, energy, and devotion." And so it went on.

He was Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard from 1865 to 1869. The workmen there loved him, and the townsfolk



ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM KING-HALL, K.C.B.



addressed him in illuminated and flattering terms ; his success was also outstanding as Admiral Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard from 1871-1875. When he left Devonport he was given, as a newspaper of the day remarked, "a really remarkable send-off."

The dockyard men of Keyham enlarged on "his just and impartial administration and example to all under his command." Amongst the qualities they especially liked in him were, "his continual self-sacrifice and unfailing charity, his affectionate sympathy with the poor, and untiring exertions on behalf of the young."

In 1869, William was promoted to Rear-Admiral ; in 1871 the Queen bestowed the K.C.B. on him ; in 1875 he was a Vice-Admiral and he became an Admiral in 1879. His last appointment was Commander-in-Chief at the Nore from 1877-1879. Three months before his death he was awarded the Good Service Pension.

He was extremely active in good works. As the Dictionary of National Biography puts it : "His name was widely associated with naval charities and religious organisations and . . . he possessed a rare understanding of the seaman's nature." He had, according to the same authority, always been fond of preaching "original sermons" in the absence of a chaplain in sea-going ships.

It was also said of him that : "he wished to better the condition of the British sailor, and many valuable improvements in ship-life were due to his influence."

At meetings for charitable cause he would "take the chair and issue good-humoured orders as from his own quarter-deck, checking the prolix and encouraging the backward." One of the temperance meetings he presided over was described in a local paper next day rather curiously, considering the "Cause," as "*convivial*."

It seems superfluous to say that he was ready to engage in battle if the "Cause" required it, and it is not surprising to read that he "always came straight to the point and spoke in a warm-hearted way."

He was, amongst other things, a Freemason, but Temperance was the Benjamin of his philanthropic Young. The National Biography considers that he threw himself into this "Cause" with a zeal peculiarly his own."

The Queen thought a lot of him as a social reformer, and, in 1879, sent him her photograph with words to that effect.

Social reformer. A solemn thought ! James at any rate would have been gratified by the pseudonym, and, had he lived to see it, the summing up in a contemporary newspaper of William's career : "A career which can always be described as an example for the *younger* generation."

But he managed to remain free from the twin demons of smugness and self-righteousness which often ride on the back of the "good man." He was immensely popular. Portions of his Diaries were read by his intimate friends. Cruikshank wanted to illustrate them, but William would not publish them. Once he had them all ready for burning, but Louisa would not hear of it.

It would be agreeable to take leave of William thus, happy in his honoured old age, his affectionate young family and friends around him, and many interests and enthusiasms to keep him busy. Alas ! in the interests of truth it is necessary to add a melancholy post-scriptum. In 1875, Louisa died at Admiralty House, Devonport. The last few years of William's life were marred by a second marriage which was temperamentally unsuitable. She was an elderly widow, who had been a hard-riding hunting woman. Though their brief marriage must have been in the nature of a pleasant interlude for her (her other two husbands were a trifle difficult), it did not, as William had hoped, provide a kindly mother to his daughters. After his second marriage his journals are sometimes depressing reading.

He died suddenly on July 29th, 1886. He wrote in June 1886 :

"Trinity Sunday. Very eventful day in my life, in 1848 . . . married to a loving heart at Halifax. . . I thank God for the absence of anxious, troubled thoughts. Blessed Peace."

These were the last words he wrote in his Diaries.]

END OF WILLIAM KING HALL'S DIARIES

PART III  
THE DIARIES OF  
GEORGE KING-HALL





## THE DIARIES OF GEORGE KING-HALL

[HIS LIFE IN THE SERVICE UP TO THE YEAR 1888]

George was William and Louisa King-Hall's second surviving son, and was born on August 14th, 1850, at Weymouth.

His earliest memories are connected with the sea, for he remembers staring through the portholes of H.M.S. *Bulldog* at the huge waves thrown up by the paddle-wheels of the ship just before she sailed for the Baltic.

He was prepared for the Navy at Grove House, Southsea, one of the Principals being a Mr. W. Johnson. He had been Naval Instructor of H.M.S. *Calcutta*. His educational methods were simple.

He was a great believer in the cane. George was generally caned on Monday mornings. William received the following report: "George will make a capital sea-officer, and in that, as well as other respects, will emulate his Governor."

George went to the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, and, in January 1864, passed into H.M.S. *Britannia*, which had recently arrived at Dartmouth from Portland, having two years previously relieved the *Illustrious* as cadets' training ship.

From time to time a gunboat, the *Dapper*, took the cadets out to sea for the day. The *Britannia* had no top-gallant masts. George, who as a boy was known as "Jacko," like his father, used to run out on the topsail yard and stand on top of the topmast cap, about 120 to 130 feet above water.

When in April 1865 he went to sea in the *Narcissus* (wooden screw frigate, 35 guns) he was a sandy-haired little boy of fourteen years, four feet six inches in height, and so slight that he could easily slip through a ring-bolt on the deck. He could, however, give a black eye if the occasion called for one.

He commanded a dinghy, the crew of which consisted of four sailor-boys, and their duty was to fetch sand for holy-stoning the decks, and beef for the ship. When required for duty, the boatswain's mate piped: "Away dinghy men."

The laughter from the lower deck was ignored by the dinghy's crew and commander.

The Midshipmen were left to themselves to a great extent. George, writing in later years, remarked: "The usual punishment for midshipmen was the masthead. One would be ordered to go to the masthead and keep an eye open for something which could not possibly be seen. For example, one would be told to look for the equator, or, on one occasion when I made the fatal mistake of calling the Commander while he was having a 'stretch off the land,' or perhaps I should say a Sunday afternoon snooze, he ordered me to go to the masthead and let him know when a ship called the *Great Eastern* came in sight. As this famous steamer stuck in the mud when she was being launched and stayed there for three months, afterwards being used for laying the Atlantic cable, and never came East in all her poor career, I was up there a good many hours before he took pity on me and called me down.

"We used to practise boarding and repelling boarders with cutlasses and boarding pikes. The guns in my midshipman days were mostly smooth bore muzzle-loaders. From time to time we would fire at a target about 500 yards from the ship—usually a cask with a red flag on it. If it wasn't convenient to finish the rest of the ammunition it would sometimes be thrown over the side, and got rid of that way. Our main activities were general drills of all kinds with masts and sails, and this kind of work aloft made men wonderfully active and quick. When one is working at high speed at over 100 feet above the deck one has to keep one's wits about one.

"They were a pretty tough lot in the gunrooms of those days. In one ship I was in, some of the midshipmen used to break out of the ship at night at Rio by sliding down the cables, and swimming ashore with their clothes on their heads. I was too much afraid of sharks."

The gun-room of the *Narcissus* was capable of holding

about eighteen midshipmen and mates comfortably, but the mess consisted of thirty-four.

The five cadets took their meals off their sea-chests. At 9 p.m. in harbour, at 8 p.m. at sea, a fork was thrown up to the beam overhead, and everyone under eighteen years of age cleared out of the gun-room. Once there was a rebellion, but the leading spirit was seized and given a dozen with a dirk scabbard by his elders.

The food was poisonous. Ships' biscuits were tapped smartly on the table to knock the weevils out. A chicken is said to have been reared from an egg which had been boiled and was on the verge of being eaten by a midshipman !

A Christmas pudding fell from the hands of a marine servant, an old toper and a relic from the Sikh War, and bounced along the deck. Not a crumb came from it. A "duff" boiled in salt-water in an old jersey, in lieu of a pudding bag, was another item of a menu.

The *Narcissus* was the flagship of the Commander-in-Chief, Rear-Admiral the Hon. Charles Elliot,<sup>1</sup> on the South-East Coast of America. She sailed nearly all the way to Rio, and after a short stay there went to Monte Video, the Falkland Islands, and other places along the coast.

The Admiral had recently married, and on the trips between Rio and Monte Video he took his wife, baby boy, horses, cattle, and goats on board ; the latter were for the baby. George and his friends milked them during the middle watch. No milkpails were carried, but enough of the coveted beverage was drawn off to cause anxious thought to the Admiral's steward.

A favourite sport amongst the midshipmen was to race cockroaches with a piece of candle dip on them.

In the *Narcissus* George saw his first flogging. (Flogging in the Navy was abolished about 1879.) A seaman received thirty lashes, and he and the petty officer, who was mixed up in the affair, were disrated, and towed ashore on a grating. He also saw American paddle frigates fresh from the Civil War, and other ships, such as the ironclad *Monadnock*, a monitor whose upper decks were practically flush with the water.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Charles Elliot. He died in 1895.—Ed.

In 1866, George, now a midshipman, was transferred at Rio to the *Challenger*, a spar-decked corvette. She was on her way to Australia as Commodore's flagship. She averaged over 200 miles a day (it was considered a good passage) to Simons Town, and then on to Sydney, through the "roaring forties." Later George wrote of this trip :

"Gale succeeded gale. There were long seas, 600 feet between the crests of the waves. The ship creaked and groaned in her efforts to outstrip the pursuing rollers ; at times her head was almost buried in the sea, her stern high out of the water, so the rudder had small power or grip. There was always the tendency to broach to, which had to be carefully watched for, for if it took place the ship was in great danger."

In 1866 Sydney was, George wrote, "a small English-looking town. A small steamer connected up the city and the North shore, where there were a few scattered houses." A monthly mail-steamer brought the mail, two months old. Two noted bushrangers called Clarke were hung while he was there.

Melbourne was about twenty years old. Water ran down each side of the street and small bridges crossed from road to pathway, "a Yankee sort of town" thought George.

The Navy was entertained everywhere to picnics and "bonnet hops," and George had an affair with a fourteen-year-old sweetheart in Sydney, whom he promised to come back and marry.

George's superior officers were a curious collection. The Commodore, Rochfort Maguire, an Arctic explorer, suffered from softening of the brain, and towards the end did not know where the ship was going. Finally, he fell down the dock in Cockatoo Island, Sydney, and was invalided home, to die the same year.

There was a good deal of falling about on board the *Challenger* !

At a dinner-party given by the Commodore, George's next door neighbour, a senior lieutenant, fell under the table, and was removed by a couple of marines, and some of the guests were tobogganed down a steep ladder into the boats.

On another occasion, at sea, the same lieutenant, Hornby, rushed on deck, and though the *Challenger* was under sail,

began loudly giving orders to hoist out the boom boats. He was led down to his berth again.

The lieutenant next in seniority was fond of throwing his watch, and sometimes his boots, at the midshipman who called him for his watch on deck. When sober he was a fine seaman.

The "bible classes," held for the midshipmen in the Captain's cabin on Sunday afternoons, were occasionally lively. "A great lump of a man," wrote George, "who had taken orders for the sake of the pay, conducted the classes." When a midshipman, Pat O'Connor by name, drew an uncomplimentary picture of him, he rushed to the door in an effort to show it to the Commander. George was too quick for him, and locked the door. The "Sunday School" set on the parson, pinned him to the ground, and removed the drawing.

O'Connor was the hardest drinking midshipman on board. He arrived with his boat's crew at the Club at Auckland, New Zealand, where a dance was being given to the *Challenger*. He was to wait for the officers. It was eleven o'clock. Through the window of a room on the ground floor a tempting supper could be seen. O'Connor and his boat's crew climbed in, cleared up the food, and made a rapid retreat. O'Connor lost his way to the boat and was found asleep next morning at the end of the pier.

At Hobart, the ship was deserted by all the officers with the exception of O'Connor and a sub-lieutenant. The ladies of the town flocked on board.

At home William meditated over George's letters, and, urged on by Louisa, got him transferred in June 1867 to the *Esk*, a corvette of 21 guns, homeward bound.

She had a rough passage over to Auckland, and one night George nearly lost his life getting in the mizen topsail. He slipped, and just saved himself from dropping into the raging sea below by clutching the futtock-shrouds.

After meeting heavy snow off Cape Horn the *Esk* sighted the *White Adder*, a tea clipper 105 days out from Foochow. Four hours afterwards the *Taiting* came in sight. They were racing to win the prize of £1,000 given to the first clipper which arrived with the new season's tea.

George wrote : "It was a calm at the time, and we were

steaming, so we easily overtook the vessels. Soon afterwards a breeze sprang up, and it was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen, the *Taitsing* rushing along, a mass of canvas, from sky-scrapers to water-sails, a thing of life. . . . It was a rare thing for these clippers to take in a sail, they carried on until the sails were blown away, for there was such competition in this race home."

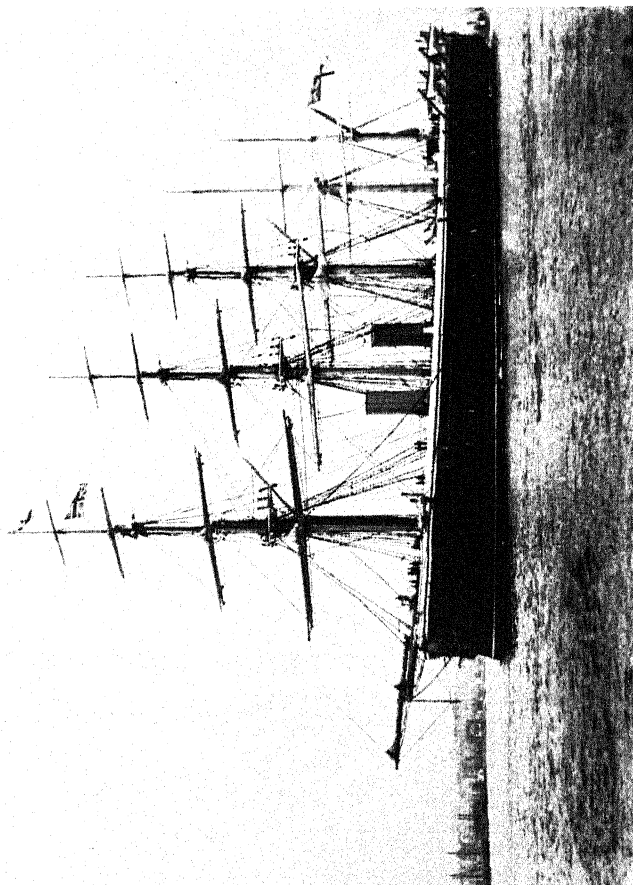
The *Esk* arrived at Portsmouth after a 120 days voyage, and with one day's food on board.

George went home on leave. Since he had last seen his parents he had "rounded both Capes and circumnavigated the world." He was walking in the dusk up through Sheerness Dockyard when William, Captain of the Dockyard, passed him without recognising him. He had grown from four feet six inches to five feet six inches. Surrounded by inquisitive brothers and sisters, his mother said, "Now I must look into the question of your clothes." His sea-chest was opened. There was nothing in it except shells. William asked him where his outfit was? When he realised that George had nothing left but the clothes he stood up in (he had been lent a coat by a brother officer for rounding Cape Horn) he took it well. He was the most indulgent of fathers, but he could not help writing the following in his Diaries :

"Jan. 1868. George very much grown. Very evident that the *Challenger* was an undesirable ship for him. He has been careless in money matters, and requires a new outfit. He also shows a readiness to listen to those who would persuade him that the *executive* class of midshipmen are Fine Fellows, and Gentlemen, who honour the Service by their being in it. . . ."

George served in the *Minotaur*, an armour-plated ship of 17 guns, the flagship of the Channel Fleet, under Captain Goodenough, a former lieutenant of William's in the *Calcutta*. (George's son Stephen was to serve with Commodore Goodenough during the Great War. He was the son of the Captain of the *Minotaur*.)

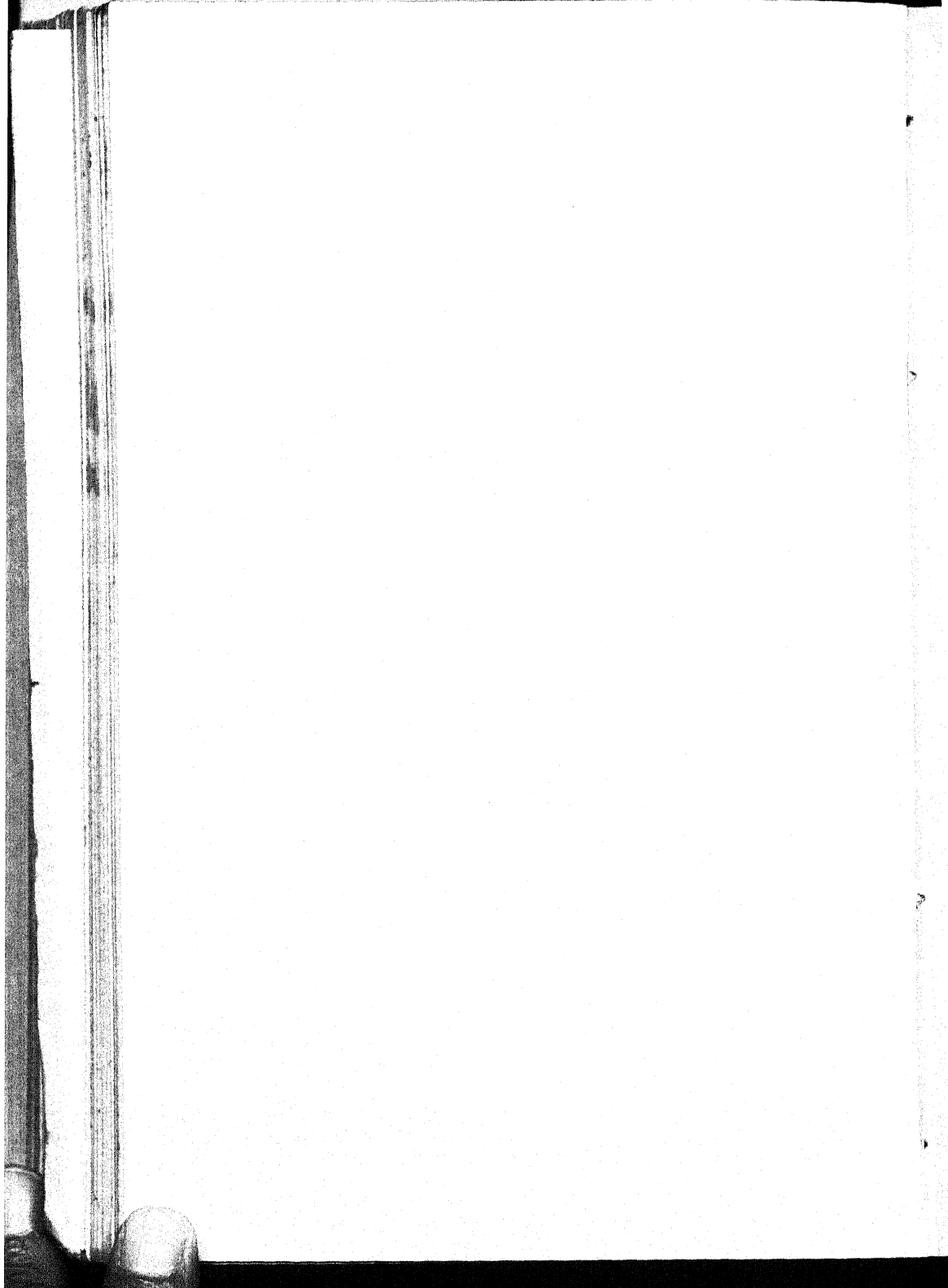
The *Minotaur* went, in 1869, to Wilhelmshaven, a port rented from the Duchy of Oldenburg by Prussia, and opened as a naval port. George recorded that the Prussian Navy then consisted of a wooden frigate and a small gunboat, which had been given to them by England. The King of



H.M.S. "MINOTAUR," 1867

Displacement, 10,690 tons. Launched at Blackwall, 1863. Her last service was as a hulk at Harwich, attached to the Boys' Training Establishment at that port





Prussia (afterwards the German Emperor) and Prince (then Count) Bismarck, came off to visit the *Minotaur*. George took the Field Marshals von Moltke and von Roon in his cutter. He wrote in his Diaries in 1874 : " October 14th. Ran over to the Millwall Docks after study, and went over the *Kaiser*, a fine ironclad frigate building for the Germans. She is to be completed in a few months, and is to carry 8 22-ton Krupp guns in a central battery, and one stern-chaser, no bow-gun, her two foremost and two after guns firing within a small angle of the keel. Her stern gun has hardly any training—she has 10 inch and 8 inch armour, and is expected to realise 14 knots—is ship-rigged, moderately big spars ; over her engine room are strong iron gratings, moveable by screws ; she is to cost about a million and is very well fitted up inside, with maple wood, jalousies, rosewood and mahogany fittings about the cabins. There are two of them exactly similar ; the other one the *Deutschland* is not quite so far advanced. There is no doubt the Germans are getting together, very quietly, a good-sized fleet, having an advantage over ours in being all something alike in shape, size and speed ; but I don't think we need fear them, firstly because the English Navy has never been beaten, except in a few isolated cases, and secondly, Germany will have enough to do during the next century in keeping clear of Russia and France, if she can manage to do so, which I think is rather doubtful."

By 1870 George was a Sub-Lieutenant, and took a first class certificate in seamanship. He wrote, as William had written before him, " Mounted my stripe. Know how delighted my Father will be." He was appointed to the *Lord Warden*, a wooden ship, armour plated, 18 guns, flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir Hastings Yelverton, in the Mediterranean.

The *Lord Warden* cruised about the Mediterranean, and George had a very good time at Malta, where his uncle by marriage was George Gilbard, in the 17th Lancers and D.A.A.G. His wife had been born Fanny Hall, William's step-sister.

George was transferred to H.M.S. *Rapid*, " a smart little sloop." In 1871 he wrote that on one occasion it was : " Hard work sailing the *Rapid* along with a lot of iron lumps, and some anxiety was caused by the way one or two of these

ironclads went on. The *Prince Consort* lost two men killed by the rolling of the ship. She rolled upwards of 43 degrees."

It does not come into the scope of this book to attempt a history of the technical development of the Navy, but the following brief superficial summary of the years between the time when George went to sea, and 1888, when the first extracts from his Diaries begin, may indicate some of the outstanding changes which took place. After the Russian war, steam relegated sails to the background, but it was not till 1862 that all squadrons became single screw-driven.

The *Warrior*, completed in 1861, was the first ironclad seagoing ship built by Britain. She had guns on her broadside. (The first great fight between ironclads, the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, took place in 1862 during the American Civil War. The *Monitor*, Northern Forces, was the first turret vessel afloat. The fight demonstrated to the naval experts of the time the claims of the turret as opposed to the old broadside system.)

In 1861 it was considered necessary to equip a seagoing ship with masts and sails in addition to her steam capacity. On the subject of ironclads, William had written in his diary :

"April 1862. In public affairs the all-absorbing and important topic is the success of the iron-plated steamer *Merrimac*, and also that of her opponent the *Monitor*, the Federal Steam Battery, designed by Ericsson, but most assuredly pirated from Coles. Our Navy will have to be completely reformed, for wood cannot stand against iron, and it appears most remarkable that whilst the human brain of one set is racking itself in inventing means for the destruction, by wholesale, of their fellow men, another set are at work to prevent it. Thus we have Armstrong, Whitworth, Blakely, and a host, inventing guns to smash through iron, and Coles, Jones, and others, inventing means for defence."

Since the Crimean War in 1854, and long before the *Monitor* was heard of, Captain Cowper Coles had strongly advocated the turret system for harbour defence.

In 1863, the *Royal Sovereign*, a wooden ship, was cut down, plated with  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inch iron, and fitted with four turrets, the foremost holding two guns and the others one gun each. This was Cowper Coles' own design. His ambition was to

construct a turret vessel, capable of carrying a large spread of canvas and proving seaworthy. At last the Admiralty gave in to him.

Under his supervision a ship of nearly 7,000 tons was built. She was plated with 8 inches of iron, and carried two turrets, each armed with two 25-ton guns. She was ship-rigged, her masts being tripods. She was called the *Captain*, and launched in March 1869. She was put into commission in 1870 by Captain Hugh Burgoyne, V.C., and she carried 490 officers and men. She was the naval sensation of the day. After apparently proving herself seaworthy in bad weather, she capsized during a gale off Cape Finisterre in September 1870. One officer and seventeen men were the only survivors.

When the public had recovered from the shock, further experiments were tried out. It was now considered that masts and sails must be done away with in the new vessels of low freeboard, and in 1873, the *Devastation*, of 9,330 tons, was completed with one short iron mast, used solely for signalling.

In 1881, the *Inflexible*, 11,880 tons, was completed. She was the latest word in offensive and defensive powers. A few of the points about her which were considered very progressive were : Her fire could be concentrated ahead and astern at the same time ; she had the thickest plating coat ; torpedo tubes were fitted, and twin propellers, which increased her speed.

Breech-loading had taken the place of muzzle-loading. By 1888, inventors such as Armstrong, Whitworth, and Krupp were competing fiercely. In the cosy security of the Victorian era, warfare and science took the floor together and commenced their *danse macabre*.

George sometimes amused himself by writing down facts concerning the old naval life which was slowly passing away as the Navy became mechanised. For instance, sail-drill was the mainspring of the old Navy. He wrote :

" Sir Baldwin Walker<sup>1</sup> was noted for the wonderful drill of his ships. When commanding a frigate in the Mediterranean, a very smart evolution took place, sailing up the Bosphorus. She was under all sail and studding sails. The first gun of the salute was fired. At the expiration of the salute, in 2½ minutes every sail was furled, and the yards manned."

<sup>1</sup> Under whom his father had served in H.M.S. *Barham* in 1833.—Ed.

Unlike William, he was no rebel, and had nothing unkindly to say about authority than : " At the dinner party (given by William) there were 3 Admirals and several Captains, but I was surprised at there being so *much life* in spite of so many stripes."

He was, in fact, orthodox and conventional till the call of religion came strongly to him. Not to mention this side of his character would be to describe only half the man. After his mother's death, he abjured all the amusements he had been fond of, and the simple faith she had handed down to him developed into a strict Evangelicalism. It was prophesied by some detractors that he could not succeed as a naval officer unless he modified his views. He struggled on, " peculiar " views, religion and all, and by the time he had reached the higher rungs in the professional ladder, his praying and bible-reading were no longer so adversely commented on. Naturally, a good deal more can be digested in regard to an admiral's peculiarities than those of a junior officer. Throughout his career he was to receive letters from his commanding officers, which proved he did not allow his devotion to his religion to interfere with his duty and love of the service.

Lord Charles Beresford wrote in 1891 of his " excellent work and brilliant seamanship," and in the same year Sir Vesey Hamilton, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty (who had served with William King Hall in China in 1858) admired his " nerve and seamanship." Several Captains appreciated his " loyalty and support," etc., and Lord George Hamilton (the First Lord) said that he was as good an officer as his father, which perhaps to George was as coveted praise as any. But on this subject his career must speak for itself.

He was appointed to the *Druid* (corvette) as Lieutenant, in 1879. Her Captain, William Kennedy, had served as a midshipman with William in the *Calcutta*. The *Druid* was on the North America and West Indies Station, and George was acting-Commander (executive officer and second in command) for a time, on the coast of Labrador, and during the cruises in the West Indies. All kinds of decisions were arrived at by the extemporary courts he and his Captain held. Couples whose nuptials had been unavoidably delayed were gathered into the fold. At one port of call, Bonacca, in

the Bay Islands, five marriages and twenty-two christenings were celebrated on board the *Druid*. The islands originally belonged to Great Britain, but the Foreign Office turned them over to the Honduras Republic without consulting the people, who spoke English and were mostly the descendants of the buccaneers and the Spanish women they had captured off the Spanish Main.

The islands, which are off the North Coast of Honduras, had been, like the Island of Old Providence, a great stronghold of the buccaneers.

The *Druid* visited Haiti in 1880 :

" *Port-au-Prince, Haiti. January 10th.* Arrived just in time for a grand Ball given by the Merchants of the place to General Salomon, the President, and at 8 p.m. the Captain and 18 Officers, rigged up in their war paint, left the ship in charge of the Gunner, and proceeded to the shore. We had no difficulty in finding the rooms, gaily lit up and a guard outside, and crowds of blacks and Mulattos round the doorway, and we soon found ourselves surrounded by gentlemen of every hue and type of countenance. All very civil, and introduced us to the ladies who were sitting round the room. It seemed strange at first to see a thorough negress sitting next to a lovely girl, cheeks with the sheen of the peach on them, and chatting away in the most friendly way. One big black nigger asked tenderly after our Doctor, and said he was a brother chief. A flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of H.E. the President, and the Guard, all differently rigged out.

" H.E. entered the room accompanied by his wife (a lady of the Parisian demi-monde) quite a white woman and not bad looking. She had several illegitimate children (one came out in the mail-steamer to-day), by former friends. They were followed by aides rigged up in the most extraordinary rig, feathers and plumes, some thorough niggers and others yellow. The President himself is about 6ft. 4in. The crush and crowd were tremendous, and most of us slipped away at eleven o'clock, but those who remained had some amusement in listening to the speeches at supper. Madame made a most effective one, and carried away the audience.

" On Monday, the Minister, Captain, young Singer (mid) and myself, rigged out in full war paint, went ashore to call

upon the President. We drove up to the building doing duty as the Palace, and were received by a guard of about 20 men all rigged out in the most extraordinary manner, who hugged their rifles and grinned. A Band on the right struck up a march, and we descended from the carriage. Led by a couple of Generals (there are 2000 odd to an army of 10,000) we were ushered into the audience chamber, another band playing "God save the Queen," and on it went. Of course we were waiting for it to finish, the Generals keeping making signs to sit down. The Band went on. The Captain shoved his face into his hat, and went off, and I very soon was splitting too. The Mulligan Guards outside, and everything connected with the performance, seemed so absurd. At last the Band stopped, and the President came in and sat down between the Minister and the Captain, I on the Captain's left, and we sat for a quarter of an hour yarning, the Band playing valse, etc., then we all made tracks, headed by the President, in his sitting rooms, and Madame came in all powdered. After drinks, etc., we took our departure.

In the evening we all went out for a ride, and paid a visit to Madame at her country house. The country is most beautiful. For the character and state of the inhabitants, the pure Black predominate, being about nine-tenths of the total population, two-thirds of which are women. No white man can own land in Haiti. Some of the Blacks are cannibals, child stealers, serpent worshippers, most skilful poisoners, and members of the most secret society, the 'Voudoux.' "

In April 1882, he wrote : "The Captain has written a very strong official letter to the Admiralty, saying that he does not consider the ship safe, and he has also written privately to Admirals Sir Cooper Key and Hoskins, telling them the same. He is not far out, for she certainly is not a clipper under sail, and her engines are most unreliable, in fact may smash up any time." This was after a three years commission. The *Druid* arrived in England in August 1882, and George was "glad to see so many ships about," after the empty seas of the West Indies.

The long commissions abroad were apt to be excessively trying at moments, with the calms (before sailing became a thing of the past) the monotony and the enforced propinquity of months on end in the ward-room.



"One knew at last what the other fellow was even thinking of, let alone going to talk about," George wrote. In the *Druid* he was : "sailing along, longing for a rest and so tired that I can hardly get on with my job." As he possessed a good constitution and remarkably steady nerves, it is to be concluded that life in the Navy of those days was not calculated always to produce the "breezy" type of naval officer so dear to popular imagination.

By 1888 George was a Commander, a thin serious man with a beard, very poor (he acted in the capacity of a father to younger brothers and sisters), lonely, for William and Louisa had gone and the family were scattered, and with few interests left outside his career and his religion. He joined the *Penguin* (screw sloop, 7 guns) at Colombo, and on his way to Zanzibar paid the following visit to the Maldivé Islands in the Indian Ocean. By persuading the Sultan to sign documents, putting himself and islands under the protection of Great Britain, he forestalled Russia.

Regarding the slave-running described by George, the following facts may perhaps be of interest :

The slavers were Arabs and Swahilis. The former running the slaves to Arabia, and the latter to Pemba for picking cloves.

The slaves came from Tanganyika, Nyassaland, and other inland districts. It generally took months getting them to the coast.

Slaves are still run across the Red Sea via French and Italian territories. Great Britain has done the work, single-handed, of putting down slavery in this part of the world.

In 1811, traffic in slaves became a felony. In 1838 came the "Freedom" for slaves, due to the influence of Sir John Kirk, Consul-General at Zanzibar.

For over fifty years a British squadron was kept in East African waters for the suppression of slavery.

George captured fifteen slave dhows in eight months, and released one hundred and fifty slaves. Once the *Penguin* was cruising about with thirty-four native children on board.

George also writes of the insurrection against the Germans, who having been allotted the Tanganyika district, treated the natives in a brutal and overbearing military manner.

The *Penguin* was lent for a month or so to assist to blockade

the coast, and was instrumental in saving the lives of some of the Germans.]

*H.M.S. Penguin. March, 1888. Saturday, 10th.* Made the Maldives this morning, first seeing the palm trees, and very soon I found coral islands covered with palms all round me.

At 1 p.m., passing through a channel, anchored ship in 29 fms. off Mali Island, the capital of the Maldives, and southernmost island of the Mali Atoll group. There being 2000 islands in the several groups, I was boarded by several officials, who told me any amount of lies, and I sent word by one of the Wazirs or A.D.C., that I intended coming, if agreeable, to call on the Sultan at 4 p.m.

At 2 p.m. I landed with Mr. Miller (Clerk) and went to the Cutchery, where after waiting some time, the A.D.C. said the Sultan was too sick to receive me. I found out from Ibrahim Didi that he saw the Sultan last night, and he was quite well, so I insisted on seeing His Highness. My only interpreter was Ali, the Wardroom servant. At last, seeing very little chance of getting the A.D.C.'s to take a message to His Highness, and not seeing any of the Ministers, I started for the Palace, followed by Wazirs and a crowd of natives. I entered the Palace court and then stopped at the Inner Porch, and told the Wazirs that I intended seeing the Sultan before leaving. They said that he was in the Harem. Seeing I was determined to have my own way, they went to the Sultan and returned saying he was in the W.C., but would see me as soon as possible ! After waiting some time I was at last ushered in, still followed by a crowd of natives, and stopping at the door of the Inner Apartments, I was received by Mahomed Didi (Prime Minister) and others, and then the Sultan came out, upon which I paid the usual compliments and then gave the Governor's messages. The Sultan, a young fellow of 25, is evidently only a puppet in the hands of his Ministers, and looked an indolent, not over bright individual. The Sultan made an excuse that he was not well (this on a hint from one of the Wazirs), and retired, so away we all adjourned to the Cutchery, this time all the

Ministers being present ; cigarettes and tea etc., going round, we talked of business, viz : the Treaty by which the Sultan recognised the suzerainty of the Ceylon Government.

I then went to Ibrahim Didi's house, and heard all that he had to say. It appears the present Prime Minister is his nephew. I also had all the Merchants, or Indian Traders before me, and I then saw the Ex-Sultan, and at 7 p.m. came off, pretty tired. Found a rumour prevalent that Russians were going to take Ceylon from the English, and gave it the lie. Ibrahim Didi came off at 9 p.m. to see me. I gave him a letter of protection ; altogether affairs are a little mixed. Ibrahim Didi evidently means to get into power again, if he can.

Marriage customs are, when a man has lived long enough with his wife, he quietly puts her away, and marries another ; she can do the same, so sometimes the list mounts up to over a dozen. The young Sultan has put away three, who are all re-married.

11th. Sailed this morning and steamed down through the Atolls. At noon a sail reported on Starboard Bow. As we approached within 5 miles, we raised her hull ; she had hammocks up drying, and we soon made her out to be a Russian man-of-war ; what was she doing down in these parts ? Curious, to say the least of it. I altered course towards her, so as to pass within 2 miles ; she lowered her hammocks and soon smoke appeared from her funnel. She was at anchor with her topgallant masts struck. Evidently she had been there the day before, for fires were out, and we noticed a red flag on a pole on the edge of one of the reefs. I compared her carefully with the photographs of Russian ships, and made her out to be the cruiser *Vyestnik* (1220 Tons) that was at Colombo three weeks ago. They told our officers that she was going straight to Aden ; what has she been doing in the meantime ? My impression is that she has been on the look-out to annex a coaling station, and it must have been an unwelcome surprise our "bowling" her out. At 4 p.m. from the Mastheads, we made her out, steaming to Northward.

14th. Made sail this morning, but, wind failing, am drawing fires forward again. It is so much pleasanter sailing, cooler, and one has not that monotonous and continual thump of the screw always going on.

*Zanzibar. March 31st.* Arrived here yesterday. Dined with Arbuthnot [Captain of H.M.S. *Mariner*], and heard the news of the late Sultan having died on Monday, the 26th, from consumption ; he had gone to Muscat in one of his ships for a change of air, but returned on Monday 26th, and died a few hours after landing. General Mathews [retired Lieut. R.N., Commanding the Zanzibar troops] managed everything very well ; he at once took charge, and sent for the Sultan's brother, and told him he was Sultan ; at first he thought it was a plan for getting him into the town and locking him up, but, at last, he came in, and was recognised by the English and German Consul-Generals, as had been previously arranged.

There was no row, as is usually the case on the demise of the Sultan, and everyone is loud in praises of Mathews' arrangements, and quietness in carrying them out.

This morning I called on the German and Italian Commanders, and had a long talk with the latter on the coming war, which, however, I hope may not break out. I then called on Col. Euan Smith, our Consul-General, and then on the German Consul-General ; the former told me he had written to Lord Salisbury saying how well Mathews had done. I then went to Mathews, who was delighted to see me, he and I being very old friends, having entered the service together, and he told me to use his house as my own. We had a long chat over everything, and he told me that yesterday some 20,000 Arabs had come into the town from along the coast, all ready for anything. He marched his troops out and had ammunition ready, but managed to clear them off from in front of the Palace without bloodshed ; he told me that, if the German and English Governments had not decided on putting the brother on the throne, he had intended putting the son, a lad of 15. The late Sultan, he told me, was a man

of great character and firmness, and that he refused a month ago (though bullied by the Germans), ill as he was, to sign a Treaty when they wished him to, unless he was forced to do so by a squadron coming down. The Germans want to rent all the coast line from him, they taking the customs.

The new Sultan has sent all the late Sultan's hareem about their business, with the exception of about half-a-dozen ; the remainder, 80 or 90 Georgians and Circassians, however, were soon snapped up by the Arab Sheiks about. This is the yarn flying about. Some say, on the other hand, that he has left them half their old quarters, and put his hareem into the other half.

*April 6th.* Col. Smith told me that the present Nizam of Hyderabad, as soon as he got the reins into his own hands, retired into his harem of 20,000 women, and did not appear for 7 months. He told me also that the late Sir Salar Jung said that when the Nizam came to his place to stay with thousands of these women, they left it in a most filthy state. The Mahomedans at Hyderabad drink wine and are by no means correct followers of Mahomet.

Major McDonald (74th) and I had a long talk about the slave question ; we both agreed it is a sham, our present system of putting it down. Slow vessels and too few.

This morning 25 Naval officers, headed by Col. Euan Smith, marched to Palace, through rows of Arab soldiers, armed with most curious guns and swords, and then through the ranks of Mathews' soldiers, who, for the first time, went to Levée as an Englishman, and at the entrance to the Palace we were received with two Bands (one Persian and the other black) playing "God save the Queen." In the Hall of the Palace we were welcomed by a lot of Arab Sheiks, fully accoutred and armed, and ascending the stairs were presented to and shook hands with the Sultan, who to my mind has not half the character in his face old Burgash had. As usual, we all sat down in chairs one side, about 60 or 70 Englishmen being there, and the Royal Family and Arab Chiefs on the other, and had coffee, sherbet, and attar of

roses served out. Col. Smith, through the interpreter, made all kinds of complimentary speeches, ending up with some mild advice, and after about half an hour, we departed, and the Germans came, and then the other nationalities.

At 2 p.m. I sailed, and dropped two boats off Kivala for cruising, and anchored off Kondichi for the night.

*April 19th.* Sailed this morning and steered down for Mooamaji. On nearing the Sinda Islands I saw two small Dhows running in for the shore. I told the signalman to keep his glass on them, though I did not think there was anything suspicious about them, but, on them running their Dhows ashore and a lot of people getting out, about 20 from each Dhow, and running as hard as they could into the bush, my suspicions were confirmed, and I lowered my boats and gave chase; but, having a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ten-oared cutter to pull, by the time they got ashore the slaves and their owners had all disappeared in the thick bush, and though I had several parties out scouring the thick bush, they could not overtake them, but picked up a lot of gear dropped on the way. I found the Dhows completely gutted, and one half full of water, through a hole having been bored through the bottom; towed them both off to ship.

*Friday 20th.* Sent Mr. Job away in the Steam Pinnace to Dhow Harbour, but he returned at 2 a.m. having failed to reach it on account of swell and reefs. Sailed for Zanzibar towing both Dhows, having first searched bush and villages for slaves, but at 1 p.m. gave it up, though I believe they are hidden in Mooamaji village. Arrived at Zanzibar at 6.30 p.m.

*May 10th.* Picked up the *Helena*, found Hibbert had caught one small Dhow of 12 tons, with 5 slaves, and also had 7 runaway slaves who had been hiding in bush for some time. I took them from motives of humanity, but have told officers to use great discretion in receiving slaves, otherwise every slave who was a rogue or thief, would come down to boats: so it is necessary to use great caution when you are



stationed in a country where every labourer and servant is a slave.

*Pemba. Sunday, May 20th.* Arrived here the day before yesterday, picking up all my boats : shifted berth yesterday morning, as I found my stern swung over a patch which I should have touched at low water. Five more runaway slaves, one of whom, a woman, I gave up this morning to her master, an Arab, as, after carefully going into her case, I could not find she had been badly treated. I first took securities from the Arab, making him swear on the Koran she should not be ill-treated by his mother or wife, from whom she had run away, but that she should be in his harem.

*June 17th.* Clark at luncheon told me a good deal about the cruelty of the Arabs with regard to slaves ; Clark asked a lot of questions from one of the boys that the *Garnet* captured, amongst the questions being, what he first recollected in his life ? He could not remember his home, he had come from beyond Nyassa, and been two years on the journey, and had been given in charge of a slave woman in the caravan, who had a baby. His first recollection of anything is, the woman not being strong, the Arab came up and said, " You are not strong enough to have a baby," and taking it from her, dashed its brains out, and on the woman clinging to his sleeve, the Arab then said, " You will never manage to get to the coast," and straightway put his sword through her.

*24th June.* Cutter got under way at 7 a.m. to return to ship, and at 10 a.m. I saw her suddenly running after a Dhow ; much annoyed at her not returning, I fired a gun to draw her attention to the recall ; the gun being fired had the effect of making the Dhow lower her sail, and very soon I saw a flag run up denoting she was a prize, and on coming alongside found she had 34 raw slaves on board, and nine so-called passengers. I investigated the case and found the so-called passengers were all slave agents, or dealers ; it was interesting going into all the cases. I found some had come from Uganda, and it appears all caravans rendezvous at



Tabora, in Unyanyembe, the large Arab settlement, three months' journey inland ; some of the slaves had been a long time coming down.

25th. Weighed at 4 a.m. this morning, steamed down to Zanzibar, anchored and rushed ashore to see Consul-General, who suggested holding a Court at once. Agreed, bundled slaves etc. ashore, and at 11 a.m. Dhow condemned and slaves freed, and I left Zanzibar at 11.30. Went through the Western passage and anchored this evening off sandbank. I have given cutter's crew £5, as I told them I would to the first boat catching over 25 slaves, and £10 over 60 ; now I intend giving a rupee for each slave caught.

August 17th, Proceeded to Tanga, yesterday, and found cutter there. Remained for the night, and, returning to Pemba without anchoring, picked up the boats and steamed over to Kokotoni. When about ten miles off, I saw a Dhow, apparently outside Zanzibar Island, standing in. Feeling a little suspicious at seeing her sailing on that course, I pegged ahead as fast as I could with *Helena* in tow ; the Dhow, turning the reef, made up Kokotoni Harbour, about 5 miles off, and we saw her through our glasses using sweeps. On we went, up the harbour, and we could see the sweeps were taken in when about 2 feet off the shore ; she evidently hoped we would not suspect her, so I made no sign of cutting her off until I got abreast of her, as I was so afraid of her running on shore. Then, suddenly, I stopped, lowered a boat and Hibbert went after her. I had no sooner stopped than a canoe was seen to leave the Dhow, with 6 men in her, and make for the shore, which she reached before the whaler. A most exciting chase then took place over the coral, about 400 yards in the water, and a mile on the dry coral ; the Dhow's crew had 400 yards start, and off they went for the bush. Hibbert headed our men, and we were most excited at seeing the chase ; I fired a rifle to stop them, firing ahead of fugitives. Then they all disappeared into the bush. I sent another boat and brought a good fat Dhow alongside, containing 28 slaves. Hibbert returned having collared one of the

fugitives, a slave ; they had a tremendous run over the coral on their bare feet.

I hear the Germans are carrying matters with a very high hand on the Mainland, and at Bagamoyo and Pangani have already had a good deal of friction with the Arabs. Mathews told me as a fact that the Germans were buying slaves themselves.

23rd. Dined last night with the Admiral,<sup>1</sup> sitting next Curzon-Howe, whom I had not seen since the *Britannia* days, when our sea-chests were next each other. After dinner the *Griffon* and I, according to sealed orders, got under way. I was up all night and anchored at Kokotoni at 3.30 a.m., and at 8 a.m. got under way, leaving a Dhow behind manned and armed under the command of Mr. Trick.

September 10th. Called on the German Admiral, but did not see him, as he was in a very bad humour, so the Flag-Captain told me, and the "Baron" also spun the same yarn ; I heard afterwards that he was hissed on the beach on landing this morning to call on the Sultan. I had a long yarn with the Flag-Captain (Strausch), and also with Von Erhardt (the Baron) on board *Moewe*, with regard to the mess the German Company have made of it on the coast. Pangani is full of armed men, and Mathews is over there quieting them down, but the Germans will not be able to go there for a long time ; they have made a regular mess of it, with their bullying and masterful manner, and nonsense about the Flag, hauling down the Sultan's.

15th. Dined last night on board the *Leipzig* with Admiral Deinhardt, a big dinner of 24 ; sat next Herr Vohsen, very enraged at the treatment of the Germans by the Arabs, and panting for revenge, but I doubt if Bismarck uses force, and I am strongly of opinion that the German Company is finished. Herr Vohsen is a clever man, energetic, but too

<sup>1</sup> Rear-Admiral the Hon. Edmund Fremantle, Commander-in-Chief, East Indies Station. His grandfather was one of Nelson's captains, and the family has maintained an unbroken connection with the Navy ever since that period.—Ed.

ambitious, and overleaps himself, at the same time I am sorry for him, as he is hunted all round, his own Admiral and Naval men looking down on him, as he is only a merchant, and he has had wretched tools to work and start a big business with. We did not get away from the ship until midnight.

19th. On Monday last we all left Zanzibar, and on getting outside, went through steam evolutions. *Garnet* very soon broke down, and had to make for the nearest shoal under sail. I, being second in the lee line, was ordered to close up, and thus led the lee line, though junior in the fleet. We spent all day going through evolutions, and in the evening made sail ; I managed to get through the day without one signal being made to keep station.

22nd. Last Wednesday, Admiral Fremantle gave a dinner to 24, including the German Admiral ; on Thursday he made a signal for me, and said he intended sending me to Kilwa and Lindi to make a report on French Dhows running slaves, so I suggested that I might as well go on to Mauritius ; he fell in with my views, and the upshot of it was that a cruise was arranged from Lindi to Mayotta, on to Mauritius to give leave, making a stay there of 14 days, then to Tamatave to report how political matters are there, round to Majunga on the N.W. coast of Madagascar, then to Mozambique, returning to Zanzibar the end of November ; thus, D.V., we shall be away about two months. Yesterday, I left Zanzibar, and picked up my boats this morning.

28th. From Lindi to Mayotta. On Monday last I arrived at Kilwa, and found the German man-of-war *Moewe* at anchor ; the acting Captain came on board and told me that he had been there since Saturday, during which time incessant firing had been going on in the town until 10 a.m. of that day, when it suddenly ceased, and both the German Company's and Sultan's Flag had been hauled down, and he knew nothing about the two Germans on shore. I at once proceeded to an English Dhow at anchor off the beach some 400 yards, which was crowded with armed men, and learnt

the news from the crew of the Dhow, viz : that on the preceding Friday the Kilwa people had gone to the two Germans and demanded the Sultan's Flag to hoist on its old staff, and also that they should clear out in 48 hours ; they then went to the Mosque and took an oath that no German should live on the coast, and at 1 p.m. returned, and finding the Germans had barricaded their door ; an altercation took place, and firing soon became general, one of the Germans taking the lead ; they had 8 servants to help them. From Friday until Monday morning firing went on, 11 Kilwa people being killed and 7 wounded, the leading German, a very plucky chap, also being wounded, and one of their servants killed. At 9 a.m. on Monday the leading German was in the garden, and was shot down by a man up a coco-nut tree, the other German then shot himself, and the servants rushed out, of whom four were killed, and three hid in the bush, eventually getting off to *Penguin* on Tuesday night. I had urged the *Moewe* to go at once to Lindi and Mikinandi and get hold of the Germans there, as I was convinced it was a regular plot right along the coast, so she left on Monday evening, returning on Wednesday, finding the Germans had escaped : in the meantime, on Tuesday, I had a long interview with a deputation of British subjects, accompanied by some of the leading Kilwa men. The former came to me for advice, and I suppose the latter wanted to see what I thought of it all, and, also, to hear what the Hindus would say, and act as a kind of watch-dog over them, as they had the day before at my first visit to the Dhow. The Kilwa people said they had taken my advice and hoisted the Sultan's Flag. I said, " You must clearly understand I do not intend mixing myself up in the least with your affairs ; my business is only with the British subjects, and though you have asked me to come on shore and meet them at the Custom House, assuring me of my safety of which I am well assured, yet I shall not land, for fear that the Germans or Arabs should think I am poking my nose into this affair. On meeting you yesterday, I asked what Flag you intended flying, and you said you intended hoisting the Sultan's." I

asked them for the private effects of the two Germans killed, but failed to get them. The Kilwa men spoke of the Germans in a most bitter way. I reassured the Hindus, and the Kilwa men said their quarrel was only with the Germans, and not the English, and that the Hindus and Banians had nothing to fear, and they promised me trade should go on as usual, which it did on Wednesday. On Wednesday morning I saw a Dhow coming in flying the German Co's. flag, and making for the town, so I sent a boat to intercept her, which she did in time, and brought her alongside. She had Herr von Bülow and another German on board from Mikindani, who had just managed to escape with their lives, being fired at, and as the Dhow contained 10,000 lbs. of gunpowder, it was not pleasant. Von Bülow is a Lieutenant in the [German] Grenadier Guards. (Last night three of the servants came on board ; they had been concealed since Monday, the other five having been killed. They gave a very graphic account of the fight.) Soon after the Dhow came in, the *Moewe* arrived, and I left for Lindi, meeting some miles outside another Dhow, which I chased, and found it to contain the two Germans from Lindi. I gave them a tow up and arrived at Lindi next forenoon, finding both flags flying. I very soon had a visit from some Hindus, who told me everything was quiet, that an Arab chief was in charge of the German stores and that the Akida, who had been heavily bribed, was quiet at present, but being a regular scoundrel, was not to be trusted, and advised me not to go ashore. At Mikindani there are 15,000 armed men, and they had looted the town. Sighted the German corvette *Sophie* coming in. I made a signal to her and she sent a Lieutenant to me. I gave her the news, and found she had just come from Bagamoyo, where fighting had been going on, 100 natives killed, no Germans.

29th. Up all last night, finding such strong currents about, took any amount of sights.

*Madagascar. Tamatave, November 6th.* Arrived here yesterday afternoon, and found the French man-of-war *Meurthe* in, called on her this morning ; and last night went ashore to

see our Acting Consul, Aitken, but found he had gone up to the capital, and Mr. Tanzier, né Consul, a Judge, in charge, a very intelligent person ; I was soon in the thick of Malagasy politics. This afternoon, I and three officers landed, and changing at the Consulate into epaulettes, cocked hats, etc., at 3 p.m. were ready to start for a call on the Governor ; music was heard in the distance, and the band stopped outside the gates, and some Malagasy officers stepped in and made a lot of polite messages, after which we all got into palanquins and headed by about 50 soldiers and band, we marched through the streets, the first three pairs of palanquins containing Hova officers, then our officers and myself, and né Consul bringing up the rear, with a guard of soldiers. We passed through admiring crowds and sandy streets, until we got to the Fort, and then, dismounting, were ushered into the Governor's presence, a fine-looking chap (that gave the French so much trouble) and sitting down, we drank the healths of our Queens and of each other, I in water, the rest in champagne. After paying each other compliments, etc., we parted. I liked the Governor's face, a regular Malay cast of features ; he is a Christian, and was educated in the Mission School of the London M.S. *None* of the Governors or soldiers get a fraction of pay, and have to live by their wits ; of course this leads to anything and everything, and all kinds of abuses. The Hovas are most immoral, their Christianity *as a rule*, as in many other countries, only skin deep, very oppressive to the subject tribes, not truthful, very astute and sharp, and cowards ; by no means the interesting race most people take them to be. Present Queen, a decent young woman of twenty-five, her Husband the Prime Minister, sixty-five, very clever, but tottering to his fall through inordinate affection for his worthless sons. He has been banishing many of his political opponents ; but there is much uncertainty in the capital as to what is going to occur. It seems hard on the Queen the Prime Minister must always be her husband. The French seem to be getting a stronger hold on the country, and are working more diplomatically than before ; evidently England has been leaving Madagascar



entirely to the French, as Zanzibar to the Germans, on account of Egypt. It is eighteen months since a man-of-war has been here, and very glad everyone is to see the Flag again. Great rows going on about Mr. Knott, Vice-Consul at Majunga, Hovas refusing to recognise him as our Vice-Consul. The fact is, we should have regular paid Consuls, at any rate in the capital, and not Vice-Consuls who are mixed up in trade, etc., and get no diplomatic training.

*January 13th.* I long and must have more self-renunciation and completer emptiness of self, before I obtain that perfect peace which passeth all understanding.

*January 20th.* Yesterday, meeting the mail, I heard from the Admiral, who told me Lord Salisbury did not intend the Germans to have Lamu, and that I was to counteract the intrigues of Germans there. So I had a long and confidential chat with the Wali [local Governor for the Sultan of Zanzibar], who seemed to have a clear perception of how matters stood. I told the Wali that we did not intend to let the Germans have Lamu, and intended protecting the Sultan. I was told not to commit myself too much, rather a difficult thing to do. The Wali told me Mackenzie<sup>1</sup> said to him : "The Germans were coming up to trade, and I was to put every hindrance in their way," which I intend doing.

I have to hang about Lamu so as to be on the spot ready to prevent the Germans from going too far.

*Monday, 21st.* Paid a visit to the Wali, who told me Mr. Tipping, the German, was coming to pay him a visit at 5 p.m. that day, and he (Wali) will come on board and let me know result of interview.

Landed on Manda Island to have a shot at the partridges : country difficult.

*22nd.* The Wali and some ten Sheiks came off to the ship. I had them received with all honour, guard, etc., and held a Baraza in my cabin, handing coffee and cigarettes round ; they were much struck with the men at General Quarters.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Mackenzie, in charge of the British East Africa Company's local affairs.—Ed.



I had a long chat with the Wali, who told me the German in four days' time was going to call a meeting of all the principal people in Lamu, and ask them which they liked best, the English or Germans. He also told the Wali everything was settled about Lamu, that Bismarck had written out saying the Germans were to have it. This news had kept him awake all night. I told him it was not true, and assured him England will not allow it. (They left many fleas in my cabin on their departure.)

21st. Admiral signalled for me this afternoon, and told me that English and German Governments had wired out to know what they could suggest to take the place of the blockade, as it was intended to raise it very shortly. I told the Admiral that I still adhered to what I had written in August last, viz., either a more complete blockade of the islands of Pemba and Zanzibar under conditions similar to those carried out in Brazil, pointing out how the measure could be carried out, compensation made, and labour found; also I pointed out how the Northern trade might be met. The Admiral quite concurred.

*Lindi.* 28th. I left Zanzibar on Monday, 2 p.m., going out under sail—a difficult operation, as I had a barque only a ship's length astern of me. However, I laid out a hawser to the *Woodcock* from my bow, and loosing sails, backed sails on the mainmast, hauling on the hawser as soon as the anchor was tripped. I managed to clear the barque, and, backing sails on foremast, cleared the Flagship, and eventually got round, heaving to in order to cat my anchor. It was difficult work, hauling in hawsers, heaving on capstan, making sail, etc., so short of complement, and two boats away cruising. Yesterday morning it blew and rained very heavily.

*March 6th.* This forenoon two Askari came off from the Akida, asking me if I would let the Akida and his 32 soldiers go to Zanzibar. I sent my interpreter on shore to the Akida to say he had better come off to see me. The mail steamer, *Baghdad*, arrived at 10 a.m., and I saw some Banians and

Hindus go on board, so I steamed over to her and anchored alongside of her. Going on board I interviewed the Banians and found out that the Akida and his soldiers, as they say, cannot get food, and have not received pay for months ; the Banians in a most mortal funk all the time, and refused to come on board *Penguin*, as all communication with men-of-war is forbidden ; in fact I was told that the chief of one village was in prison for allowing canoes to come off to me with eggs, etc.

At 4 p.m. the second Akida came off to me, and desired to go through the blockade, and showed me a letter from the Sultan of Zanzibar, ordering all soldiers to Zanzibar. I refused to let them go, but said I would write for instructions at once by steamer. The Arab was very angry, but I managed to pacify him, and gave him coffee and cigarettes, and at last he said he would wait for eight days, and then he'd come out, and I must take the consequences. (I shall make them prisoners.) He said he only wanted my permission and did not care a bit for the Germans ; however, I was firm, and told him I was ready to take the consequences. He said he could not get any food, but I told him he could get it as he has been doing, by requisitioning the Hindus, and I shall ask the Sultan to reimburse them. I find from Hindus that the Akida and his men have no power in Lindi, but that two Swahilis rule the roost, and give all orders.

I wrote by mail steamer to the Admiral officially and privately, and also to Euan-Smith, saying one of the Sultan's steamers should be sent down at once to remove his soldiers, otherwise further complications may arise, as this is German territory, and we shall get mixed up in their rows if we are not careful.

*April 27th.* Rather behind in my Journal. Last Thursday week, the 18th inst., I left Aden, making as if for the South. When out of sight of the town I steered up the Red Sea, passing Perim by night, so as to be off Mocha by daylight, for I had received certain information that a caravan of Abyssinian slaves was expected down daily on the coast.

Saturday I put into Perim, and found they had not left the coast on Thursday, but that since the *Osprey's* capture, the slave dealers were very wily, and ran along the shore and behind the group of islands, Jebel Hannish and Jebel Zukur. I steamed down during the night as far as Jebel Zukur, the wind blowing very hard up the Red Sea. At daylight I made my way back against a gale of wind and nasty sea, and that evening arrived at Belbul Bay, where I anchored for the night, and boarding a Dhow, gathered enough information to convince me that the 160 slaves, mostly girls, had been taken across to Hodeidah and Jeddah ; in fact the ground to be covered (and much of it amongst reefs), 100 miles by 30 miles, is too much for any ship, and as when it is blowing the Dhows run 9 to 10 knots, and that at night, it is very evident that it is no easy matter catching them, as they only take 3 hours getting across, and cannot be seen by night more than half to a mile off, and in the meantime you may be 80 miles off. The Ther. was  $91^{\circ}$  at Beilul, the wet Ther. being  $80^{\circ}$  ; so as fast as you perspired so fast it dried off from you.

On Tuesday, the 23rd, I arrived off Aden, and putting up a target at the back of the Rock, carried out my prize firing, making excellent practice at 1,500 yards ; the 64-pounders getting in 11 shots in 7 minutes and going very close each time, 3 into the target, 40 feet by 15 feet, after which I returned into harbour, and received our mails.

*On board H.M.S. Tamar en route for Malta from England. October, 1889.* What I have seen of Battenberg I like. Being laid up with a bad ankle, sprained deerstalking, he has been a good deal in my cabin, lazing on a sofa. He is, I know, a good officer, and a zealous one, and has very sensible ideas on the service generally. He told me his wife, Princess Louis, was clever and very enterprising, ready to start for China if he was ordered there. Battenberg told me some interesting things about printing, which he knows a good deal about, as he was brought up to that trade ; he is

a well-read man, and we've had some interesting talks together on things in general.

24th. I find Battenberg a very nice fellow, and have had long talks with him. He is no doubt zealous, hard-working, and determined to get on in the service. He told me the Prince of Wales asked him to go to the *Osborne*, but he explained to him that he was most anxious to live down the general idea floating about, viz., that he would be pushed on in Royal yachts ; and the Prince of Wales quite understood his desire to work his way up, the same as anyone else. Battenberg told me how it was the Prince of Wales was made an Admiral of the Fleet. He, Battenberg, and his wife were staying for some weeks with the Queen at Windsor, and generally breakfasted with her outside in the garden. One morning the Queen said, " They have been wanting me to make Bertie an Admiral of the Fleet, but I shall not do so." Battenberg said nothing, but pricked up his ears, and when alone with his wife they talked it over, so two mornings later Princess Louis said to the Queen, " What was it about Uncle Bertie you were saying the other morning ? " upon which the Queen said, " When I asked the Admiralty some years ago, soon after my marriage, to make my husband an Admiral of the Fleet, they refused," etc., etc. Battenberg, evidently with much tact, told Queen how much the Navy would appreciate it, etc., but she said nothing, but a few days afterwards, made the Prince of Wales one.

Battenberg evidently has much influence with the Queen. He told me the reason why the Duke of Edinburgh has not, for he generally takes his full share of wine at dinner, and then he asks the Queen things, not using much tact in doing so. Battenberg told me the Queen is always afraid of apoplexy, and sits with everything open ; the doctors have told her suite that nothing startling is ever to be told her after dinner for this reason. Another interesting thing Battenberg told me was, that at the Jubilee Review he was much struck at no signal being made to the Fleet, and suggested it to the Duke of Connaught, who mentioned it to the Queen,

who had it made, the Duke of Connaught and Battenberg writing the draft out for her approval, he says. She knows little about the Navy, and disliked the water very much. From all that Battenberg told me regarding the Yacht appointments, not only of Commanders, but of Lieutenants, he had a great deal to do with them, and has much influence. The Prince of Wales and the Queen evidently are very fond of him, and refer things for his judgment. Battenberg says Leiningen<sup>1</sup> is a selfish man, for whom he has no respect.

Battenberg told me a good deal regarding the Emperor of Russia, whom he and his brother (being cousins) used to play with as children, and as late as 1880 were great friends with. He is stupid, self-willed, and very obstinate, and he said had behaved very badly to his (Battenberg's) brother Alexander, and that he, the Emperor of Russia, has an insane idea that Prince Alexander has injured him in some way or other. We had a long and interesting talk regarding Russia, its state and condition.

*H.M.S. Melita. September 1890.* (8-gun screw sloop, 970 tons.) She was the only ship built in the Maltese Dockyard since the island was under British government. She was six years being built. *Cairo*. Came up yesterday from Suez, and dined in the evening with Portal, meeting General Dormer<sup>2</sup> and Col. Kitchener.<sup>3</sup> Found Portal full of information. This morning had another yarn with him, and then paid Sir Colin Moncrieffe a visit. Sir Colin told me he was going to Merv, by invitation from the Russian Government, to see into their irrigation—a great compliment, as I told Sir Colin. I lunched with Gen. Dormer, and in the afternoon went down with Barnham to see the Barrage, the Nile being in full flood—a magnificent structure. Nile looks full and rich with alluvial matter.

<sup>1</sup> Admiral the Prince of Leiningen, son of Queen Victoria's half-brother. From 1863 to 1876 he was Captain of the Royal yacht.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Lieut.-General Sir James Dormer (retired pay), whose eldest son held a post under the Egyptian Government.—Ed.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards the first Earl Kitchener.—Ed.

[The disagreement that George, now Captain of H.M.S. *Melita*, had with Captain, afterwards General Hackett-Pain, which is mentioned in the following entry, concerned the latter's treatment of the Hadendowas, who were driven out of Suakim, forbidden to draw water from the wells, and exposed to the mercies of the Dervishes at Tokar. George visited the starving natives, and found them in a terrible condition. The missionaries of the C.M.S. were helping them.]

*Sunday, October 12th.* I arrived at Suakim on October 2nd, having made a sailing passage down, and called on Captain Hackett-Pain, the acting Governor. He returned my visit next day with his A.D.C., Mr. Du Plat Taylor, and I took the opportunity of protesting most strongly against the policy being carried out as one opposed to humanity ; it took him rather aback. On the 18th September, after having the evening before loaded them with dhura, some 5,000 to 6,000 people were packed off into a famine-stricken country and from all accounts, most of them must have perished ; some were robbed not 6 miles from Suakim of the dhura they possessed. A cordon, *most ineffective*, was drawn round, the *excuse* being cholera at Massowah, and the only use made of the cordon, as far as I could see, was to prevent famished people from coming through, though as a matter of fact, they did come through, or were picked up half dead. At the entrance of the harbour, some 100 poor people had come through the cordon, and were living on shell-fish, and had been so for 17 days, when I drew the Governor's attention to their case, not allowed to buy or receive any dhura, and obtaining water by stealth from the wells by night. He packed them off to Agig in dhows. Out of the 5,000 to 6,000 sent off into the country, some 3,000 had been receiving relief gratuitously on the morning of the 17th, some 1,300 being women and some 1,200 children. Those too ill to move were removed into two Zarebas, one under Dr. Myles (Government) and one under Dr. Harpur (C.M.S.) and now there are about 400 in each. In Dr. Harpur's, some 170 are children, mostly orphans, and then some 800 were sent away



in dhows to different places along the coast, 600 coming to Agig, being fed by the Government. It has been a wrong and wicked policy, trying to hit at the Dervishes through the non-combatants, and has utterly failed, the only effect having been to starve thousands of non-combatants.

*Tuesday, October 14th.* Up to Monday morning had calms, then strong easterly winds, and last night at 5 p.m., whilst exercising reefing topsail, a heavy squall struck the ship, which fortunately I saw in time, and took the mainsail off, keeping away, and as wind shifted from S.E. to N.W. with heavy rain, I furled sails after some trouble, and put her at it under steam, wind and sea ahead. She pitched into it, and has been doing so all day ; have just put her under sail to dry them. It is most trying working men aloft, because of the little practice and much want of knowledge, not only on the part of the men, but the officers, who are quite adrift ; in fact, seamanship is dead and buried, as far as sails go. I regret it, but there is no use worrying oneself.

[In 1889, George went in H.M.S. *Melita* to Alexandria. One afternoon he called on Rear-Admiral Sir R. Massie Blomfield at the Port House.

A girl, in her early 'twenties, was staying there. She went down to the drawing-room, peeped through a carved screen, and slipped out to report that the visitor was "rather a grave-looking naval officer."

The girl's name was Olga Ker. Subsequently she and George were married on April 5th, 1892.

In 1854, on the eve of the Crimean War, William King Hall wrote in his diary that Mr. Buchanan, British Minister for Copenhagen, come on board the *Bulldog* and that she then left for Koge Bay, where the fleet lay, flying the signal, "War is declared."

He did not mention a dandified young diplomat called Richard Ker, who came on board with Buchanan. William's son married Richard's daughter. When Richard lay dying he was told of the engagement, and he remembered the captain of the *Bulldog* and his bushy eyebrows.

Richard Ker had been appointed Second Paid Attaché at



St. Petersburg in 1851, and was temporarily attached to the Copenhagen Legation in 1854.

He was the son of an Ulster landlord, David Ker of Montalto, Co. Down, and his mother was a daughter of the first Lord Londonderry.

He was born in Battersea House, which stood in what is now the Park. (The Kers sold it, as they considered it too far from London to be convenient as an English residence !) He went to Eton as a boy of eight, sometimes sitting on top of the coach during winter journeys from Ireland, and arriving in such a frozen state, owing to the fact that it was "not the thing to wear an overcoat," that on his arrival he would be lifted down in a semi-conscious condition.

As a man he was talented and witty. Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, prophesied a brilliant future for him. He was bound to become an ambassador, declared his many friends, Lord Randolph Churchill, his first cousin, being one of them. He held excellent appointments at Paris and Madrid, became First Paid Attaché at St. Petersburg in 1856, then left the Diplomatic Service, and stood as M.P. for the second time for Downpatrick, from 1857-1859.

Later he succumbed to "artistic" dilettantism. He painted, rather badly, and dabbled in the bastard Italianated Arts, but he showed promise as a sculptor. He married Rose Calvert of Furneaux Pelham, Hertfordshire. She was beautiful, clever, and possessed a rare fascination, but her intense dislike of the more prosaic facts of life ruined Richard's career. Of her beauty, her contemporaries agreed that it was, as Lord Leighton, the artist, said, flawless. Another who knew her, Walburga, Lady Paget, recorded in her *Reminiscences*, with slight asperity, that :

"Mrs. Ker was, I think, the most faultless beauty I have ever seen. She had the features of a Greek statue, with the colouring of Titian ; fortunately she was as cold as ice, or she would have been a second Helen."

Of her brains, the fact that when she was over sixty she wrote an Arabic-English grammar which was used in the schools of the Near East, indicates that her intellect was above beauty's average. As a bride of eighteen, arriving in St. Petersburg, she was visited by the Tsaritsa, who had heard of her striking beauty, and was curious to see her.

She had been too shy to obey the Imperial summons to court, and had made excuse after excuse. She was found seated warming her beautiful bare feet, for she disliked shoes and discarded them whenever she could. How the Legations talked ! Richard's gaiety was apt to break out unexpectedly, and this did not help matters. The cook at the Chancellerie fell ill on the eve of an important dinner. Richard cooked a delicious meal, but he dressed up as a lackey, and introduced the guests by bombastical and imaginary names. He was born in advance of his age, for he was a "debunker" par excellence.

Richard and Rose drifted to Venice, where they formed part of the English colony which included Browning, Whistler, and Mrs. Eden.

Olga Ker remembers Browning complaining about old Barrett of Wimpole Street, and punning rather poor puns.

The Ker family lived first in the Barbaro, on the Grand Canal, and then in the lovely thirteenth-century Palazzo Dario. Rose grew more and more detached, and left her six good-looking children to bring themselves up as best they could.

It was a varied education in all its branches ! One of the sons, Gervase, an old Etonian, is the only Englishman who has won the Gondoliers' Race in Venice !

In Rome, the family lived in the Maroniti Palace. In the centre of one of its large rooms, Rose had a wall of books built round her bed, which was a copy of Madame Recamier's "*Toute Rome parle de la belle Rose et de son lit.*"

On one of his visits to Rome, Richard was discovered by a friend from the British Legation, lying on his back on the floor of the Sistine Chapel, studying the Michael Angelo ceiling, a sensible proceeding when considered impartially. Richard and Rose had a passion for arranging houses, and very few ceilings escaped the former's frescoing hand. As the years meandered on, more and more houses were arranged, and the couple grew vaguer and vaguer.

Towards the end of her life Rose was the owner of a *cas* in Ireland. She retained her classical beauty to the end.

Olga inherited her mother's love of books. At the age of six she collected volumes of Dante, long portions of which

she learnt by heart, and later she wrote a novel in French, which unintentionally deceived a leading French publisher as to its author's nationality.

Her gentle dignity conceals a fund of impish humour and a sense of the ridiculous, which has been an unfailing source of delight to her children.]

*7th December, 1891.* Had tea with Turner. He told me the unnatural crimes committed, to his knowledge, by the Effendi and Bey class in Egypt were something too awful. He has seen boys at Suez dressed up as girls. Said Pasha died from it. I heard this from Dr. Mackie at Alexandria, who also said much the same as Turner did about its prevalence in Egypt amongst the "gentry" class.

*31st.* At dinner this evening, just as I had got half way through it, a telegram was handed to me. Opening it, I read :—"Hall promoted. Woodhead." I sent the telegram down to Wardroom. They all came up and spoke so kindly to me about it ; the ship's Corporal on the part of the men. Oh, what a relief to me now that I am on the Seniority List.<sup>1</sup>

In the Tropics, some of the stokers showed insubordination. I had temperatures taken every four hours of men at work—found it varied from 99° to 102°, so I told the Engineer Officers.

*October 5th, 1894.* Took command of H.M.S. *Volage* [screw corvette] at Portsmouth, one of the Training Squadron, my predecessor being Captain Gissing. I was staying with Olga and Stephen at Anner Castle, Henry Mandeville's place, when I heard from Lambton<sup>2</sup> telling me that Lord Spencer had nominated me for this ship. I did not ask for her, nor had I any particular wish to come, but I feel I am put here. . . . It is enjoyable seeing Olga and my boy twice a year instead of a three years' separation.

<sup>1</sup> He was promoted from Commander to Captain. Up to this rank, promotions are made by selection. Promotion from Captain to flag rank is by seniority, though it still rests with the Admiralty to decide whether a newly made Rear-Admiral shall be employed or not. In the latter event he is obliged to retire.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, Naval Secretary to the First Lord. He afterwards became an Admiral of the Fleet, having changed his name to Meux.—Ed.

*November 25th.* Lat. 20. 17N. Long. 29. 50W. Left Las Palmas yesterday week and much to everyone's disgust we did not wait for the mail, though it was expected in. The Commodore<sup>1</sup> is a very impatient man. I was longing to hear news of Olga and my little boy Stephen, who is growing into an intelligent boy. He is clever and quick and has a wonderful memory, but is old mannish through not having any children to play with ; a very affectionate disposition. Tenacious in trying to have his own way.

*Off Norway. 18th July, 1896.* Last night I shortened sail, as I did not wish to go more than 7 knots and left orders to sound at 4 and every two hours, but not dreaming that there was much need for it. We had not had any sights on Friday (yesterday). Morning was overcast and land not very distinctly seen ; at 4 no bottom, at 6 land reported to me on quarter. I sent word to Martin never to mind sounding, but shortly afterwards, I came on deck, and Martin said he thought we should alter course out  $\frac{1}{2}$  a point as he could not make out the land, I assented but, looking ahead I saw a sugar-loaf island, and Martin taking a cast of the lead got 32 fthms ; we were under topsails only, yards square ; cleared lower deck, made sail and braced up and hauled out 8 points. We were just in the midst of the most filthy ground you could imagine, and also on the point of getting "embayed," for the sails were beginning to flap in that most ominous way that foretells a calm, and ship rolling lazily.

For two hours my heart was in my mouth, but we got out all right—we must have passed within two miles of ledges of rocks that we thought were 30 miles off, and running straight on to a mass of reefs, only 4 to 5 miles, that must have infallibly wrecked us—I can only account for being out of our reckoning this tremendous amount by there being a very strong current setting us in, and also, I cannot help thinking, by careless steering, for a very little out in course at the speed we have been going at since we took sights, would make reckoning very much out. How thankful I am to God.

<sup>1</sup> Commodore (afterwards Admiral Sir Robert) Harris.—Ed.

## [CHINA IN 1898]

Japan had administered in 1894 the *coup de grace* to China. Britain encouraged Japan in her aggressive national adolescence. In 1900, the Chinese, with the Boxer Revolt, made their last armed protest against their compulsory Westernisation by "foreign devils." Peking was taken and the Emperor's palace sacked by allied forces, led by the Germans. As will be seen by the following extracts from George's Diaries, Wei-Hai-Wei passed into Britain's keeping in 1898. The Japanese "lease" having expired, Britain leased the island, a certain amount of mainland, and the walled city.

George's ship was H.M.S. *Narcissus* (1st class armoured cruiser). Acting as British Commissioner, he took over Wei-Hai-Wei. He turned the parade ground into golf links, and later, Prince Henry of Prussia told him that we were a curious nation, for he came from Kiao-Chau, from building forts, and found us laying out a cricket pitch on the island and golf links on the mainland.]

*January 1898.* Lambton told me a good deal about the inner workings of the Admiralty, and generally criticised the whole flag list, coming to the conclusion that there were not many able men on it. Noel<sup>1</sup> he did not consider clever. He told me also, that, when Lord Salisbury and the Czar had their meeting, the Czar said the German Emperor had said this and that of England. He said that Russia was thwarting us in Egypt, whereupon the Czar said to Salisbury, "What a perfidious fellow he is."—The German Emperor is a very dangerous man and not to be trusted.

*H.M.S. Narcissus. 16th March, 1898.* Arrived at Nagasaki in *Powerful* and joined *Narcissus* at 5 p.m. yesterday; had the officers up to be presented to me, and then went round the ship. I was much pleased at seeing how beautifully kept everything was; it reflects great credit on Commander C. L. Napier,<sup>2</sup> which I told him.

<sup>1</sup> Rear-Admiral Gerard Noel, who had just become Second-in-Command on the Mediterranean Station. He ultimately reached the rank of Admiral of the Fleet.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards an Admiral.—Ed.

*Chefoo. 5th April.* Called on Rear-Admiral Fitzgerald [Second-in-Command, China Station]. He showed me a secret telegram from Peking, stating that English intended, even at the cost of a War, to get Wei-Hai-Wei on lease, I presume, when the Japs vacate it. The Squadron of 4 vessels was ready for action last week, guns manned at night, as the Russians have 12 vessels, including two ironclads, at Port Arthur, also Torpedo Boats. Fitz. did not wish to experience a repetition of Sinope, and could not tell how things were going on.

*10th April.* Nearly the whole China Squadron here, *Centurion*, *Victorious*, *Barfleur*, *Powerful*, *Narcissus*, *Edgar*, *Undaunted*, *Grafton*, *Rainbow*, *Pique*, *Iphigenia*, *Daphne*, *Alacrity*, *Archer*, *Phoenix*, *Algerine*, *Rattler*, *Redpole*, *Hart*, *Handy*, and *Fame*. The *Immortalité* is at Singapore.

I suppose that we go to Wei-Hai-Wei, as it is leased to us on 8th May, when the Japs leave it. I hope that we shall not expend too much of our energy up North, as our real interests lie in Mid and South China, and the Russian must necessarily always have, and more so in the future, a predominant influence over North China.

*19th May.* Left for Wei-Hai-Wei to take over the place as Commissioner from the Chinese, on its being evacuated by the Japanese.

On Monday the Japanese flag hoisted at 6 a.m. At 7 a.m. our Marines left the Island for Mainland, and Lieut. Gaunt<sup>1</sup> took charge of the Island with 55 seamen. The Marines relieved the Japanese sentries. 8 a.m. the Japanese flag was saluted first by Japs, then by Chinese, then by British. *Alacrity* arrived, bringing Mr. Hopkins, Consul at Chefoo, as 2nd British Commissioner. We all went ashore at 11 a.m. to the Headquarters, meeting the Japanese General and Staff, and the Chinese Commissioner. I was ushered in and given the seat of honour; the General made a speech saying all kinds of complimentary things about our kind suggestions, etc. He then wished us Goodbye, and walked to the Pier. We

<sup>1</sup> First Lieutenant of the *Narcissus*. Afterwards Admiral Sir Ernest Gaunt.—Ed.



were much struck with the way in which the 2000 troops embarked, everything done in such an orderly and quiet manner, and well organised, the men's equipment so neat, and altogether they presented a very smart appearance. As soon as the General shoved off, the Japanese flag was hauled down, and Chinese hoisted, which was saluted by the Chinese, then Japs and British.

At 4 p.m. the General, with his flag hoisted in the *Gaisen Maru*, and accompanied by three transports, left, the Japanese battleship *Fuji* giving him a salute of 13 guns. She passed close to us as I had requested, and we gave him the usual honours. That evening the Chinese Commanders dined with me, and they enjoyed themselves, as I let them do what they liked in the way of what they ate and drank, and so they neither drank any liquor nor smoked, and went away at 9 p.m.

*24th May.* Queen's birthday. We all dressed ship. The Chinese Commissioners informed us that they had orders for everything except the hauling down of the flag, so I requested them to telegraph to the Sung-li-Yamen about it, and I made arrangements about the day's function. At 8 a.m. we all dressed ship, and at noon fired a salute in honour of Her Majesty's birthday (79th). At 1 p.m. we landed two companies of 50 men under the command of Commdr. Napier; the Commissioners of both nations met at the Pier. The men, headed by the Band, marched off, the Chinese falling in also with our men; they looked very well and marched well as they went past the Commissioners. Marched with Guard and Band through the walled town on Mainland. Found that the Chinese Commissioner went round in rear of the procession taking over first in a green palanquin, and I headed the procession in a blue one. I then discovered that to save their face it was put about that I was under the orders of the Chinese! So I altered palanquins and I brought up rear (place of authority) and ordered a Viceroy's palanquin from Shanghai to be carried by 16 men. After taking possession of the many forts on the Mainland, I,



to "save their face" jointly went round in a palanquin with the Chinese Commissioner. On arrival at the fort on Observatory Island, they formed a hollow square on the terreplein of the fort, facing the two flagstaffs of equal height, from one of which the Chinese flag was flying. On the glacis were a considerable number of spectators. The Commissioners then walked into the Square, Mr. Yen and I leading. I then spoke a few words saying the pleasure it gave me having the company of the Chinese to assist at the function, and having said a few other complimentary things, and asked Ling to translate them, but he was too nervous to say much, I then read the Declaration I had drawn up, and the Proclamation, upon which the Flag was hoisted and the Band played "God save the Queen" and the Chinese Anthem. Napier then called for 3 cheers for Her Majesty, and one for the Emperor of China. We then inspected the men, the Band playing and the ceremony was over. It struck me that Captain Ling felt his position rather, however, everything had been done to save his 'face,' and he has highly appreciated it. In the forenoon of this day we took over the Government buildings on Liu-Kung-Tau Island, and at 4 p.m. I landed with Colonel Browne, D.S.O. and walked round from Martau to Wei-Hai-Wei, and called on Mr. Price, one of the Brethren. The Japanese Captain desired to salute the British flag, but I requested him not to do so until it was flying by itself. It being the Queen's birthday, we were all en fête, ships dressed, salutes fired. Dined in the Ward room.

25th May. The *Centurion* came in, and on reporting myself to the Commander-in-Chief<sup>1</sup> he expressed himself well satisfied with what had been done. The forenoon was employed taking over the Headquarters, etc. on the mainland, all of us in chairs. Later in the day took C-in-C over Island buildings, and dined with him in the evening; made the acquaintance of Bax-Ironside, Secretary to the Legation

<sup>1</sup> Vice-Admiral (afterwards Admiral of the Fleet) Sir Edward Seymour. He had been a midshipman under William King-Hall in H.M.S. *Calcutta* on the China Station in the 'fifties.—Ed.

at Pekin (a talkative man). Admiral approved of all the orders I had given regarding the prohibition of liquor in Island etc. and near camp, the Town Crier going round. Lieut. Gaunt and Chinese Lieut. held a Court Martial on a man for having liquor in his possession and expelled him from the Island.

*26th May.* Another C.M. on the same man, he having returned and brought some loose women with him ; had his pig-tail cut off, a severe punishment, but necessary as an example. Took the Admiral over the mainland buildings and then to the sulphur baths fitted up by the Japs on the beach outside the town of W-H-W. Dined with the Commander-in-Chief to meet the Chinese Commissioners.

*27th May.* Had interview with Chinese Commissioners and Mr. Wang, deputy magistrate of W.H.W. and arranged that he should hand in, in about a week's time, the names of all liquor shops, and inform British Authorities of any foreigner attempting to start business on the mainland.

*May 30th.* Prince Henry, with flag flying in *Deutschland*, and the *Kaiserin Augusta*, came in this evening. Met him at the Admiral's, and after dinner the Admiral brought me up to him. We sat down and had a long yarn on many things.

He admired my manœuvre very much, the other day, when I steamed towards him, and gave him a salute, he said quite half-a-dozen times how pretty it looked, and the other German Officers told me the same. He said he had done the same at Chefoo, coming in and saluting our Admiral. We had a difference of opinion on drinking the Queen's health, he said he noticed I did it in water, and that it was all wrong. I differed, and he said, "You might as well drink it in salt water." However, I would not give in.

He said it was disloyal. I said "no," and he said many teetotal officers never drank it at all, which I thought a pity. We had a long talk about Battenberg, of whom he is very fond, and on many other subjects.

I differed again on Mission work, I forget what it was,

but he remarked that something was better than Mission work, and I had to disagree again.

He was very pleasant all the time and most friendly, and like his brother, ready to put his hand on one's shoulder or on knee. He is not more than 5ft. 9in. and not a particularly striking-looking face, but a pleasant one. His officers told me of how he broke down all the reserve at the Palace at Pekin, taking his escort in with him, and wheeling them up to face the Emperor, who they said looked very young, with sympathetic large eyes, weakly-looking. Prince Henry stood on the throne and made his Interpreter come up as well, and conversed with the Emperor, and also had a 40 minutes conversation with the Empress Dowager, the first European she has seen face to face. She is the real ruler of China ; she intends receiving all the ladies at Pekin, and has given permission to let them come into the Palace and paint.

On the return visit of the Emperor of China to Prince Henry, the latter made him come to the window of the palace and see the German Marines, for Prince Henry said, " My brother the Emperor would like to know you had seen them." Prince Henry said Louis of Battenberg had been on board one of his ships that had undergone a two days' inspection ; the young Officers had to take her in and out of harbour without the rudder, and take each other in tow. He asked me about the [Russian cruiser] *Rossia*, as I told him that I had been all over her. It appears that he has just come from Port Arthur. I believe they got very disgusted with the Russians, as many of them got drunk at a dinner party given in honour of the Germans.

The Admiral at dinner proposed the health of the German Emperor, and Prince Henry that of the Queen. I thought our Sovereign ought to have come first.

17th June. A great function to-day. We had considered it necessary to see the elders of all the surrounding villages, and inform them that the Commander-in-Chief would let bygones be bygones, as far as the looting of the wood was concerned, and forgive them, and also explain and read a proclamation

stating that we were Masters and always intended remaining here. The Chinese Commissioners asked us not to write about the pillaging of the wood to Peking, and so, I requested the Commander-in-Chief not to send on the British Commissioner's letter reporting it.

At 1.30 the Chinese Commissioners landed and got everything ready, and people collected to the number of 18 elders from the neighbouring villages, and gave them a great dressing down for their pillaging, and made them enter into a bond and sign it, not to do so in future.

At 3.30 we landed, and took my A.D.C., Mr. R. E. Brooke (mid). We had rather a fine procession. First the band, then 20 fine R.M.A., then 3 large Chairs, 4 bearers, first Brooke, then Consul, then myself, and the rear brought up by 30 R.M.L.I. We marched to W.H.W. about a mile and a half, and entered by the East Gate, and marched through crowds of natives to the small Yamen, where we were received by the Chinese Commissioners, and on entering had Mr. Wang, the Shantung Magistrate, presented to us ; his place is 12 miles off, and he is going to reside temporarily here, as the sub-magistrate here is a feeble creature. Mr. Wang, I soon perceived, is a shuffler and a talker, and tried to wriggle out of many things ; he actually wanted to accompany our men to-morrow, who are landing on mainland for route marching. There is evidently a strong feeling amongst the villages regarding the sale of the Japanese barracks, as they think they should have them.

*Sunday, 17th July.* Decided this afternoon to be baptised. I believe I have after several days of prayer and conflict, been led by our Lord to see after reading the sixth chapter of Romans, that I shall receive a blessing and be doing His Will which is my only desire.

*Tuesday.* At 5 a.m. the Steam Pinnace broke down. Felt as if it was not to be, but thought it might be to test my faith. Remembered Flagship's boat. Signalled for permission to let her take me on to Mati. It was granted, and at 7 a.m. I arrived at Doctor Case's (Plymouth Brother).

Knelt in prayer with Doctor Case. Read some verses in Acts, and Romans 6. Then we went to a quiet part of the beach. Doctor Case and I went in, and he immersed me, I having put on white tunic and trousers. We had a short prayer. I feel the Lord has led me to this and cannot but realise that it marks a very definite step in my life. I was forced to face the subject on Sunday last at 3 p.m. after reading verses 3, 4 and 5 of Romans 6. I then decided to be baptized. I should have preferred a Minister to have done it, as I believe in the Ministry, but felt it could not be put off and saw no chance of having it done elsewhere. I like Doctor Case, he is quiet.

*Wednesday, 20th July.* Dined last night with Commander-in-Chief to meet Soldiers just come out ; Colonel Lewis etc. Had a small dinner party myself this evening ; he asked Captains to meet Custance before he went home, but Admiral wished to ask him, so had to change my plans.

*26th July.* Captain Dudding of *Iphigenia* dined with me ; Consul excused himself at the last moment, which annoyed me, but it turned out for the best, as Dudding and I had a very pleasant talk together. He told me of his visit to Peking and how amiable Prince Henry had made himself to the British, adjusting button hole in Dudding's coat etc.

Sir Claude gave a ball, and Prince Henry requested that it might be an informal one, which was done, and on his attending another given by the Russian Pavloff, he asked Mr. J. that the opening official Quadrille should be omitted and said : " Play a Waltz." However the Band struck up the opening bars of the Quadrille and Mr. Pavloff went round arranging partners. Prince Henry would not dance, and said in a loud voice : " Look at that beast, what is he doing ? " There is no doubt H.R.H. has had his orders from home to be most civil to the *British* Naval men.

Lady Macdonald said jestingly to Prince Henry :

" You must propose a toast." He replied :

" What, must I propose yours ? "

" No," she said—then he got up and proposed the

health of Captain Custance and the officers of the British Navy ; Custance replied shortly—it was the only toast proposed and was most marked.

*19th September.* Landed with Schomberg and Montgomerie and had a pleasant walk on top of the Great Wall of China, which runs into the sea here, Shanhaikwan, to which place we came on Saturday.

The wall here is about 2,000 years old, about 25 to 30 feet high, and 20 broad, and one can see it for miles running up mountains and down hills, towers and gates standing up very prominently in many parts of the wall. To get the bricks up some parts of the mountains, the Chinese hit upon the ingenious device of tying a brick to the neck of each goat and driving the leader up the rocks, the rest followed. A lot of forts about the place and some 2,000 troops and any amount of banners.

Left in the evening for Neuchwang. Heard of assassination of Empress of Austria.

*24th September.* On arrival Sir Edward Seymour told me that on his arrival at Wei-Hai-Wei he found an urgent telegram, asking him to come at once to Taku Bar with the Squadron, but he does not know what for. He has gone in to see Sir Claude Macdonald—it ought to be something very serious for a Minister to telegraph in this manner.

*26th September.* The Emperor has been poisoned, but is recovering and has abdicated—Empress Dowager proclaimed herself Queen Regent (suspected of having had a hand in the poisoning)—Li reinstated last Saturday, a great blow to our prestige. Russian influence all-powerful at Peking—I should think Lord Salisbury would see how utterly hopeless and impotent it is to try and have anything to do with the Chinese Central Govt. We are at the beginning of a break-up of China.

*4th October.* Dined last night with the Commander-in-Chief, who had heard from Sir C. Macdonald that the Emperor had tried to escape from the Palace, but was caught

at the Palace gates and taken back, and the reformers have had their heads cut off; some of them saying that in a few years' time they would be looked upon as martyrs, one of them, a C.M.G., is in prison and his life has only been spared hitherto by entreaty of Sir C. Macdonald. It is the beginning of the end of this dynasty—very soon we shall hear of troubles in the South.

Mrs. Mudditt told me of several cases of baby girls being thrown away by their mothers, also of the torture these poor girls have to undergo in the foot binding. To get the foot very small, it is bound, soaked in hot water, then beaten until soft, and rebound. She says it is too terrible to hear the wailings of these children.

*1st November.* Jellicoe<sup>1</sup> yesterday told me C-in-C. had received a telegram, saying to be prepared for Russia and France. I was rather disturbed at hearing he hesitated at leaving W.H.W. and in fact was, as far as I could make out, waiting for a lead from the Admiralty—I wrote him a long letter, urging concentration at Hong-Kong and protecting trade from Singapore to Hankow and leaving the trade to the North, as we are certainly not strong enough for both. He met me on shore, and I gathered he had wired Admiralty—I wrote, at Jellicoe's earnest request, and I believe it has done good.

*5th December.* Called on Prince Henry, who returned my visit shortly afterwards. When staff had left my cabin we had a talk together.

I said, if I might presume to remark it, that I liked the Emperor referring to the power of God. Prince Henry said, "Yes, as long as it is not done too much, or too often." He said, "It is all in *my* heart."

"In a few weeks," he said, "we must talk over some recreations in which both German and English can join," replying to a suggestion of mine to that effect.

We had a long talk on general subjects. He is much in

<sup>1</sup> Flag-Captain to Sir Edward Seymour. Afterwards Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe.—Ed.



favour of an alliance between Germany, England and Russia, or, at any rate an understanding. I agreed, and said I would not trust Japan : he was delighted, and said he was so glad to meet someone who thought as he did—(of course Beresford is just the other way of thinking, but I believe he is wrong.)

Prince Henry said, "Beresford wants us to oppose Russia, but," he said, "how can we with Russia on our flank as she is?"

[In January 1899 the *Narcissus* arrived at Manila, capital of the Philippine Islands. George was Senior Naval Officer, and used his influence with the American Admiral, Dewey, to moderate the U.S.A.'s policy towards the Filipinos, and to present their side of the question to the Americans. Dewey's ships were bombarding the coast towns in the course of hostilities, which concerned the fight for independence of the Filipinos, following the Spanish-American War, and culminating in the islands passing into American possession.

On one occasion, George landed to "parley" with the Filipinos' forces, was greeted with a shower of bullets, but attained his object. He left the islands, having thrown a little pacific oil on the troubled waters, and he was thanked by the American General Otis, and authorities. The General remarked that there was undoubtedly something to be said for British methods in handling "subject races."

The *Narcissus* left Manila in March 1899, and received a great send-off from the American Naval and Military Forces.

Shortly after this, George arrived home in the *Narcissus*. He was crippled for months as the result of rheumatic fever, missed an appointment as liaison officer between the Admiralty and War Office, but was finally appointed to H.M.S. *Revenge* in the Mediterranean. This led to his becoming Chief-of-the-Staff to Sir John Fisher, the Commander-in-Chief. George arrived in Malta to take command of the *Revenge* (1st class battleship), in January 1900. He had just invented a tactical game, which was the first of the war games at the Royal Naval College. When he alludes to

"C.B." in his diary, he is referring to Lord Charles Beresford, who was second-in-command.

There was continual friction between him and Sir John Fisher. George was, to use his own words, "a kind of a buffer between the two, Fisher writing memos for C.B., some of which I pigeon-holed and did not send on; C.B. abusing Fisher to me, which I had to discourage."

While Captain of the *Revenge*, George obtained permission from Sir John Fisher to paint his ships grey as an experiment. It had occurred to him that, as their hulls were painted black, upperworks white, and funnels yellow, British ships afforded an excellent object for an enemy to align his sights on.

Sir John made experiments as regards the visibility of the *Revenge*, compared to other ships painted in the orthodox manner. The result was in favour of the *Revenge*, so when Sir John went to the Admiralty, it was due to his influence that the whole fleet was painted grey.

George's friendship, a lifelong one, with Prince Louis of Battenberg, who was out at Malta during this time, was a pleasant antidote to his official relationship with his tempestuous chief—one of the most interesting, if sometimes unpleasant, naval personalities of that day.

Some of Prince Louis' letters to George have been published in his *Life*, written by Admiral Mark Kerr.]

*Malta. 9th February, 1900.* All Captains attended privately on C-in-Chief, who kept us for nearly three hours telling us of our probable strategy in Mediterranean against Russia and France. Arrangements with the King of Greece for a weekly message from Odessa to give us warning of any Russian preparations. The sum of £250,000 lodged in the Russian Ambassador's hands for bribing Turkish Pashas. Guns not to fire on Russian ships passing through Bosphorus and Dardanelles at night: 80,000 troops ready for embarking, either for Constantinople or Egypt. Arrangements made for the disposition of ships.

*10th February.* Dined with the C.-in-C. Olga with me. The C.-in-C. took her in. Twenty-six to dinner.

The C.-in-C., Admirals Noel and Lord Charles Beresford

very pleased with my tactical game. Sir John Fisher had me up and gave me the confidential papers regarding the secret French plan of attacking our fleet, and has asked me to devise plans of meeting it. Commander Marcus Hill, who has just returned from Greece, told me that he took Prince George up in his craft, and stayed some little time with the King, who was very frank ; as also was the Crown Princess, regarding Russia's designs : and the King pointed out that Russia was really working to get Persia, which he knew. That the Russian Ambassador had the sum of £250,000 in hand to bribe the Pashas ; and that if their fleet came through the Bosphorus, not a gun would be fired upon them. The King said that the independence of Greece depended upon England keeping Russians in check in Mediterranean. The Russians also had an eye on Suda Bay.

Russian Consul here is a Naval Officer and an excellent ship Constructor, etc. Opening his letters by Governor's orders. And then the (Russian controlled) Danish Line calling in for coal to take his mails, and C.-in-C. telling him there was no reason they should, as they coaled at Algiers. British Government afraid of asking for his recall, on account of susceptibilities of Russian Government ; also unable to manœuvre fleet at present so as to give no cause for provocation.

French plan of sending Declaration of War on a Saturday night, knowing our plan of keeping Sunday. C.-in-C. has asked me to meet French plan of Attack, which we happen to know secretly.

*19th February.* Am painting ship "grey." C.-in-C. has written to Admiralty, forwarding my letter, which he states gives very clearly advisability of the Fleet being that colour, and if their Lordships approve, will have the whole fleet done gradually. Milne<sup>1</sup> called on board, and we had a long yarn. He told me French fleet were in very good order. He

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Admiral Sir A. Berkeley Milne, only son of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Alexander Milne, and grandson of Admiral Sir David Milne, who was Second in Command at the bombardment of Algiers.—Ed.

was a month alongside of them last year. C.-in-Chief ordered a dozen of my Tactical Games.

*2nd March.* C.-in-Chief signalled for me, and on arriving at House, I was ushered in ; and to my surprise he offered me the appointment as Chief of the Staff ; advising me strongly to take it, and saying that if after six months I did not care for it he would take care that I got as good a ship as I had given up. He also added that of course he would look after my interests, and he felt confident that I should do well in the billet. I urged every objection I could think of, my "peculiar" (!!) religious views, my inexperience in the Fleet, or ever having done duty as Flag Captain. But, he kept on saying I was the man, and that Fawkes and he had looked down the list and out of a dozen names came to the conclusion that I was the man.

I said I must have time for consideration, and said though I was not indifferent to consideration of advancement in the Service, I endeavoured to make this a secondary consideration, and that my fear was, that if I did not do well as Chief of the Staff, I might bring discredit on my Master. . . .

The Maltese have gone mad over the relief of Ladysmith ; yesterday, Thursday 1st, the news came and suddenly the whole place was decorated and bands playing, and Valetta crowded—tremendous and most unexpected enthusiasm on the part of the Maltese. Sir Francis Grenfell [Governor of Malta]<sup>1</sup> going to the Opera, had the horses taken out of his carriage, and was dragged right along Strada Reale—had to make a speech from the Piazza of the Opera House ; and created great applause by notifying that he was telegraphing the Queen of the great demonstration at Malta.

This evening, 2nd March, I dined at the Auberge of Castile, the R.A. and R.E. Mess dinner given to Lord Charles Beresford. The Governor was there as a private guest. Fawkes,<sup>2</sup> Burr and Lowry<sup>3</sup> the other Captains : about 70 present. General O'Callaghan made a very fulsome speech

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Admiral Sir Wilmot Fawkes.—Ed. <sup>3</sup> Afterwards Admiral Sir Robert Lowry.—Ed.

about C.B., who replied very well (he speaks well). Then C.B. proposed Grenfell's health in a nice speech ; the latter replied simply and to the point. I had a long yarn with the Governor after dinner. He knows the Boers well and we both agreed that the war was by no means over and that we had had sleepless nights over Ladysmith, and the relief of feeling at its being relieved was intense.

*5th March.* I felt strongly inclined to tell Sir John Fisher I would not come.

*15th March.* Com-in-Chief made general signal that I was appointed Chief of the Staff.

Met Lord Charles Beresford who congratulated Olga in most flattering terms on my appointment. I have received many congratulations. Had a talk yesterday with Store Officer on our coal supply. It is certainly very alarming to find that we have only a fortnight's coal supply in Malta if at War. We have only 40,000 to 60,000 tons. The French have along the African coast 175,000 tons. Charles Beresford anxious to stir up everyone at home on this and other matters. Sir John, who is working towards the same object, not anxious C.B. should know too much.

*Friday 23rd.* Had a talk with C.-in-C. regarding my duties as Chief of the Staff, stating that Tyrwhitt,<sup>1</sup> the Flag Captain, should be under me as regards all Fleet work. That I must be his mouthpiece to the Fleet, and required a Flag Lieutenant. He agreed.

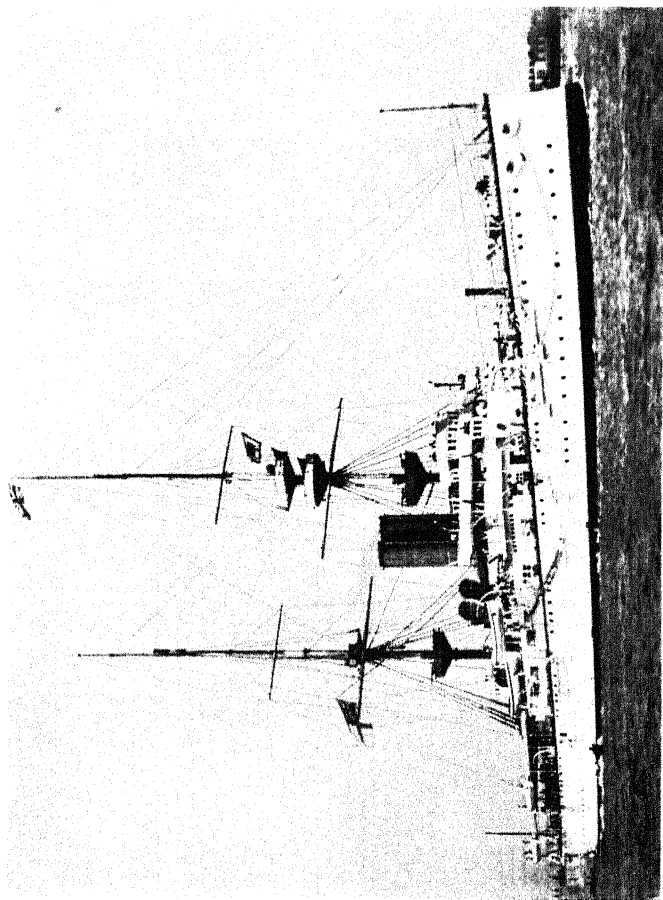
*On Board H.M.S. Renown (Battleship 1st Class). Friday 30th.* Did some speed trials running 10 knots, reducing to 5 knots and seeing how far she ran before reduced to 5 knots.

A lot of officers to dinner, after which more came in, to whom I explained my Naval Tactical Game.

*April 12th.* Gave a lecture before Sir John Fisher and Captains, on my Tactical Game.

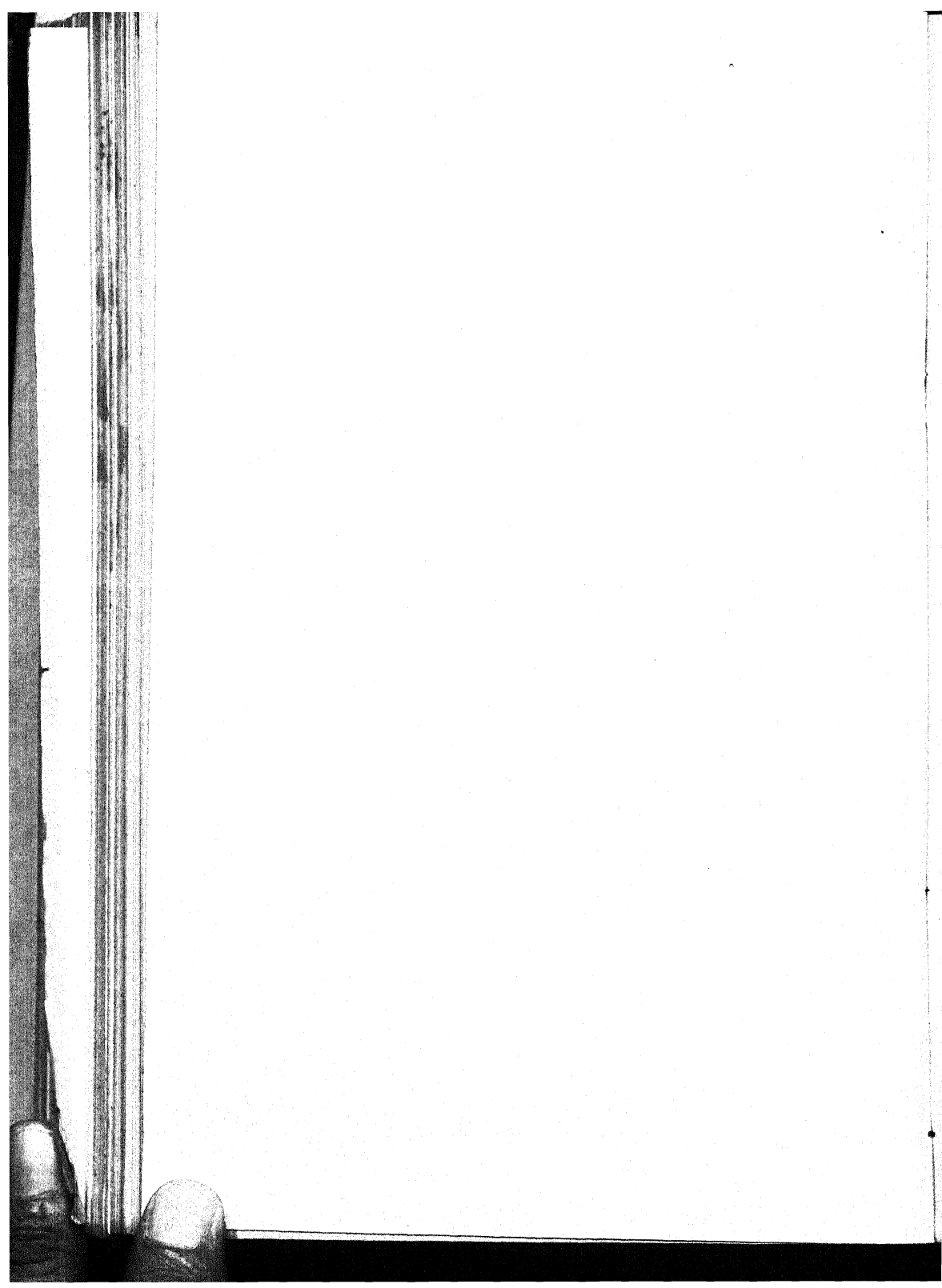
*November 25th.* Fisher a difficult man to have anything to do with. Fear he is shifty. His views as to my duties much

<sup>1</sup> Captain the Hon. Hugh Tyrwhitt (died 1907).—Ed.



H.M.S. "RENOWN," 1902

Displacement, 12,350 tons. Launched at Pembroke, 1895. Her last service was as stokers' training ship at Portsmouth. Scrapped in 1914, just before the War





modified. He is a difficult man to bring to the point. However, I find lots to do. I think it is a pity the C.-in-C. does not take me into his confidence in some little measure. It is the same with Beresford ; he tells him nothing, and won't let him do anything. Coal supply at Malta, stowage only for 100,000 tons, should be 200,000.

*1901. January 19th.* Very depressing news about our beloved Queen. What a good woman she has been, the best Sovereign that has ever reigned upon a throne. God has indeed blessed our country. We have so long looked upon the Queen as part of our Institution that the very thought of her leaving us comes as a tremendous shock.

*Wednesday 23rd.* Last night at 11.40 p.m. news came of Her Majesty's death. The *Canopus* fired 81 minute guns, and when finished the Fort fired 81.

One can hardly imagine the Queen gone from amongst us. Her influence in everything has been immense, on the domestic and family life of the nation has been nothing but good. A wise and experienced stateswoman, exercising great power unknown to many ; respected and consulted by many Sovereigns. The almost idol of her people, for above all she was a tender-hearted true woman. We shall miss her more than words can express.

*February 12th.* Colonel Spence told me he had heard to-day from one of the Cabinet, that they quite recognised the serious state of affairs at the Cape ; and that 40,000 more men were needed. He also said that the men out there had the jumps, and lost heart. I was afraid of De Wet, and fear that he will raise the Cape Colony, as he must be well down in it by now, and his strategy in laying a line of depots right down is very clever.

I understand that the men-of-war are ready to embark the ladies at the Cape, if necessary—this with the knowledge that so many of our ships are hors-de-combat from Belleville boilers is very depressing.

*16th February.* Better news from the Cape, and it looks as if it might be the beginning of the end.

*11th March.* Admiralty have ordered 100 of our Acting Seamen Gunners home, and are sending 100 boys out.

I cannot but feel that the state of our Fleet out here is perilous in the extreme. Malta being turned into a great repairing yard, and the actual fighting fleet reduced by the number of ships always under repair, and by the fleet being undermanned both in officers and men.

Colonel Spence, C.S.O., told me in confidence this evening that our garrison was 3000 men under strength.

*6th April.* C.-in-C. had a lot of us up and explained for two hours the whole of the strategic plans for war in the Mediterranean, to meet the French and Russian Fleets.

*13th April. Saturday.* *Renown* came in to-day, bringing [the Board of Admiralty] Lord Selborne, Lord Walter Kerr, Fawkes, Custance<sup>1</sup> and Pretymann. The C.-in-C. and staff went on board to receive them. The *Caesar* came in with Lord Rosebery from Naples.

In the evening of the 16th, the Commander-in-Chief gave a large dinner party, I sat next to Lord Walter and we had a long talk together. He told me he had great difficulty in getting anything through on account of the Treasury. He also said that if we are nearly equal to the French, we should go straight for them, letting the Channel Fleet come up as a Reserve.

*1st May.* Sir John says that he startled Lord Selborne by the statements he made—figures he showed regarding the Mediterranean. Lord Selborne :—"Do you consider Lord Salisbury a d—— fool?" "No," said Sir John, "but all the same, this is the state of affairs in the Mediterranean." The *Victorious* and *Ramillies* nearly rammed each other one night.

*9th June.* Arnold White, and Robert Yerburgh, M.P., lunched with C.-in-C. Had some very interesting conversation with them, the former very strong, as well as Yerburgh,

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Admiral Sir Reginald Custance. At this date he was a Rear-Admiral and Director of Naval Intelligence.—Ed.

on the necessity of strengthening Navy. Arnold White told us that he was on the Grand Jury the other day regarding a case of a Vice-Consul having sold Cypher, and it came out that the Foreign Office never even got a receipt from the Vice-Consul. He also spoke very strongly against Lord Salisbury, and both of them seemed to think that it would be a good thing when he resigned. Yerburch says the young members of the H. of C. are determined to kill the Army Bill, with its £30,000,000, whilst the Navy is not as strong as it ought to be. A.W. told a story of Kennedy, who had been Attaché at Constantinople, on being appointed Minister at Cetinje asking the Turkish Ambassador in London to introduce him to Lord Salisbury, at some big function. On this being brought up Lord S. said :—"I suppose this is one of your Staff?" "Oh, no," said the Ambassador, "it is a gentleman that you have appointed Minister to Cetinje." The story was told apropos of the absolute ignorance Lord S. has of the personnel of the Foreign Office.

*27th June.* Sir John is writing very strong letters to the Admiralty, and this combined with Charles Beresford's agitation in press, and that of his friends, tend to keep them lively at the Admiralty.

*Gib. Tuesday, 2nd July.* Been ordered by the Admiralty to remain in the vicinity of Gib. for the present, on account of the French concentration and manœuvres taking place. The Northern Squadron arrived at Tangier yesterday. *Pyramus* was out for Wireless Telegraph exercise, and got in a fog. She began receiving, and took in a lot of messages from the French Fleet—on the fog lifting she found herself within half a mile of the French Fleet. She steamed under their stern and gave a salute of 15 guns; a manœuvre similar to the one I executed in *Narcissus*, to the German Squadron two years ago or more, in Gulf of Pechili.

*14th July.* Here, last Friday, the wireless Telegraph did not answer over 20 miles, on account of the large amount of atmospheric electricity about: consequently, at no time were the ships of the fleet in complete communication with

each other. It would be very dangerous to split a fleet up in this way, in actual War.

*21st July.* A signal made this morning that our cruise is postponed on account of our meeting the Channel Fleet the end of August. A very good thing, for we do no tactics, and not much gunnery, always rushing about at full speed.

Custance tells me there has been a great rumpus going on at the Admiralty, who, however, are going to increase the Mediterranean fleet by cruisers and destroyers, which I do not suppose they would have done but for Sir John and the agitation. On the other hand, I do not think Sir John has acted loyally to his superiors, for he disclosed to Arnold White and Mr. Yerburgh, at two visits for two at a time, all our plans.

*Friday, 26th July.* A very busy week just elapsed, coaling the fleet from three colliers and from the stores, the number of lighters being quite inadequate.

*14th August.* Heard from Fawkes,<sup>1</sup> who tells me the Queen would not go on board the new Royal Yacht at first, but once on board she was enchanted with the ship.

*30th August.* Arrived at Lagos 8 a.m. finding here a Squadron of 4 Portuguese cruisers, also a white yacht, which we thought at first was the *Sunbeam* but it turned out to be the King of Portugal's yacht, and flying his Standard.

A lot of salutes went off, and then at 11 a.m. C.-in-C. and his staff, with the Rear-Admiral, called on the King. C.-in-C. presented us. He is a fat man, with a good-humoured face ; always smoking. The Marquis de Soveral, Minister in London, a well-known man in London Society, and others, are on board. The King brought ten to dine with C.-in-C., making 34 to dinner. I had next me a very fat A.D.C. a great big man, Colonel of a Cavalry Regiment whom the King had asked to come for a four days' trip. As he has been on board ten days, and is sea-sick the whole time, he is very anxious to get on "terra-firma" again. All the Channel

<sup>1</sup> Rear-Admiral Wilmot Fawkes had become Naval Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty (for the second time) in November 1900.—Ed.

Captains and both Admirals, dined—afterwards all Command Officers came on board. I told Beresford, as I had said I would, what had been stated regarding *Ramillies'* nets. C.-in-C. and Tyrwhitt began chaffing, and implying it was true. C.B. got furious and made use to me of strong language later, of those who implied he gave his assent to jockeying.

*31st August.* A very nice letter from C.B. apologising for using strong language in my presence and assuring me he knew I never doubted his honour. I called on him this morning and thanked him for his letter. Last night, at dinner, the King proposed our King's health, and then Sir John Fisher proposed the King of Portugal's, all standing—Band playing.

The King came to lunch, and then went over the ship. I had a very interesting talk with the Portuguese Minister to G. Britain, Marquis de Soveral. He has done so much for us with regard to Delagoa Bay. He thinks we shall still have trouble in S. Africa for some time. The King proposed the toast of the British Navy in a nice little speech. Sir John proposed the King's, but he is not always happy in his phrases. He led off with a lot of cheering and singing "He is a jolly good fellow," etc.

*9th September.* Fleet went out, the Channel fleet having gone out last night, to exercise finding each other, using wireless, which quite broke down, this being interfered with by the Channel Fleet.

*Lemnos. 6th October.* Mr. and Mrs. Rees dined on board last night; he is very well off, a Contractor, living at Smyrna. She is a good-looking woman. He told me a good deal about the Sultan, and I said there is a strong suspicion that his father was an Armenian doctor, and as his mother was an Armenian, he tries to make himself out to be a good Turk by harrying the Armenians. The woman who tried to fire the Palace lately, was whipped to death.

A great many Sofias are constantly being put into the Bosphorus.

Ws

*7th October.* I must confess I have never had such an uncomfortable time in the service as I have had this summer on board *Renown*. There is nothing for the Chief of the Staff to do at sea, and not room in one ship for two Captains, unless you are all three in sympathy with each other.

This evening after dinner, the C.-in-C., evidently in a burst of feeling, said :—" I am sick of operations, and my brain is getting addled with them."

*22nd October.* Beresford the night before detained me for half an hour, more or less, having a hit at C.-in-C., ending up by saying that he was an Asiatic !

*4th January, 1902.* Blowing a " gregale." Prince Louis<sup>1</sup> came in to 5 o'clock tea, and told us some interesting things regarding the Russians. He said that the late Queen, influenced by the Prince Consort, disliked the Russians very much. He also said that the Russians had caused the French to leave Mitylene the other day.

*12th March.* Olga and I dined with Prince and Princess Louis. Princess Louis [grand-daughter of Queen Victoria] is a very clever woman and well read. Battenberg, after dinner, shewed me a geological map of Malta that she had prepared. She was very pleasant and easy to get on with. She made the ladies go out before her, after dinner, being, I suppose, ' en famille.' I think she is altered from what she was ten years ago when I first knew her, much improved. The Battenbergs keep entirely to themselves, always out in the country botanising, etc.

*24th April.* Last night Battenberg, Madden<sup>2</sup> and all the Destroyer Captains dined on board with C.-in-C. After dinner an adjournment to the Quarterdeck took place, and soon everyone was dancing. The C.-in-C. and Battenberg ; I found myself taking a turn with Lieut. Raikes, whom I had

<sup>1</sup> Prince Louis of Battenberg (afterwards Admiral of the Fleet the Marquess of Milford Haven) was at this date Captain of H.M.S. *Implacable* in the Mediterranean Fleet.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Captain Madden (afterwards Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden) had recently become senior officer of the Mediterranean Destroyer Flotillas, with his headquarters in the depot ship *Orion* at Malta.—Ed.



pitched into the day before for taking his Destroyer across the bows of the fleet when coming in.

4th June. H.M.S. *Renown* sailed at noon, with Sir John and all of his staff. The *Royal Sovereign* and *Surprise* (with the ladies) accompanied us out of harbour. We had a great send-off and much cheering. We went out at 16 knots, in great style.

[On returning to England from Malta in 1902, George was appointed to the Admiralty, to H.M.S. *President*, as Assistant to Rear-Admiral Commanding Coastguard and Reserves.

In 1906, he went to Queenstown, Ireland, as Senior Officer on the Coast of Ireland, having been promoted to Rear-Admiral in 1904. In the interests of space, only a few extracts are given from the diaries covering these years.]

1902. Monday. 13th October. [During George's appointment at the Admiralty.] Custance and Raban lunched at the same table at the Club. We were talking about spending 1/3rd of a million on works at Halifax. Raban being the head of the Works Dept., asked Custance what he thought of it. Custance, who was Director of the Naval Intelligence Dept. said it ought to go first to the North Sea defences—and we had a great talk over the German animosity to England. Then Custance told us the following story, which he vouches for as being absolutely true :—An American yacht not long ago met the *Hohenzollern* up one of the Norwegian fiords. The Emperor went on board without ceremony, or waiting for anyone to call, and began talking and abusing the English and not only us, but his English relatives. One of the guests on board the yacht was an English diplomat, who kept his counsel and said nothing, but took care to report it all to his superiors. The Emperor was not aware there was an Englishman in the party. So much for the assumed friendship of the Emperor for England.

15th October, 1903. Angus MacLeod<sup>1</sup> told me that he had been offered Queenstown, and that Barry,<sup>2</sup> one of Fisher's

<sup>1</sup> The late Admiral Angus MacLeod.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> The late Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Barry.—Ed.



men, was to succeed him [as Director of Naval Ordnance]. He gave me an account of Fisher's interview with him ; how Fisher said :—" You are trying to wreck my plans regarding gunnery." MacLeod replied :—" No, I am not, but as D.N.O. it is my duty to express my opinion." Fisher said :—" You know people talk of the three R's—my three R's are Ruthless, Relentless and Remorseless." Macleod said he got quite fierce, and glared, saying :—" Anyone who opposes me, I crush, I crush." There is no doubt that Fisher has got MacLeod out of it in order to put Barry in. MacLeod says he is glad to be out of the Admiralty, with all its scheming. Lord Walter Kerr<sup>1</sup> seems to be quite helpless, and as MacLeod says, the Admiralty is practically run by Fisher (though C.-in-C. at Portsmouth), Battenberg and Tyrwhitt.

Admiral Rice<sup>2</sup> told me that Beaumont<sup>3</sup> is endeavouring to prevent Fisher from returning as First Sea Lord, but, as I told Rice, there is not much chance of his doing that.

[*Note*.—Admiral Sir John Fisher became First Sea Lord of the Admiralty on 20th October, 1904].

*Saturday, 22nd October, 1904.* Went down to Canford Manor, Wimborne, Dorset, in time for tea. Found a large house party, Lord and Lady Lindsay, Sir Michael and Lady Lucy Hicks-Beach and daughter, Dean of Canterbury, Ivor Guest, M.P., Winston Churchill, M.P., the Hon. M. White-Ridley, M.P., and wife, daughter of Lady Wimborne, Mr. and Mrs. Joynson-Hicks (he is candidate for Manchester in the Conservative interest against Winston Churchill), Miss du Cane, niece of Lord Wimborne and also of Lady Layard, Miss Barnard, daughter of Canon Barnard, and several others. Mr. Barlow, a Barrister, and Miss Anderson, Lady Wimborne's Secretary, and Mr. Peel—a very clever young man. Canford Manor is a fine place and filled with works of art and old Masters. The room used as a sitting room is very fine, 60 feet high, sloping wood ceiling, highly ornamented,

<sup>1</sup> Admiral of the Fleet Lord Walter Kerr was First Sea Lord.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Admiral Sir Ernest Rice.—Ed.    <sup>3</sup> Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont.—Ed.

tapestry and other works of art all arranged with great taste, and a very comfortable room to sit in.

On the table, at dinner, was some magnificent gold plate.

Miss du Cane, I found, knew Venice very well, and had seen the picture of Olga, done by Ralph Curtiss, and had heard of the beautiful Miss Kers.

Sat up until 1 a.m. talking to Sir Michael and Winston Churchill, about the Navy and Naval Policy. Found Sir M.H.B. knew a good deal about it. He told me that at a Cabinet Council, they had the Naval experts in regarding Wei-Hai-Wei; they were all against it, but, on someone mentioning that the Germans would take it if we did not, the Cabinet changed their mind and decided to take it. Winston Churchill has a very good opinion of himself. We had a great discussion together, however, we parted friendly.

*Wednesday. 26th October. 1904.* Battenberg<sup>1</sup> told me that reports re the Russian crisis were more satisfactory, from the British Ambassador at Petersburg.

*Friday. 28th.* Crisis acute last night, all preparations made for seizing and sinking the Russian Fleet. Rice told me that Beresford<sup>2</sup> had wired home to ask whether he should take or sink the Russian Fleet. Also told me that Battenberg said the Germans were behind all the trouble, trying to embroil ourselves, the Russians and French.

*24th December, 1904.* Took Stevie to be seen by Doctor Irvine of the Medical Department. He says that he is sound and strong, but very small. He does not think that there is much chance of his getting into the Navy. Rather a knock-out blow to me.

*16th February, 1905.* Went down in a Submarine, one of the Holland type. Commander R. W. Johnson took me over one of the A class first. We had a run under water. The A class are very large, and a mass of machinery inside. He tried to raise my hair by giving accounts of his narrow escapes.

<sup>1</sup> Prince Louis of Battenberg had become Director of Naval Intelligence.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Charles Beresford was Vice-Admiral commanding the Channel Squadron, then at Gibraltar.—Ed.

*Friday. 3rd March.* Lunched with [Rear Admiral] Barlow on board *Royal Oak* who told me all the details of the row between Beresford and Fisher. Beresford heard from May that the latter was going to succeed him on 7th February and not on March 7th, as Beresford had arranged with Lord Selborne. Beresford wrote back that he would be very glad to give him lunch or fight him, but he would not be superseded. Beresford then went up to see Lord Selborne, who said he could do nothing, but referred him to Fisher. Fisher said to Beresford that all arrangements had been made for May to relieve him on the earlier date, and that he wanted Beresford to come on a Committee. Beresford said he did not intend to be superseded, nor would he go on a Committee. Fisher then replied :—"Well, then, you will not go to the Mediterranean," upon which all the pent-up wrath of years between the two men broke out, and Beresford said :—"You dare to threaten me, Jacky Fisher. Who are you? I only take my orders from the Board. If I have to haul my flag down on the 7th February, I will resign the Service, go down to Birmingham, get into the House and turn out both you and Selborne. What is more, I will go to the Mediterranean, and I will not go on a Committee." More words passed, the result being that Beresford had his way,<sup>1</sup> but I shall be surprised if Fisher does not play some trick on him, and pay him out in some way or another.

*29th October, 1905.* Took Stevie before the Board of Nomination. He did well. He did a ten minutes' essay on the Russo-Japanese War. He made a very good précis of it. He was also asked questions about his school, the Foreland Light Houses, and about the difference between Kidderminster, Brussels and Turkish carpets. Stevie said that the former were yellowish, and the latter reddish. Mr. Alington<sup>2</sup> said, "Quite right."

<sup>1</sup> He was obliged to turn over his command to Sir William May on 7th February; but he became Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean Fleet, on 1st May, 1905.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Cyril Alington.

He was asked about the Battle of Worcester and on whose side he would fight, he replied, "Charles II." He was asked about Bertie's ship, where it was and other questions, also the Latin for several names. Olga and I saw him off from the station to school.

*27th November, 1905.* I took Stevie, fully anticipating that his case would be referred. My joy was great when he came out and the porter said he had passed.

*8th January, 1906.* Stevie put on his uniform for the first time and went to church with me. He looked very well in it.

*January 1906.* Stevie left us for Osborne. He is a very affectionate boy, very full of life and energy, a favourite with everyone. It is a pity he is a bit of a "Sea-lawyer" for it gets him into trouble with his masters at the R.N.C.

*May 1907.* Egerton<sup>1</sup> told me about his difference of opinion with Sir John Fisher, when 2nd Sea Lord, about the Education scheme. How Fisher beckoned him out of the Council Chamber and led him into his room, then shook his fist at him, and almost spat at him, saying :—"If you oppose my Education scheme I will crush you." Fisher was beside himself with rage—Egerton kept cool, and refused to be bullied into agreeing with Fisher that Torpedo Lieutenants could be made in three months. Shortly afterwards Fisher became C.-in-C. at Portsmouth, and Egerton being the Captain of *Vernon*—Fisher made himself as disagreeable as possible and kept ordering Egerton to send his reasons in writing for all kinds of things. On one occasion, for letting a gunboat go out to Spithead when the South Cone was hoisted. When the three months elapsed, Egerton refused to sign the certificates of the Torpedo Lieutenants that they were competent, and Fisher had to give in, but he managed to keep Egerton waiting eighteen months before he hoisted his flag. Arbuthnot, who also opposed him, has never hoisted his flag.

He also told me a lot about the Germans, how very

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Admiral Sir George Le Clerc Egerton.

thorough they are in making every preparation for War with England. How the Public Houses and Hotels on the East Coast and Portsmouth Hard are falling into their hands, and even the Sun Hotel, the only one at Chatham, is in the hands of a German proprietor, with German servants.

[Admiral of the Fleet] Sir Charles Hotham met a German Officer on the General Staff, who was staying at the same house, and had been shooting the year before at a Country House. He asked Hotham the name of the village blacksmith near the place they had been shooting at the year before. Hotham could not remember—the German said it did not matter, he could find out, as they kept a list of every Blacksmith's forge and shoeing place in England. We know that they have a list of all milling places.

There is no doubt that the Germans are leaving nothing to chance, and are most thorough in every detail, and one feels a kind of despair that we are quarrelling about Education, and everything else, and leaving out of sight the necessity of the nation being prepared to meet one of the most powerful and highly organised nations on the earth. Compulsory service is needed to discipline the nation, and a proper Education free from all sectarian jealousy and control. Oh ! for a true patriotic Government !

*23rd October, 1908.* Met [Admiral] Sir Edmund Poë at Club. A very old friend of mine, just returned from commanding the South Africa Station. He told me that Sir John had destroyed the camaraderie of the service. Said Officers were all partisans either of Sir John, or of Lord Charles Beresford, and would not speak to each other. I said I could not credit this. He replied :—" You do not hear anything about this, as you were Chief of the Staff to Sir John." We had a long talk together, ending up by Poë saying—" However, everyone in the Service knows you are a man of honour and would never do a dirty thing, and no one has ever breathed a word against you."

[George left Queenstown after more than two successful and interesting years. He pushed on the work of the only

Irish dockyard, Haulbowline, and the Irish newspapers considered that, when he gave up his command, the people of Queenstown were "parting with a staunch friend," for the dockyard gave employment to thousands of men, and George's policy was described as "progressive," it being also noted that he had taken "such an interest in the work and development of the yard . . . as to enable him to master every detail of the work."

He got on well with the Irish. They found him sympathetic. He was, as a matter of fact, a Home Ruler in his politics.

After Queenstown, in July 1908, he went on half-pay. Half-pay was, to be exact, one-third of full pay, and since Nelson's day the rate had remained practically unchanged, so prolonged half-pay was a financial state of affairs dreaded by the average pre-war married naval officer, for the Navy was then pre-eminently a service for men devoid of private means, the sons of service families, younger sons, and so forth.

For the Naval parent, if he was of senior ranks, half-pay might mean a sudden drop, say, from budgeting in the thousands, to budgeting in the small hundreds. For over a hundred years, the half-pay was increased at the rate of only two shillings a day. For the sailor's child, a swift transition from a spacious Admiralty House, with its background of ponies to ride, and a plentiful supply of parties and toys, to a Lenten-like period of lean years.

But, for the child there were compensations. Life was an exciting game of chance, variety and contrast. What would happen next? Where would the next appointment be? Three years' residence in the same place was exceptional in this roving existence. Has any child worth his salt, when grown to man's estate, ever regretted that he was born to "follow the flag?"

For the parent it could be rather a grim fight. The Navy was, and still is, one of the most absorbing, but exacting of careers. It is a career almost unequalled in the prodigal waste by the authorities of first-class human material. After giving to it his very best, a man may too often find that it needs him no longer, and he is just too old to reorganise his life satisfactorily. . . .



GEORGE AS THE LAST BRITISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF  
IN AUSTRALIA, 1910-1913

The Editor regrets that it has been necessary to exclude, in the interests of space, George's diaries dealing with his three years in Australia.

For those who may be interested in the history of Imperial politics, a short account is here given of the Australian Navy.]

THE BIRTH OF THE AUSTRALIAN NAVY

WHEN APPOINTED to the Command of the Australia Station in 1910, Mr. McKenna, the 1st Lord of the Admiralty, informed me that the Australian Government desired that the Royal Australian Navy should be quite independent of the Admiralty, or Home Government, and intended having their own Ensign for their men-of-war. This was confirmed to me by the late Sir George Reid, the High Commissioner of Australia.

The Admiralty were extremely averse to this establishment of an Australian Navy, preferring to receive an annual subsidy of a few thousand pounds and sending out ships of the Royal Navy.

On surveying the situation, I perceived that it was far more a National than simply a Naval one which the Admiralty failed to see at the beginning, but altered their opinion in later years.

I was strongly strengthened in my opinion on my arrival on the Station, and I made up my mind that it was my work, not only to help in establishing the R.A.N., but also to shepherd it into the ambit of the Imperial Fleet, and to have the same White Ensign covering the Home and Australian men-of-war.

At my first speech, I struck this note, by alluding to the R.A.N. and ever afterwards as the Australian Division of the Imperial Fleet, and on the advantage of flying the White Ensign.



In my letters home I requested the Admiralty not to curtail the use of the words "Imperial Fleet" to ships of the Royal Navy, but to use them for ships of the Dominions as well.

I pointed out to the Admiralty that the Australians complained that under the old arrangements, only vessels of secondary worth were sent out in return for a subsidy of a few hundred thousand pounds a year, whereas they were ready now to spend several millions on Naval defence every year.

It was also brought to the notice of the Admiralty what a great Imperial link it would be by our lending officers for the R.A.N. with all our traditions, and the influence on the many Australians passing through their hands for many years. In fact, when the Admiralty advised the Australian Government to officer their ships from the Mercantile Marine on account of their inability to lend officers from the R.N. by reason of the shortage in the R.N., I strenuously opposed their doing this, and told the Australian Government I would lend officers from the Fleet under my command, which I did—as once a distinct line of officering their fleet came into operation, I foresaw difficulties in the amalgamation of the R.A.N. and the R.N.

My offer was accepted.

Mr. Fisher, the Premier, and Mr. Pearce (now Sir George) the Minister of Defence, strongly supported me in every way, and also agreed to fly the White Ensign in their men-of-war, with the Australian Jack at Bow of the ship.

My relationships with the Australian Government were always most cordial, and they gave me their fullest confidence. The Governor-General and the Governors helped me considerably.

The result of the policy of establishing the R.A.N. has been fully justified during the late War, and also ever since. I consider that it has also strengthened the links between the Old Country and this great Commonwealth of Australia.

I always look back at my three years as Commander-in-Chief out in Australia with the greatest pleasure, and shall

never forget the great hospitality and kindness I received from everyone out there.

[It will be seen by the foregoing that George, in taking up his Australian post, undertook a task of some difficulty. He had to face opposition from all quarters, and the Australian Navy was a very frail infant when he was sent out to nurse it.

It is sufficient here to record that his appointment was most successful.

There were repeated requests that he should return as a State Governor. He was nicknamed, "the man who ruled Australia for three years," for by his tact, and grasp of Australian aspirations, he appealed to every political party,

With a miniature fleet of nine ships, New Zealand, Tasmania, and the British possessions in the Pacific Ocean were under his jurisdiction, so that the last three years of his service career were of great interest. He was asked by the Commonwealth Government to stay on beyond the term of his appointment, and left Sydney in October 1913, when the first unit of the Australian fleet arrived, H.M.S. *Australia*.

In 1913, George wrote in his diary :]

*21st October, 1913. Tuesday. Trafalgar Day.*

I drove down to Port Melbourne, proceeded to *Demosthenes* and there changed into uniform, and proceeded in Drummond's galley with my flag flying over to the *Cambrian* lying alongside the Town Pier. Received by Officers and men : I then addressed them, and left with my flag flying accompanied by my Secretary ; Captain Drummond pulling stroke oar, and the other oars manned by the Senior Officers—the men gave me such cheers, I felt deeply touched as the galley arrived at the landing. My flag was taken down in the boat, and struck on board the *Cambrian*, and so I finished my career as Commander-in-Chief of the Australia station, and that in the Service. It is nearly fifty years since I put on the uniform in December 1863. The last glance I took was of the *Cambrian* flying the long paying-off pennant.

*20th December, 1913. Walked to Buckingham Palace ;*



ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE KING-HALL, K.C.B., C.V.O.



The Guard were exchanging, and colours being paraded, Band playing. Walked behind them and went in by the small door on left front. After traversing passages was shown into the waiting-room and Captain Halsey and Captain Segrave came in, the former having finished his cruise in the *New Zealand*. He had a great inspection of the Panama Canal, and was not sanguine about its success, on account of the land slides in the Culebra Cut, which though filled with water still goes on, though not quite so bad as before. Segrave going as Attaché to Vienna.

At 11.10 a.m. I was ushered up by one of the Equerries to the King, on the next floor, and entering his room, the same one as I saw him last in, he shook hands and I sat down in a chair by his large desk facing a huge window. Without giving the conversation in sequence I put down the topics on which we spoke. During our conversation I several times said to him : "I hope you do not mind my speaking most frankly to you," and "I venture to speak very freely to you, Sir." He always replied, "Exactly what I want you to do," so I talked to him exactly as I would to a brother officer.

I told him Australia was a virile nation. Felt their nationhood, most loyal to his person and to the Empire, but this did not mean to the British Government.

I told him people at home, as Lord Emmott acknowledged, did not understand the people or situation in Australia, and that they could be bound to one by sentiment, and that if we showed a cold shoulder to them they would look across the Pacific, and I made a gesture with my hand.

I talked about the Pacific problem which must be faced, and I said the Australians had 800,000,000 dark races round them to the North, and the Japanese. . . .

I told him about Stephen, and he said that his boy was with Colville, and the Mediterranean Cruise had been most successful.

Altogether I had a very frank interview, and on leaving he again said to see Harcourt and Anderson.

He was looking well and was most cordial.

[George retired at his own request in 1913. He had one more year on the active list, but he decided to make room for younger men. He had received the C.V.O. and K.C.B. during his Australian command, and in 1923 was awarded a Good Service Pension.

On retiring, at the age of sixty-three, George identified himself with many philanthropic and religious activities. Like his father, he is President of the Royal Naval Temperance Society. His intense interest in passing events has assisted to keep his mentality youthful and keen.

It is difficult to realise, on meeting the subject of these comments, that the man before one celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday in August 1935. When speaking on the wireless, with his son Stephen, he remarked : "Nowadays, of course, it is all machinery, but though I am eighty-three years old, I hope I have moved with the times, and I am sure it is just as necessary, perhaps more so, to keep your wits about you in a modern destroyer going thirty-five knots, as it ever was on the topsail-yard, reefing a sail in a gale of wind."]

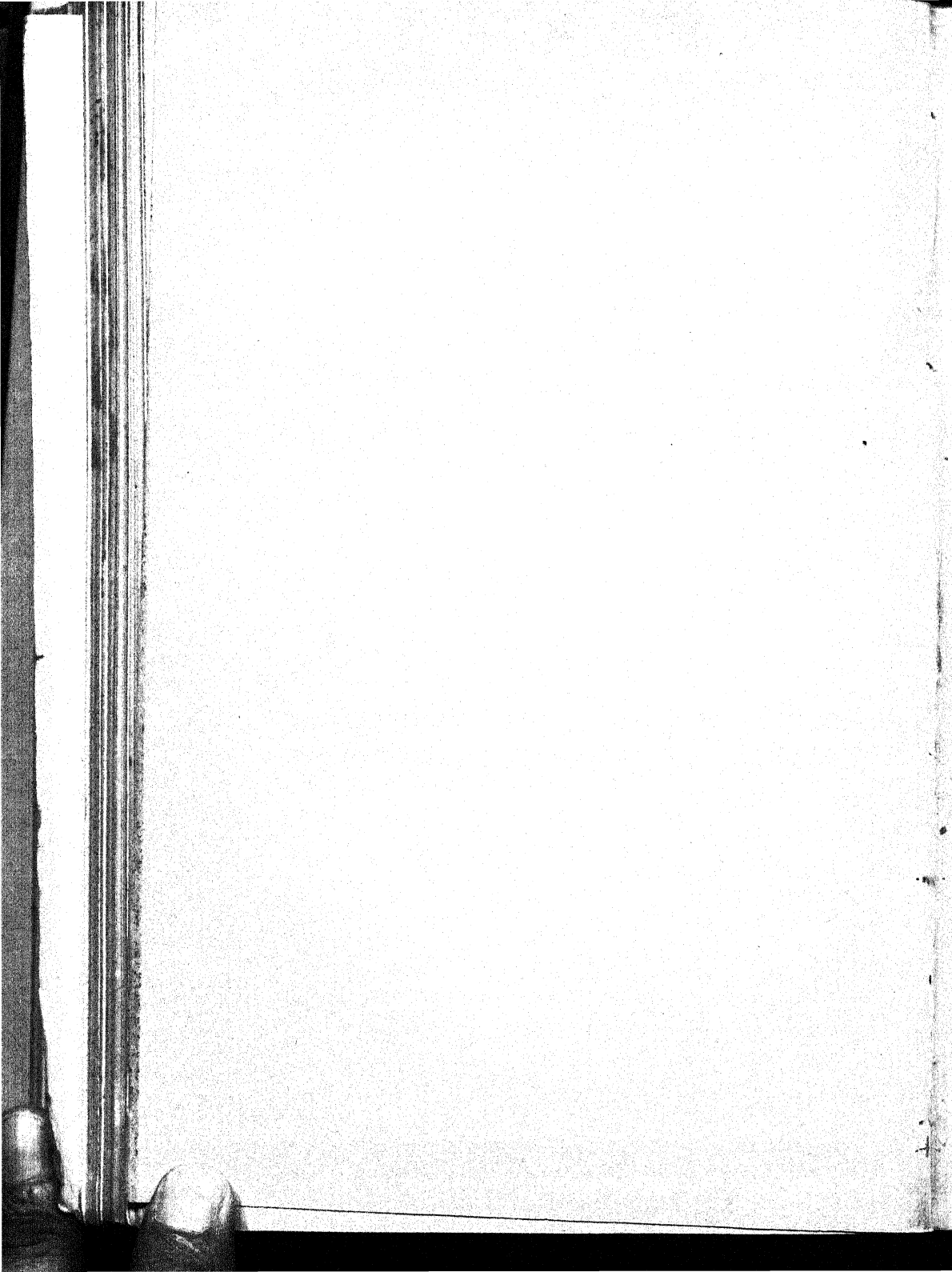
END OF GEORGE KING-HALL'S DIARIES

PART IV

THE DIARIES OF  
STEPHEN KING-HALL

1909-1917





THE DIARIES OF  
STEPHEN KING-HALL

1909-1917

[William Stephen, born January 21st, 1893, is the eldest child and only son of George and Olga King-Hall. He was educated at a preparatory school in Lausanne before passing into the Royal Naval College, Osborne, in January 1906. He wrote to his parents :]

Osborne,  
Sunday. 1906.

Dear Mama and Papa,

Yesterday we had a fine time. We were given a whole holiday, and we went over to Portsmouth in two gunboats to see the *Dreadnought* launched, she went in without a hitch. She is an enormous ship. Coming back it was very rough and a lot of chaps were seasick though I was not. To-day the King came and inspected us, when he saw me he said "thats a very small cadet" so the capt said "yes, he is called King-Hall son of Rear Admiral King-Hall." Last night we had a comic performance here by Mr. Hill. It is very cold here. I am 22nd in my term for this fortnight the results of every 2 weeks work is always published. There are 65 in my term. Last time I was 27th therefore I have gained 5 places.

I am your loving son,  
S. KING-HALL.

Royal Naval College,  
Osborne, I. of W.

Dear Mama and Papa,

Yesterday a chap got a flogging for swearing, they tie you down to a horse (gym) a thing like this . . . they then flog  
Xs

you in front of yr term some cadets faint for it draws blood sometimes so the Dr. is always there. A few days before that a cadet was expelled for using bad language. This is a plan of the grounds. . . .

Nelson our general Room is 100 ft br. 80 high, 300 long. Mess-room—120 yds long. More details this week.

Love to all, I am yr,

Loving son,  
S. W. KING-HALL.

*Royal Naval College,  
Osborne.*

Dear Mama and Papa,

I have just bought an enormous kite. It is great fun. It appears I am short of the following articles

1 Nail brush, 2 collars.

I shall also have to get a new mackintosh, because when I came back it had dissapeared. . . .

Your loving son,  
STEPHEN. Kisses.

*Osborne.*

Dear Papa,

I got your letter yesterday. I don't think I need much, one tie, a pair of shoes that is about all, and mufti cap. Please send long trouser suits, Gieve had better come and see me. If you write to him he will send a man from Portsmouth to see what I want, he will also be able to supply an overcoat I think. Stewart tells me that he always wears uniform in London most of the cadets in London do he says. Still if I have got a decent long *trouser* suit I would rather wear it. I shan't wear a *knickerbocker* suit so its not much good sending one.

Love to Mama. I hope all are well.

Yr loving son,  
STEVIE KING-HALL.

P.S. I saw Adml. Baird the other day. He said the greatest complaint they ever had about you at the Admiralty when you were in the Brit : was that you always read your Bible and never touched anything stronger than water.

Royal Naval College,  
Osborne.

Dear Mama and Papa,

I hope Mama is quite well by now. There is a rumour that the Kaiser is not going to inspect us after all. I rather want to see what he looks like. I expect he is about as like the pictures one sees of him as a donkey is like a cow. I am afraid I am rather prejudiced against "Les Allemands." Last Sunday H.M. the King sent the College a present of pheasants. They were very good.

In a fortnights time we have the regatta. I have the great honour to be coxing *my term v. the other terms*, also my dormitory crew, also my tutor set crew.

Will you send me some stamps of which I am en grande necessite. Aujourd'hui nous commencons la routine de l'Hiver et nous nous levons un peu plus tard.

Your loving son,  
S. KING-HALL.

*Dartmouth College. Monday, 18th January, 1909.* I am really going to try and keep a diary from now onwards. At any rate I shall stick to it as long as possible. Down at Engineering this morning I did my test weld. At the second attempt we welded. To-morrow we are going to try and do my partner's. Brown in French is very tame after H.B.D.'s flare-ups.

*Tuesday, 19th January.* We had great fun with Milne in Maths this morning. Morten got twelve cuts with the cane. In the afternoon I subbed for Hodgson in a Rugby match against Hawkes. We were beaten 15-3, but it was quite a good game all the same.

*Thursday, 21st January.* My birthday. Last night it was so cold in bed that I woke up several times, at last I pulled

my rug up and made things a bit better. The temperature in the dormitory was  $44^{\circ}$  F. I won't attempt to describe the temperature of the plunge water. Whilst doing Lab. I got a telegram from papa and mama wishing me many happy returns of the day. In the afternoon I played in a game of Hockey against the Grenvilles and Hawkes combined. We beat them very easily 12-3. I suppose I shall get a letter to-morrow. I cannot see the point of turning us out of the dormitory at 7 o'clock when work does not start till 7.20. I suppose it is a sort of game in which cadets are the pawns.

*Friday, 22nd January.* From to-day I start my "Canteen retrenchments scheme." I allow myself  $1/6$  a week and no more. The remainder goes into the Savings Bank. I hope I shall be able to stick it.

*Saturday, 23rd January.* I played in a hopeless game of Rugger. There were about two or three fairly good chaps and the rest were hopeless. I have got a good big forging job on down at Sandquay, it tires one out swinging a heavy hammer in that heat. Especially as neither my partner or myself are exactly Herculii. In the evening I went to the Reference Library to look up a few facts about Dartmouth, as I am going to write a short account of the town in the magazine. Unfortunately two volumes I especially wanted were not there. But I shall go there on Wednesday.

*Monday, 25th January.* In the afternoon I did two things of note. Primo ; I bought the fountain pen from Caldron with which I now write. Duo : I played in my first game of waterpolo and enjoyed it very much. It is however, a very tiring game indeed.

*26th January.* As there was no cadet-captain the plunge bath was chock full, and a sort of running fight was kept up in the centre. After a bit a cadet-captain came and we all had to clear out of the plunge. In the evening it was my turn for a double-bath with Davidson or Wells. As I am small and take up little room they tossed for who I was to bath with.

*Sunday, 31st January.* In the morning H.S.H. Prince Louis of Battenberg inspected us on the Quarter-deck. I went out for a walk with Watson and he told me all about his visit to France. He thinks he has learnt a good deal, but did not have much fun. I was 7th in the fortnightly order, quite good. I was so glad to get the news that we were to take a house for a good long time. On looking up in the "Reference Library" old naval laws, I came across the following direction as to pilots :—A.D. 1300. If the pilot lose the vessel, he shall pay for it out of his means, but if he cannot then his head is forfeit.

*Saturday, 6th February.* Nothing of importance in the morning. In the afternoon played in a Hockey match and had great fun. Later I played Racquets against Routh, but he beat me 2-1.

*Sunday, 7th February.* Mr. Hammond gave me a drill in Divinity for laughing, it was grossly unfair, as I only laughed at an Israelitish King's name, i.e. Rab-Shakeh.

*Thursday, 11th February.* Our cadets' XV played the midshipmen of the Channel Fleet. After a first class game we beat them 23-7. On my arrival back to the College, I got a telegram from home, telling me to telegraph to Miss Ward apologizing for not having written to her about my Game-book. Vincent said I turned pale on reading it. Did as directed and wrote at once to her and to papa. I am almost certain I started a letter.

*Monday, 15th February.* Played in a Rugger match against the Grenvilles. We beat them quite easily 23-0. I was captain of the team so it was rather fun. Arkwright was quite pleased at my being so high in the fortnightly order.

*Wednesday, 24th February.* Cleaned up the ash-tray during work hours down at Engineering, near as possible got caught in the act by the Eng. Commander. Reflections : A miss is as good as a mile. Played in a pick-up game of Hockey at 3.30. Not a bad game. Slacked about in the Dormitory whilst shifting. Maths. Prep.

*Tuesday, 16th March.* Heats for 100 yards over and under were run off. My heat was a very good one, and I am glad to say I was not last, in fact, although I did not get a place, I was 3 from last. I can't sprint for nuts. Later I went down to Voluntary Sandquay and worked hard on papa's collar-box, I managed to complete the second row of segments.

*Wednesday, 17th March.* Trained hard in the afternoon, ran a mile,  $\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 100 yards. Afterwards just for fun I went to the long-jump and managed to jump 10 ft. If anyone ever reads this kindly remember I am 4 ft. 8. I then went to the Gym and watched the boxing. Stewart fairly licked Bethell, and the heavy-weight fight between Dickinson and Tupper was an execution, the latter fought very pluckily, but was knocked out in the second round. Vincent beat Bower. In the evening we had a lecture by Ashford on Waves, it was not bad for a bit, but it soon got fearfully boring, as he waxed scientific, and complicated theoretical diagrams appeared on the screen, the waves were so high everyone was out of their depth. St. Patrick's Day, I wore shamrock.

1ST CRUISE OF H.M.S. CUMBERLAND—TRAINING  
CRUISER

*Devonport. Saturday, 7th May, 1910.* Heard King Edward VII had died. Weighed at 10.30, passed Eddystone at 12.45. Spent morning practising hammock slinging and stowing books. As we got down the channel the sea increased, and off the Lizard the ship pitched a good deal. In the afternoon we skylarked on the Q.D., games, boxing. As we got into the Atlantic we pitched with sickening regularity. Passed a fair night although disturbed by ash-hoist engine. *Sunday, 8th.* Fine day but strong wind with choppy swell. Divine Service, I held out. We sighted the *Lusitania* near the Irish coast. We reached Berehaven at 4.30. Passed first comfortable night.

*Monday, 9th.* Turned out 6.0. Traced pipes in Engine-room. Breakfast at 8. 9-10.20 Practical and Applied Mechanics. 10.20-12 Engineering lecture. King George V proclaimed



King. In afternoon worked for two hours in the compressor flat, fitting the air-pump, its proximity to the double bottoms was unpleasant. Went ashore and played 18 holes of golf. They are funny little links with quaint greens, but much better than nothing. Instruction in evening at Mechanics.

*Tuesday, 10th.* Worked in Engineering Division, took notes for an hour and had a ship-building lecture. Worked at refitting the blowdown valve of the evaporator for two hours in a very cramped position. Played golf when on shore.

*Wednesday, 11th.* A gracious message from King George V to the Navy was read at Divisions to the assembled ships company. The Navy under him will evidently not be neglected. As I was in Seamanship group which made me Hammock Stower, I had to hand out hammocks in the evening and stow them in the morning. Work for the day consisted of Observation with No. 1 ; Signalling ; Morse and Fleet Tactics. When Seamanship or Study group, one does Swedish Drill before breakfast, but if Engineering group, one goes straight down below. In the afternoon I played golf.

*Thursday.* Hammock Stowers. Did boat-sailing in very squally weather. Practical Seamanship and Pilotage. We had chicken for lunch which was rather good. In the afternoon did gunnery. Witnessed a disgraceful exhibition of boat-sailing by two of the ship's boats sent away to Castletown for provisions, the coxswains had not got the slightest idea of how to sail their boats ; close-hauled with sheets eased off etc., etc. Great moan by O.O.W., Commander and Skipper.

*Saturday.* Landed in the afternoon and played golf. At 7 p.m. we weighed and stood out to sea. It was a perfect evening, flat calm with a lovely moon and clear sky. We had dancing on the Quarter Deck, and as the Irish hills gradually disappeared in the sunset, it was too lovely.

*Sunday.* Divine Service on the Q.D. At 2 p.m. we sighted the Scillys, and a little later Land's End. Spent the afternoon watching the shipping going up and down the

channel. Passed at least 20 steamers. The wind had been rising and at 9 p.m. off Start Point the weather was very ugly, and at 9.15 we ran into the most wonderful thunder storm I have ever seen. Sheets of lightning with great forks of light lit up the whole horizon every 15 seconds. As each blaze of lightning flashed out we could see a small sailing boat running for shelter to Dartmouth before the fast gathering storm. The whole coast for miles was lit up by the flashes. After about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour the rain fell with astonishing violence. It was so thick that the turret was *invisible* from the fore bridge. We were obliged to stop engines. Half an hour later we passed through the exact centre of another storm of similar violence.

*Monday.* Anchored at Spithead just astern of the *Invincible*. There were about 12 battleships in Spithead, and a few cruisers. At 9 a.m. the 3rd Division of the Home Fleet steamed away after a very neat manoeuvre for getting into single line ahead. Landed at Clarence Pier, bought a stylo and had tea. Weighed at 7 and left Spithead by N.E. entrance. Danced on Q.D. at 8.30. 9.30 p.m. saw Halley's comet, a faint, blurred watery-looking star. Bore S.W. by S. Alt.  $20^{\circ}$  (approx.).

*Wednesday.* Landed and umpired in a cricket match, "The officers of the Middlesex Regiment versus officers of H.M.S. *Cumberland*." Although it was the first important match I had ever umpired in, and though I was rather nervous at first, I soon got into it, and I think I did quite well, at least, they were quite satisfied with me. The soldiers won fairly easily.

*Thursday.* Weighed at 6 a.m. Did rifle drill in the morning, and a monthly semaphore examination. At 7.50 we went through the race of Alderney, a tide-rip of seven knots was flowing. The day began very dull, but when we picked up the Needles at 12.5 p.m. the sun came out and it turned out very fine. Saw anchoring on the foc'sle, it is a fine sight to see the cable leaping out of the navel pipe like a great snake. Several large yachts were sailing about. Landed

and drove up to the College, it had changed a bit since our time. A more pampered, supercilious set of little boys I have never seen, the fact is they have never had their stern-sheets hacked, and they need it badly, but I think they will have their eyes opened a bit when they get to Dartmouth or at sea. They are looked after frightfully carefully nowadays. No work before breakfast, not allowed up the mast for fear they should get giddy, etc., and they seem to know it, what's more, they all have a "very fragile"—"this side up with care" expression on their faces. The steamboat that was coming to take us off ran aground, with the result that we were rather late. Dancing on Q.D. in the evening.

*June. Tuesday.* We left Queenstown at 7 a.m. and saw we were in for bad weather as soon as we got outside. I managed to survive the first hour's instruction, but after that I was violently sick. At 11.30 only about 20 cadets turned up for physical drill. The remaining 60 were lying on their sea-chest lids quite incapable. As our gunroom being right in the stern was untenable, I managed to get a little soup on my sea-chest. All the afternoon the same state of affairs continued. The ship was rolling considerably. 10 to 15° wind, force 7, and a heavy swell on our Port beam. The atmosphere in the Chest Flat was frightful, as of course, all scuttles were closed. At 6 p.m. they got our hammocks down, and we somehow managed to crawl into them. It rained and blew pretty hard during the night, and they eased down as she was shipping a good deal of water.

*Wednesday.* Same miserable existence, had a little more food and lay on deck instead of below. Ship rolling just as much, was sick once.

*Thursday.* The wind has dropped and it is getting very hot. Ate a huge breakfast. Felt quite all right although swell still remains. Did study, took sights and worked out ship's position. Sighted Finisterre in forenoon, and passed a good many tramps and an Orient liner. Entered Arosa Bay at 1 p.m. and anchored off Villa Juan (1000 inhabitants). Stinks and smells baffle description ; got on to high road and

tramped into Villa Garcia. Villa Garcia is a small town and is supposed to be, or going to be, a fashionable Spanish water-place. It has got 4 or 5 shops.

*Monday.* Landed and loafed about. There is nothing to do and it is very hot. Intense excitement on board over Johnson-Jeffreys [boxing] match.

*Saturday.* Landed and bought some pottery. Vigo seems a most immoral place, and we were all continually noticing it.

*Saturday.* Put to sea bound for Devonport. Encountered a heavy swell, nearly everyone prostrate. Steamer signalled "Heavy swell, strong N.W. wind in bay," general gloom among cadets.

*Sunday.* (*In the Bay of Biscay*). Felt practically all right to-day and was able to eat. Passed a couple of Union Castle liners, one, the mail boat, had Coke's sister on board. 5 p.m. Beastly swell on our beam, feel quite happy all the same and longing to see England and home. Should sight Ushant soon.

*Monday.* Arrived at Plymouth. Had fresh milk and butter. Landed and had a good tea, the first for a month.

*Tuesday.* Inspected by Admiral Fawkes. Admiral's inspection is a terrible business. We were fallen in from 9.45-11.15. He expressed himself well pleased with the ship, she certainly was a marvel of paintwork. Our commander uses a lot of blue enamel paint, which is very effective.

#### 2ND CRUISE OF H.M.S. CUMBERLAND

*11th October, 1910. Thursday.* Landed at Juan-les-Pins and went into Antibes, had some coffee and looked round the town.

*Friday.* Spent the afternoon in Antibes.

*Saturday.* We all went into Cannes and attended a cinematograph exhibition given in our honour. Tea was also provided. On the way back we had special tram-cars, and during the three-mile run back everyone of course smoked

like chimneys, there being no officers, or climbed on the roof of the cars to the astonishment of the conductors. An important sing-song was also held, "All the nice girls love a sailor" producing great effect on the astonished passers-by as we swept along at 20 miles an hour.

*Sunday.* Hired a bicycle and with another chap went along about 4 miles towards Nice. The road, which was tarred, was the main road between Paris and the Riviera, and about 20 or 30 motors passed us in an hour. On the way back we saw an aeroplane in a field, so we went over and had a look at it. It was the first I had ever seen, and it was very interesting examining it. The inventor of it was just preparing to fly when one of the tyres burst, and we had to go on, as we had no time to spare.

*October. Wednesday.* The wind died down, but we got into a very heavy swell, and she rolled abominably. In the afternoon we passed Lisbon, and through a glass I could see the Necessitades Palace. Cintra and Mafra from where King Manoel left Portugal were quite plain.

*Thursday.* Ran into a gale off Vigo, but got inside before we felt it properly. The wind was very strong, and it was too rough inside to land in the afternoon. Did Torpedo exam.

*Friday.* Landed and wandered about.

*Saturday.* Went to see a football match v. E.T.C.

*Sunday.* Tried to walk into country but failed miserably. This is the most deadly dull spot I have ever been to.

*Monday.* All during the night the wind got stronger and stronger, and it was with resigned hearts that we watched the dreadful preparations for putting to sea. Our fears were not allayed by a wireless arriving from the Eastern Telegraph Company's ship *John Pender*, stating "Strong N.W. gale off Finisterre, very high sea running." At 9 a.m. we weighed. Before we got clear of the harbour we passed the *Southern Star*, a fine British steamship, which had been wrecked 6

months previously. She was rapidly breaking up, as wave after wave rolled up and crashed down on her deck. Once clear of the islands we got the full benefit of it ; and although they tried to carry on instruction, in  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour 80% of the cadets and most of the officers were hors-de-combat, so a whole holiday was proclaimed. After lying for 3 hours on the floor I got up on deck, encased in mackintosh and sea-boots. It was a splendid sight, great rollers followed each other like an army of men.

[H.M.S. NEPTUNE]

*Friday, 20th January, 1911.* Left London at 12.45 and arrived at Portsmouth Harbour at 2.35. Went with my luggage over to Gieves, where I was glad to find two others of my term waiting to join the *Neptune*. After some time we were joined by a 4th. After shifting into uniform, we sallied forth to the pontoon, the whole of Gieve's establishment turning out to see us off. We then entered a shore boat, and were pulled off to the ship. On arrival we reported ourselves, saw the commander, and went down below. The dirt, confusion and litter on board is past all description. Dock-yard hands all over the place putting the finishing touches to all manner of things. Coal dust everywhere. Take the gun-room for example. In one corner a number of chairs just unpacked are upside down. The crockery is full of straw. Wooden cases everywhere. Curtain rods to be unpacked, everything upside down. All the seamen seem lost and no one knows where anything is. In fact, the ship is in a thoroughly untidy, chaotic and unfitted state.

*Wednesday, 25th.* Arrived at Gib. early in the morning, and tied up alongside the mole. At 10.30 we started coaling ship with baskets. During the day I was doing the following jobs :—Supervising shovelling, shovelling, lifting, returning empties, searching for empties, trolleying, handling empties. I think lifting is the most arduous, as each basket weighs about 70 lbs. and one has to lift it right up to a man's shoulder. I was very glad to knock off at 5.30, feeling damned



tired. It took at least 24 hours until I was thoroughly clean. The weather was delightful, and the sun quite hot. The old *Cumberland* was at Gib. and one or two of her officers came on board. At 5.30 we proceeded for Aranci.

*26th Thursday.* Kept watch etc. Sir Percy Scott is always on deck fooling about with his patent director control. Every day we have to fix the ship at noon and put results into the captain's cabin by 6 p.m. It is the thorn in my existence, and I never enjoy the day till I have got it over.

*27th Friday.* We were at General Quarters the whole of the forenoon, my station is to be in charge of the 4-inch guns in the after superstructure. In one of my gun's crews there was a boy who did not know what a projectile was. One rather annoying thing about this ship is the quantity of smuts that are always falling on the upper deck. Fortunately they have just spread the awning. The weather was lovely and from 6 to 7 I played deck hockey. I had the middle watch and the night was lovely and clear.

*From 27th to 17th at Aranci Bay.* There has been such a press of business that I have quite neglected my diary. Sufficient to say that nothing very exciting has happened except the calibrating, which is described further on. Shortly after arriving at this place, a week to be accurate, I became, by one stroke of the pen, an Engineer. My days usually consisted in going down in the morning to the Engine Room or stokehold, and tracing various systems, then coming up and sketching in the afternoon. At 4 p.m., after quarters, we generally played deck hockey. After about a week of this sort of thing, on our moving out to the mouth of the harbour to get a clear range out to sea, we were at half an hour's steaming notice, so we abandoned pipe tracing and kept watch in 3 watches below ; it is very tiring work, and with banked fires the inactivity of a stokehold watch is appalling. The first day we went to calibrate, we found it was so windy and rainy that good results were obviously impossible. Next day, however, turned out fine, and we moored head and stern. I was off watch in the gunroom during the forenoon.



Before firing commenced we bottled up every conceivable port and exit to the open air, and then sat down for a long wait as it turned out. After they had fired off a number of 4-inch guns the much dreaded salvo was fired ; it was a great surprise, all one heard was a sort of muffled report, and suddenly a terrific shake, and then it was all over. Towards the end of the day I got quite accustomed to the roar and its accompanying shake, but I took good care not to be on the upper deck with the five of them going off. The only damage done was by P [the third turret, amidships] which was firing across the deck. The cabins underneath the gun muzzles were completely wrecked, and the torpedo net was partly blown over the side. In addition to which, the pitch and oakum between the planks underneath the muzzle was drawn up in a very curious way. The remainder of the stay at Aranci was employed in firing sub-calibre broadsides with Director, and in generally tuning up the Director Firing installation. In addition to which a practice gunlayers' test was carried out with X and Y [the two aftermost turrets].

On Tuesday, 28th, we left Aranci Bay at 4.30 p.m. At 5.30 having cleared Cape Taranta we started to work up for our " Full Power Trial," which we started at 6.30. Shortly after we entered the Straits of Bonifacio ; by this time we were doing about 21 knts., and it did not need long before the last lights of Sardinia got dimmer and dimmer and finally disappeared astern. After 8 hrs. we reduced to three-fifths power, which we carried on for 24 hrs. On Friday morning we arrived at Gib. and at once got ready for coaling, which we started at 9 a.m. The hands coaled very well, as they knew that the sooner they finished the sooner they got on leave. At 3 p.m., to my joy we knocked off, having been at it since 9 a.m. with the exception of 40 minutes for luncheon. I had been working nearly all the time in the lighter. Went on shore at 6 p.m. and had a cup of chocolate, the first civilised drink since I left England. Bought my 1st pipe.

*Sunday, 5th March.* Landed at 3.45 and went up to tea at the Mount, found P. Scott and Bartolomé up there, as well

as a "someone Fowler," whose father was my father's god-father, whilst his own god-father was my grandfather. Went over to supper with Kenneth in the *London*.

*Thursday.* Weighed at 9 a.m. and carried out 12-inch Gunlayers' test. I was A.D.C. to Gunnery Lieutenant, and to my horror I found myself standing on top of the turret whilst it slowly trained round to bear on the object. In vain I looked out for a chance of escaping, there was none. So bracing myself up against a stanchion on the roof I awaited the fatal moment. All was quite still, the only noise being the lip-lap of the water down the ship's side. After what seemed hours the first buoy came in sight. I knew but too well that when that buoy came under the muzzles they could commence. Now it was a bare 100 yds away, now 50, now 25—stand by ! was passed down in the turret, now the buoy was abreast. "Commence," said the Gunnery Lieut, in an ordinary conversational tone. My heart nearly stopped, and the agony of fear, deadly fear, took hold of me, which was succeeded by a sort of calm resignation. . . . Crash ! a sheet of flame, a big shake, and a cloud of acrid yellow smoke which cleared away just in time to let us see a large splash just short of the target. "Rico" murmurs Guns, whilst we three kids looked at each other, and wondered we were still alive ; Crash ! and the left gun speaks, and so it goes on for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  minutes, and then the 2nd buoy having come alongside, the "cease fire" sounds, and we move on to the next turret to get ready for the second run. After the first turret I got quite accustomed to them, although I always gripped on to something owing to the shake, as it would not do to fall off the turret. The G.L. tests were finished by noon, and in the afternoon we fired a couple of full charges.

*Sunday, 28th May.* Landed at 11.30 at Portland and walked round to Weymouth in the broiling sun, as there were no trains. It was a dreadful effort. On arrival at Portland by the last train at 10 p.m. I knocked up the Signal Tower, and managed to get a signal sent saying that an officer of the *Neptune* was waiting for a boat at the pier.

Acting under the signalman's advice, I carefully refrained from stating my rank. After another interval, a skiff crawled into the pierhead. On arrival on board, the O.O.W. endeavoured, but in vain, to conceal his surprise on seeing a humble Mid. step over the side, as he had anticipated at least a two striper. However, I was perfectly within my rights, as an 11 o'clock boat was down on the routine, but had, after I had gone on shore, been changed to Weymouth, owing to several officers coming back from week-end leave. A couple of other fellows had just come off, so we broke into the pantry and satisfied our hunger and thirst.

*Monday, June 4th-14th.* Spent the day at Portland. The motor-bike was slightly damaged by C. K. Lloyd, who is now in hospital for 4 weeks. He got jammed between a motor-bus and a milk cart, with sad results. Usually I used to land and have tea with various Mids off the ships at the Troc., which is as good as a Club for Mids. I always like to meet people of my term who are in other ships, as one sees plenty of one's own shipmates on board. The only thing of interest that occurred was the arrival of two "Jappos" and one "Turko." We were told off for the Jappo flagship, and a more boring show I have never heard of. Twice a day they used to crowd off and ask to be shown over the ship; their thirst for knowledge was insatiable. The same old faces turned up day after day, it was dreadful. They would never come into the gunroom and take any refreshment or have a smoke. Then one night we had to dine them, after dinner we taught them the lancers, and for once in a way their stolidity broke down, they let themselves go and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The Mid of their boat tried Port for the first time that night, and liked it so much that he had 7 or 8 glasses on end, and finished it off with 3 or 4 liqueurs, of course he soon became bottled to the world, and whilst he was coming alongside in his boat which had been at the booms, he apparently saw two gangways, as he said "astern" before his bows got to the gangway.

On Thursday 15th, we left Portland at the head of the Battle Fleet. Outside we were joined by 3rd and 4th divisions, we then got into single line ahead, a noble array of 50 ships with the *Neptune* at the head. We passed through the Needles, and right up the Solent to our billets. I regret to have to record that we anchored all out of our billet, and therefore spent from 1.30 to 5.30 p.m. fooling about, mooring and unmooring.

[CORONATION PROCESSION OF GEORGE V.]

*Thursday, 22nd June, 1911.* The great day dawned dull and threatening, in fact, it rained at intervals, but although it was dull and overcast during practically the whole day, it never actually rained after 8 a.m. At 11 o'clock Aunt Edith and myself started off. We drove to the Park, and walked through it to Stanhope Gate. I was, of course, in full dress!! and excited a mild excitement amongst the people we passed in the Park!! We got into the Naval and Military Club, by the back way, without any crowd or fuss. The courtyard in front of the N. & M. Club had been covered over by a sort of grand stand, which sloped up at the back to the 2nd storey. I spent an hour or two sitting in our seats, which were the very best, watching the crowd. As we were right over the street, we could see right up Piccadilly in one direction, and Hyde Park Corner in the other. The crowd was not so great as might have been expected. The 2nd Life Guards band marched up and down the route playing lively music, whilst inside the club house the "Blue Viennese Band" was playing. I was much interested in the tape machine. At 1.30 an excellent lunch was served; greedy as it may sound, this was a very pleasing part of the day. After lunch we took up our position armed with official programmes. In a short time the head of the procession came along. Writing as I am some days after the event, I will not try and give a detailed account of it, but just my impressions as they struck me.

Firstly the drummer of the cavalry regiment was very

fascinating, twirling his sticks as he played the kettle-drums. He was loudly cheered by the crowd. Then came 500 Life Guards looking very fine. They were followed by various people such as the Bargemasters, etc. Finally, amidst scenes of immense enthusiasm, the Royal Coach, drawn by the cream-coloured ponies, approached. The King and Queen were plainly visible in their robes and wearing their crowns. They both looked very tired, which was not really surprising. After a short interval the foreign royalties' procession approached. They were all in closed State landaus, which was rather disappointing, as one could not see much of them. The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany were very loudly cheered. Most of the European Royalties were cheered in varying degrees. After the procession was over I walked home with little difficulty. After tea I caught the 7 o'clock train down to Pompey, and arrived on board at 11.

*Friday, 23rd June, 1911.* The day was spent making vast preparations for the morrow. In the afternoon it poured with rain, and the outlook for next day was very gloomy.

*Saturday, 24th.*

6 a.m. Pouring with rain. Strong wind.

7 a.m. Heavy rain, weather seemed hopeless.

7.30 Signs of clearing.

7.45 Rain stops.

8 a.m. Clearing up slightly.

9 a.m. Bright sunshine, strong wind with white horses right down Spithead.

It was a breezy day and all the flags stood out stiff, in fact, it was a better day for the review than if it had been a flat calm. The only people perhaps who did not appreciate it were the ladies, whose hats were blown all over the place. At 10.30 I went over to Ryde in the P.B. to meet Magdalen Hawker and Isabel. After a little trouble I found them and got them off safely. It was rather rough, but fortunately they did not feel ill. At 11.30 the tug *Escort* arrived with about 250 guests from London by special train. Uncle Bertie was amongst them, he being one of the Admiral's guests.

The band discoursed sweet music all the forenoon, and at 12 we sat down to an excellent lunch. At 2 o'clock the Royal Yacht came out of the harbour, and was saluted with 21 guns. The salute was unfortunately rather bungled, as a mistake was made hauling down the signal. The *Victoria and Albert* went up and down the lines; His Majesty was cheered as he passed each ship. At 6 p.m. the guests started leaving the ship, as soon as the Royal Yacht had returned to "Pompey."

*Sunday.* The bad weather came back again, I went off to Cowes and spent a very peaceful day over there.

*Monday, 26th.* I went to dinner with several others on board the Japanese battleship, *Kurama*. Their mess was beautifully decorated and they gave us an excellent dinner. Unfortunately the variety and potentiality<sup>1</sup> of the drinks proved too much for several young gentlemen of both nationalities. However, no one got beyond the "delusion" stage, such as when one of our snotties insisted that the Commander was his brother-in-law. After a long and merry meal, we all proceeded on deck, and witnessed an extraordinary exhibition of Japanese wrestling by a lot of Japanese seamen, all in nature's clothing, except a small waistband. Finally, the festive meeting was brought to a close at a late hour.

*Wednesday, 28th.* Left Portsmouth and carried out various tactical exercises.

*Tuesday, 3rd August.* Met Kenneth in the forenoon. After doing some shopping we discovered that iced drinks at ——— were rotten. We then took the water at some swimming baths, afterwards racing to Ennismore Gardens. I went by bus and he went by tube. I won easily. Spent the afternoon chasing round London after my motor-bike, which I finally located at Waterloo. In the evening I went to dinner with the Stewarts, after which we all went to Dalys to see the "Count of Luxembourg." Lily Elsie and Bertram Wallis were taking the chief parts. It was very prettily staged,

<sup>1</sup> Presumably the Diarist meant "potency."—Ed.



and some of the music was delightful, especially the waltz up the stairs.

*Thursday, 10th August.* Went to Carisbrooke Castle in the afternoon with Polly and Magdalen H. The heat was terrific. The vote Bill was passed this evening. "That which people call a revolution now, will pass unnoticed into oblivion as the years roll on."

*Friday, 11th.* General strike was declared in London yesterday. The *Daily Mail* came out with immense placards

### MOB LAW IN LONDON

but on my arrival in the "besieged city" the "famine-stricken emporium of the world's goods," everything seemed much the same. Dashed about London searching for my motor-bike ; every half an hour or so I refreshed myself with iced drinks, as it was I only just managed to keep going, such was the heat.

[In 1912, Stephen served for eighteen months in H.M.S. *Hermes* at the Cape of Good Hope. From 1913 the Commander-in-Chief was his uncle, Admiral Sir Herbert King-Hall, K.C.B.<sup>1</sup> Incidentally, a naval record was created by two brothers flying their flags at the same time as Commanders-in-Chief, George in Australia, and Herbert at the Cape, both in the Southern Hemisphere. Herbert wrote to George about Stephen :

"*Admiralty House, Simons Bay.* . . . Stevie arrived here a few days ago. He is as bright and jolly as ever. Grown a fair amount, but I think will not exceed 5' 6" at the outside. Well-informed in a great many things, but, like many midshipmen, very boyish for his age (twenty) but that is a fault of most midshipmen now. They are a mixture of fashionable young men and unsophisticated children. In our generation we were grown men by that age. . . .

"As regards his allowance, I quite agree with your

<sup>1</sup> Hall (King-), Knight (2). Admiral Sir Herbert Goodenough King-Hall, K.C.B. (Mil. 1916 ; C.B. Mil. 1907), C.V.O. (1908), D.S.O. (1894), ret. 1922, C.-in-C. successively Cape of Good Hope and Orkney and Shetlands ; served in Egypt 1882, Gambia 1894, S. Africa 1902 ; late an Assistant Director of Naval Intelligence and a Naval A.D.C. to King Edward, afterwards Director of Naval Mobilisation ; b. 1862.



proposals. I think £50 a year with his £63 pay is ample. He never seems pinched for money as we were, and I think he should do comfortably on that.

He is full of energy and go, and most popular. His chief weakness is a certain fecklessness . . . but he is sharp-witted and quick, and he soon recovers himself from any ill result. He is still very youthful in his appearance, and in his mercurial nature. Inclined to be argumentative with his elders, but very good company, with heaps of friends."

In 1913, Stephen returned to the *Neptune* for a year, and passed his examination for the rank of Sub-Lieutenant. He secured five first-class certificates, the Admiralty prize, and gained nine months seniority. In February 1914, he was appointed to H.M.S. *Southampton*. To quote his own words from his book *A Naval Lieutenant* :]

"The *Southampton*, which, in my eyes, will always be the ship of ships in the Navy . . . was nearly brand-new, and then represented the latest idea in light cruisers, being in a different category from the *Arethusa* class, which were smaller, slightly faster, but with less armament. The *Southampton* mounts eight 6-inch guns and two submerged tubes for 21-inch torpedoes. She has three inches of armour, and can maintain a speed of 25.5 knots for four hours, and she is good for 23 in a very considerable sea. . . .

This little ship can claim an honour denied to nearly every other ship in the Grand Fleet. Namely, that on all the four principal occasions when considerable German forces were encountered in the North Sea, her guns were in action. Those days were the 28th August 1914 and 16th December 1914, the 24th December 1915 and the 31st May 1916. As far as I know, no other ship, with the exception of H.M.S. *Birmingham*, can claim a share in this record."

[In 1935 he wrote in his book, *Our Own Times*, of his life in the *Southampton* :—]

"Much as I hate the foolish cruelty of war, I often let my mind dwell with pleasure on the comradeship which existed between those of us who were shipmates for three and a half years in a small cruiser in the North Sea."

[H.M.S. "SOUTHAMPTON"]

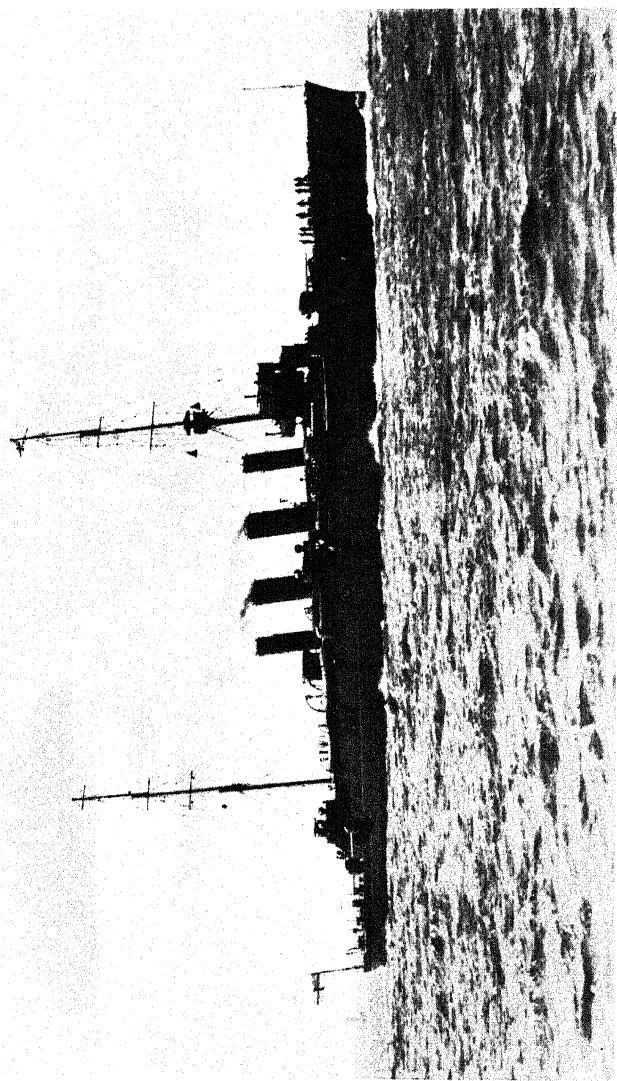
26th January, 1914. Précis. About three weeks before exams we left the *Neptune* and went to the Navigation School. I cannot honestly say that I detected any great signs of sorrow on the faces of the Ward Room officers, but perhaps they conceal their feelings well.

The Nav. House is tolerably comfortable, the only fault being that, in the whole establishment, only two rooms are passably warm. Those are the billiard room and the smoking room. The cabins are like refrigerators. About two days before the exam started the whole of the rest of the term joined up. It was very interesting meeting people whom one had lost sight of for 3 years.

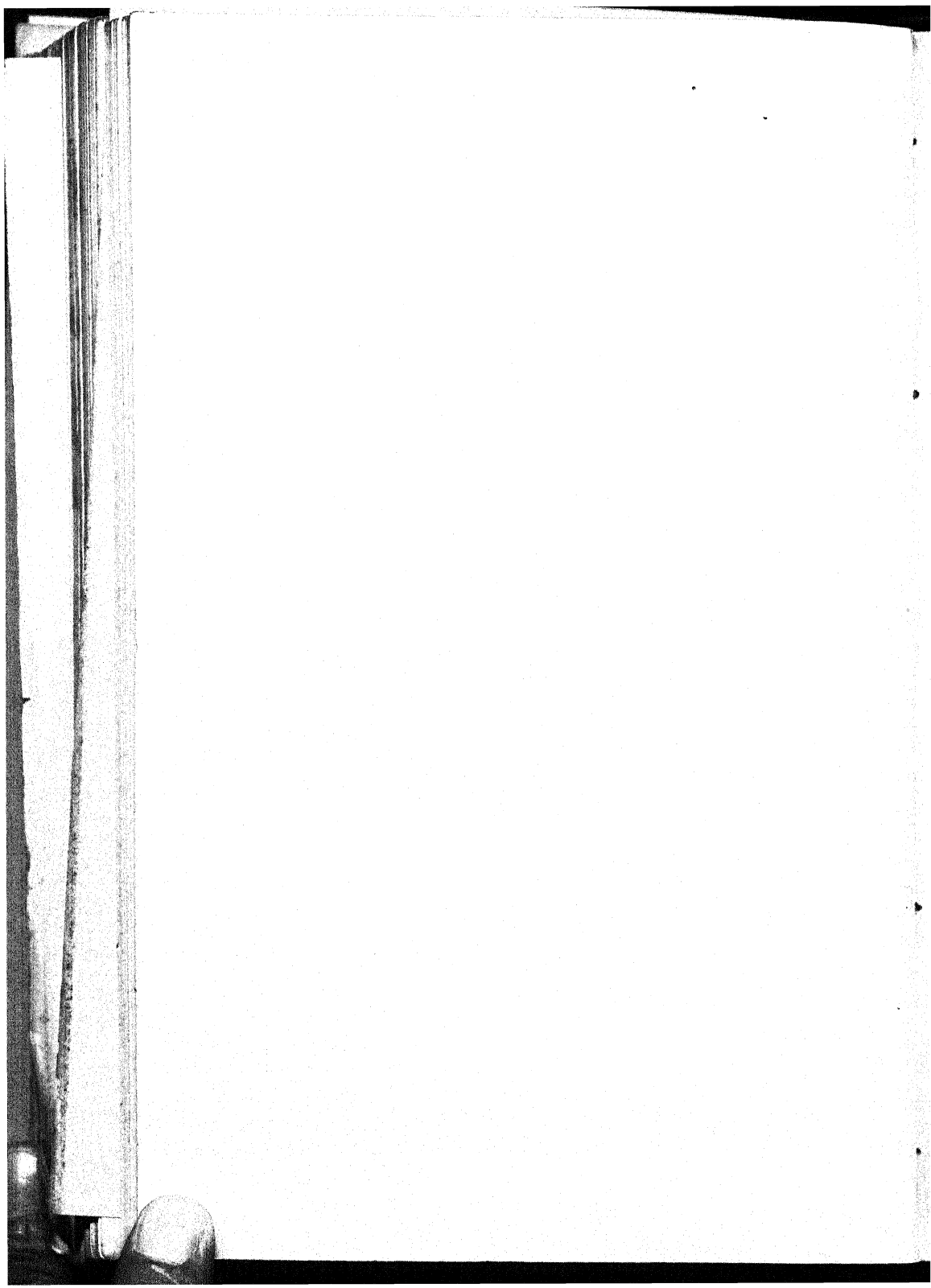
Dear Diary, I have forgotten all about you just lately, and now I employ another hand to tell of my doings. I went again to Clifford and was glad to see my friend Isa again, I do not think her as nice as she was. I had great fun at a Badminton Party in Wem, I made friends with a sporting parson, he had a very pretty wife whom I spent most of the afternoon with. There was a lady there whom I pitied very much, she had a tremendous hirsute growth on her chin. She did not seem to mind, but I did. [*End of entry in "another hand."*]

*Inserted by special request.* For the benefit of my grandchildren and my biographers, I feel it incumbent upon me to explain this. Isa (spinster) and at one and the same moment betrothed to several, whilst "carrying on" with yet others, kindly acceded to my request and relieved me of the labour of writing up my journal. As she remarks, I don't think her so nice as she was, per que she snubs me a lot, and is not often kind to me. I must admit she is "sharpening" to converse with, and plays on the pianola divinely. She also strums a little on the piano. I am at the moment under her thrall, but on Monday when I leave for Ireland I shall be able to review the matter calmly.

Later : She is charming.



H.M.S. "SOUTHAMPTON," 1914  
Displacement, 5,400 tons. Launched at Clydebank in 1912. Scrapped in 1926



Just before leaving Ivy Lodge I was delighted to hear that I had got two "ones" in Gunnery and Torpedo. Only Engineering remains now. On the 3rd Feb. I left Weston and went over to Ireland. The crossing was very rough, but these 25 knotters go through everything with great dash.

A very slow journey to Mullingar landed me there at 8.30, whence I had a drive of 7 Irish miles, and "it moight be tin if we was after passing by Kinnegad." Aileen and Pauline in great form.

The great event of my visit was my initiation into that most noble of all sports—hunting. The first day I went out I fell off heavily in front of most of the followers of the West Meath. It afforded them considerable amusement. However, in a very nice little hunt that followed of about 40 minutes, by good luck I followed a certain Father Murphy, and as a result was very well up. Aching in every limb, racked with what the advertisements call those "deadly shooting pains," "try our vegetable anti-acid pills," I returned to the plain but delicious and vast quantities of food at Enniscoffy. What a pleasure to be at a place where cream is measured by the jug, and not by the table-spoon.

The second day I went out on the cob, I had much more confidence, as I had been riding on the intervening days. Though we did not do anything very startling in the hunting line, there was plenty of lepping, which I managed all right and in fact, did not come off at all, (to Aileen's secret disappointment).

On the 14th I left early in the morning for Dublin. As a silent protest to the foul condition of the 3rd class, I travelled 1st without anyone bothering me. At 9.20 I left by the Mail boat. Just before starting I was introduced to a Miss Doulrée, rather a fascinating girl. We travelled over to London together. An old gentleman who got out of our carriage at Chester, shook his pince-nez at us and said, "Ah! off for the honeymoon I suppose!"

February 17th I went to Portsmouth and joined H.M.S. *Southampton*, flying the broad pennant of Commodore

Goodenough. The only drawback is that I have not got a cabin, otherwise it seems very nice. The other two Subs., Muir and Robinson, are very good fellows, and Crosbie and Gregory, two junior Watchkeepers, are also very cheerful souls. We are in dry dock at Portsmouth, so there is not much doing, except an occasional day on. It feels very strange, after the turmoil of working up for the exams, to live a life of absolute idleness, in comparison. One rather nice thing about the people on board is that everyone, with hardly an exception, is musically inclined, and several of them are tip-top pianists.

*22nd March, 1914.* 1 a.m. At the moment of writing I have received a nasty shock, and the manner and mode of the shock was thus. Having kept a pretty strenuous "Day on" from 7.30 a.m. till 8.30 p.m. I was retiring to a well earned rest at 11.45 p.m. congratulating myself for the 10th time since the morning that I had a night in, when the unmusical voice of the Corporal of the gangway suddenly remarked outside my cabin, "ten to 12, Sir!" One foot in my bunk and amused at the foolishness of the man, I enquired, with some sarcasm, what earthly interest he imagined I took in the fact that it was ten to 12. "But you've got the Middle, Sir! Haven't you?" "What?" I gasped, panic stricken. Then my senses returned, and I hastily bid him avaunt. "But, Sir," came in pleading tones, "I've woke up Mr. Crosbie and Mr. Gregory, and Mr. Short, and they all say you have, Sir!"

Incredulity changed to suspicion, suspicion to doubt, doubt gave way to awful certainty as I examined my list of watches. In some extraordinary way I had overlooked this vital fact. And, Oh! when I think how I might have turned in at 10. The agony of that wrench from my tempting bunk—well, well, here I am on deck, in Portland Harbour, scribbling at the Quartermaster's desk. Still I suppose I might have been born a Bushman (odds 15 bar 1).

The only event of any interest that has taken place here was a splendid day's hunting I had yesterday.

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron,  
Sunday, 22.3.14.  
Portland.*

Dearest Parents,

I write to you puffed up with pride but not, I hope, unduly so, and the reason is this. Yesterday I went out with the Cattistock hounds, and after a clinking run, over ripping country, who do you think was amongst the first in at the death out of a field of 80? Why yours affec. And who do you think got the brush? Why yours affec. again. *There*, only the 3rd time I've ever been out. The Commodore was out as well, and in this never-to-be-forgotten hunt we were going neck and neck, until I went over my horse's head at one jump; however, luckily, I got on again at once, and as I became fired with a sort of exaltation, and by going simply all out, I just caught him up before the end. Sir R. Arbuthnot was also there, and was affable, but missed this run.

Earlier in the day I also came off in a fir tree, and my horse ran away, but after about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile's chase, I caught him again.

We sail to-morrow for these tactical exercises, and we do not anchor again till next Saturday, when we pop up off Queensferry.

Yr. devoted son,  
STEPHEN W. KING-HALL.

*April.* Since I last wrote this up we have been busy doing exercises in the Channel (see Proff. Note Book) and testing the defences of the Firth of Forth.

*Monday, 20th April.* Cowes. Played golf in the morning with B. Johnson, Magdalen H., Hawker and Baby B. In the afternoon I bought and trimmed a hat for Magdalen H. which though I say it as shouldn't, was a great success, and gratefully accepted. The design was a black hat, covered with black satin ribbon, pleated round the side, then rising into seven big upstanding loops of satin, which met in the



centre of the crown and radiated outwards. Four bunches of white apple blossom, suitably disposed, completed it. I was astonished myself, but didn't say so !

*Thursday, 12th May.* Colonsay. Did G.L. test right through the squadron. Nothing very remarkable about it, except that all the young boys and O.S. were fearfully gun-shy. I had that hateful job repairing targets, and as invariably happens, was well scrubbed for being too slow, as if anyone wants to stand up to the waist in icy cold Scotch water on a heaving target, struggling with sodden sails and ropes.

We got back to Oban at 6 o'clock, and I landed and had a game of golf, which we finished at 9 p.m. in poor light.

*Colonsay (find it on the map if you can)*

*12.5.14.*

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron,  
Scallasig,  
Colonsay.*

Dearest Parents,

Imagine an island, barren, rocky, flea-bitten, a veritable howling waste of moor and rock. Shrouded in driving rain and mist, and rising like some hideous sea monster, from out a cold, grey disconsolate looking sea. Such is Colonsay.

Further imagine the revolting monotony of working up for Gunlayers' Test under such conditions. Add to this epic of misery, the fact that one of our watchkeepers has gone sick with an appendicitis, making three men and two officers, thus smitten in quick succession.

Hence we hale and hearty ones, bear the dripping rain-sodden burden of his watches.

Verily life has but little savour, not that I, proud as I am of my buoyant spirits, intend to wilt under the bludgeonings of an unkind Fate. No, even Watch and watch shall not break me !

Our Programme (Not public yet)  
(approx.)

May 12th-June 6th	..	At Oban for week-ends, working up Gunnery during week.
June 7th-June 20th	..	At Portland or thereabouts.
June 23rd-June 30th	..	At Kiel.
July 4th-July 20th	..	Round the S. Coast.
July 21st-July 24th	..	A review at Spithead.
August .. ..	..	I think S. Coast, also Battle Prac. Berehaven.
September .. ..	..	Three weeks at Queensferry working up night defence.
Oct. .. ..	..	A week's exercises in N. Sea. Return South.

I expect I shall get a chance of seeing you all a couple of times during the summer.

About the Kiel trip, when it is made public, which I will let you know, will you write to Admiral Müller, if you know him well enough, he might ask me for a week-end to Berlin. I wonder how his son has got on, in their Service.

I have already taken some excellent photos with my camera, I enclose an interior, the Ward Room, with the pot that Southampton gave us. I'm rather pleased with it for a first essay at a difficult class of photo.

My piano progresses at intervals, but I'm rather busy nowadays.

Hurray, it's ten minutes to 12, I shall soon be between blankets with a hot water bottle. The gilt is removed from the gingerbread, by the fact that I've got a day on, starting at 7-30 and extending through 13 monotonous hours to 8-30. However, sufficient for the day is, etc. Many thanks for the Dict, it is most useful.

I gave the Carpenter a fit the other day. I suddenly became very dissatisfied with the brown furniture and wood-work in my cabin. So I seized a pot of green paint and made them green, they go very well with the white enamelled walls.

As I say, the Carpenter was horrified, and quoted all sorts of regulations and penalties for defacing Govt. property.

I told him I considered myself a better judge of taste than the Dockyard. So at last we went to the Commander, who said he didn't care how I painted my cabin, at which the carpenter had to draw in his horns.

Your devoted son,

W. STEPHEN KING-HALL.

*Visit to Kiel. June.* We were then given 48 hours' leave, which I spent at home. Returning to Portland I found a French squadron had come in, and a few rather feeble festivities took place. There was one exception, a very good dance, 10 to 4.30, for which Peters and his missus kindly put me up. The rest of the time was spent in furbishing the ships up for Kiel. On Friday 19th June, 1914, the British squadron, consisting of the battleships *K.G.V.*, [*King George V.*], *Ajax*, *Centurion*, and *Audacious*, the latest products of the shipbuilder's art, together with the Lt. Cruisers *Southampton*, *Birmingham* and *Nottingham*, weighed and proceeded up Channel.

The first 24 hours were extremely unpleasant, as we ran into a pea-soup fog. Groping our way blindly through the Straits, there were several narrow escapes. We ourselves were twice engaged in megaphone conversation with ships without sighting them.

At 4 p.m. off the Texel on Saturday, we were rammed by a Lowestoft trawler, which retreated with a broken bowsprit, and drifted astern, where she narrowly missed being cut down by our two consorts, but succeeded in carrying away the *Nottingham's* sounding boom.

Shortly afterwards the fog lifted, and we put on 14 knots. After a dull passage through the Great Belt, which though tricky in places, is admirably buoyed, we arrived off the Gabels Flach at 10 p.m. on 22nd. Here we anchored for the night, and metaphorically speaking, girded up our loins for the fray. Next morning we picked up German Naval Officers

off the Labö Light and entered Kiel harbour, where we came to our buoys in a smart manner.

The German ships were, 4 of their latest Dreadnoughts, "*Kaiser Class*," 8 of their *Hannover* class, and 3 Lt. Cruisers, as well as others in dockyard hands, submarines, etc. The usual salutes and official calls were made, and the harbour became stiff with Admirals, Gross Admirals, Secretaries of State, Princes of the Royal Blood, etc. etc. The marine guard remained glued to the quarter deck for many hours. We also exchanged calls with our chummy ships, the *Hannover* and *Schleswig-Holstein*.

In the afternoon I landed at 3.30 in a frock coat, and soon got rather tired of the constant saluting. I called on the Bartels and Pfeiffers, both of whom had typical German families. Having done my duty there, I escaped to the Bellevue Café and had an Eis-Chocolade, one of the things I have been looking forward to since I left Germany two, or rather 3½ years ago.

For a Naval port Kiel is really beautiful, and is a striking example of what can be done with well laid out streets, lined with fine trees, and villas each in its own garden. Next day I had a Day On, and a busy one at that, as the place was still stiff with Admirals and other big-wigs dashing about in their beautiful little motor barges, which leave our steamboats standing still.

At 1 p.m. the *Kaiser* debouched from the new Holtenau locks of the Kiel Canal, and with the *Sleipner* as she always is glued to her very quarter, the *Hohenzollern* ran up the harbour, between the lines. All ships were manned and cheered, and we certainly did it in a smarter manner than the Germans. The Emperor took the salute, standing alone in his pride and glory on a special platform over Monkey's Island. At 8 p.m. I got off, and went over to supper in the *Kaiser* with a Sub. called Ernst.

I think this is a good place in which to insert a few remarks about the rival fleets. Externally the Germans present a somewhat more pleasing picture to the eye than the British Dreadnoughts. They look more yacht-like, and the silvery

grey paint they use is very becoming. On the other hand, our ships possessed a savage grimness which was totally lacking in the Germans. It was much commented on at Kiel, in the newspapers, etc., that our ships spelt "War" with a big "W." On deck again the Germans were superior, as instead of having one deck, the Q.D., perfect, they were immaculate right along. But as is so often the case, it was a different tale on the mess decks. In this important department we were greatly superior, some of their crew spaces being filthy. In conclusion, the German ships had remarkably clear upper decks.

Now as to the Officers. By way of preface, I may say that a more charming or perfect set of gentlemen it would be hard to find. Drawn as they were from the best families in the Empire, well read, cultured and physically well favoured, they are approached, but not equalled, by the Austrian alone amongst continental Naval officers.

As to their professional qualities, I must admit that one looked in vain for that relentless professional energy and whole-hearted sacrifice to their Service with which we have been rather prone to endow them. There is little doubt of one point, and that is that the German Naval officer does not look upon his ship as his home. His English confreres may repine at the monotony of the Home Fleet, but a similar state of affairs, and similar expressions of disgust may be heard in the cafés of Kiel. But whereas we grin and bear it, every officer in the German Navy, from the Sub-Lts. upwards, has a "box" ashore, varying from flats to a single room, and unless compelled to by the exigencies of service, he will not dream, in most cases, of sleeping on board. We all have our shortcomings, and if ever we cross swords it will be with gallant opponents.

*The Men.* The German bluejacket has a smarter appearance, and is physically superior to and cleaner than our men. But living as he does under a rigid discipline, he is prone to behave like a school-boy exempted from the distasteful routine of school. For example : When an officer is in a boat,

they will be miracles of smartness, but when they think they are not under observation a boat's crew will hang over the sides, spit, smoke, and go to pieces. They are better educated than our men.

But to continue my diary. After the supper in the *Kaiser* we came back here, where I shifted, and we all went ashore at 11 p.m. Visited the Trocadero and Mascotte, and got off at 2.30 a.m. How I wish we had similar institutions in England, what a contrast between Portsmouth and Kiel after 11 p.m. Next day there was a very nice afternoon dance in the *Preussen*, I also had some people off to lunch. Next morning Admiral Müller's wife, together with Prince and Princess Hangary, Fraülein Müller, a pretty girl of about 18, Lt. Niebuhr, and Lt. Count v. Forstner, arrived alongside in one of the beautiful German Admiral's (motor) barges. We went outside and saw the starts of all the races ; I had to be back at 12, as I was sailing a boat in the race of British men-o'-war's boats. I did nothing in the race, all the cutters from the Battle Fleet walked away from me.

In the evening at 8.30 there was a big dance at the Marine Akademie, about 800 people, two bands, and the whole thing very well done. Some excitement was caused by the sudden arrival, about midnight, of an enormous Zeppelin (L.3) which flew about 400 metres over the Garden, and then returned to Hamburg whence it came. I also met and talked with Admiral Scheer, said to be Tirpitz's successor, when the old man does go.

About 2.30 it was all over, so Peters and I went to the See Bad Hotel, which is run by Krupp at a loss of £20,000 a year, solely so that there may be a 1st class hotel at Kiel during the week. We had already arranged to have a shift of clothing sent here, and after the usual struggle with my dress boots we were soon shifted. We tipped the porter and changed in the drawing-room ; "To what base uses are the noblest chambers put." From here we taxied to the Mascotte and Trocadero, where we had a most amusing time. Amongst other amusements Stoddart and myself caused loud and enthusiastic praise from the German patrons



of the restaurant by acceding to the special request of the conductor, and mounting the stage, where, assisted by the band, we sang "Thora" in English. Any lack of musical talent which we felt, we endeavoured to compensate for by our volume of sound. I think we succeeded! 6 a.m. saw us, still very lively, dashing up Kiel harbour in a motor-boat on our way back to the ship. At 8 a.m. I got up again and paid one or two Mess calls to various ships. At 4 p.m. I was over the other side of the harbour perspiring freely in a frock coat, and acting as an umpire in International sports, between the crews of the German Light Cruisers and ourselves. At 7 p.m. we all adjourned to an immense room in a sort of barracks, where about 800 officers and men sat down to an enormous meal. The loudest brass band I've ever heard played in a gallery. When the cymbals clashed one's plate jumped on the table. At 7.30 I had to leave (the show went on with dancing till 2 a.m. I heard). I dashed across the harbour, and changed into mess dress at an hotel. After the usual nerve-racking struggle with my dress boots, I taxied to a dance at the Torpedo-boat school, which started at 9.30. It ended at 1.30 a.m., when I went to the Club with von Niebuhr. I met a very pretty girl at this dance, one Fräulein v. Ehrlenbein of Dusseldorf. Arrived off to the ship at 2 a.m.

The next day there were two dances, but as the news of the assassination of the Crown Prince of Austria had just arrived, they were postponed.

*Monday, 30th.* We left Kiel and started home. We (1st L.C.S.) went through the canal, but the B.S. went through the Belt. The Canal is dull from the scenic point of view, as the country is very flat. It is spanned by four great bridges, the supports of which, I noticed, were elaborately protected by barbed wire, Block houses, etc. It took us 8 hours to get through, and by 8 p.m. we were out in the open sea, with Heligoland a misty cloud on the stbd. bow.

*1st July.* We arrived at Portland. The dull three weeks at a deadly spot were relieved by a pleasant week-end over at



Cowes. On 16th July, an immense assemblage of ships, of which we were one, left Portland, and arrived at Spithead. The assemblage, which was bigger than any previous one (I've known it otherwise) was remarkable by the presence of about 20 aeroplanes and four airships, which circled about very nicely.

*Over at Cowes.* A nice young man called Bobbie Wolseley was staying there, as well as Magdalen H's great friend. She is a charming girl and a very pretty example of the open air girl.

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron,  
Thursday, 2.7.14.  
Weymouth.*

Dearest Parents,

We got back this morning, having come thro. the Kiel canal, which was most interesting, and saved a day.

I can hardly marshal my facts as to the Kiel week, such a succession of dances, lunches, dinner, sports, motor-drives, etc., etc., that I was hard put to it to keep up. However, by reducing my hours of sleep to 9 in 4 days, I did my duty.

I have heard privately, in a roundabout way, that the Commodore is pleased with me, which spurs me on to further efforts. You will be pleased to hear that my German was so good that I was a not inferior second to the official interpreter, and I was complimented ashore, as one of the very few Englishmen who could talk it. I found it coming back to me with startling rapidity, and had no trouble, except for three words, in translating at sight, for the benefit of the mess, several columns of telegrams in the local paper about the Austrian murder. If I see my way I'll pass my preliminary Interpretership as a Christmas Box. I have only to concentrate on it for about 1 month, and the deed is done.

My piano playing improves, also my chess. I am also laying the foundations of a thorough knowledge of wireless, as I intend being pretty knowledgable by the time I take my course. The great thing, I believe, is self-confidence, even

Zs

though it may merge almost into conceit, tho. of course, this must be guarded against. I try and train myself to say :

"I've undertaken this job, my brain-power is such that if *anyone* else can do it, I can ; failure must not enter into my calculations." Of course, frankly, that statement is pure unadulterated conceit. I've rather let myself out of my reserve in this letter, but you are both the only people to whom I can confide such things when the mood comes over me with a powerful rush, as it has to-night as I sit, a humble Sub-Lieut., but seething with ideas, in my little cabin. May you never be ashamed of me.

Your devoted son,  
STEPHEN W. KING-HALL.

Weymouth,  
8.30 p.m.

Dearest Parents,

We have just received orders to raise steam, and we are leaving early to-morrow morning. I don't know where we are going.

As you say, the situation looks bad, tho' we have not gone North, but everyone has coaled and completed with stores with feverish activity.

I feel convinced that Austria is determined to have war, and that being so I rather fail to see how we can avoid being drawn into it. However, if we go to War, you must write to me often and not be frightened, Mummy, after all, we are not here to do yachting trips, but to fight, so no one ought to mind the idea of going to War, though it would be most unpleasant, and I think I should be in a bit of a funk, but then, so would the others I expect.

It's not likely to last more than a month, and then, I take it, those left would get a good whack of leave ! I am going to make a Will if War is declared, in which I leave my motor-bike to Kenneth, everything else I've got (not much) to you both.

If nothing turns out over this, you can expect me about

27th Aug. to 3rd Sept. Can you also put Kenneth up, who will probably be homeless, as family touring abroad. Our present idea, if we can raise the money, is to meet in town, go to Ostend for three days, and then come to Brighton for 5 days, as his leave is same time.

Your devoted son,  
W. STEPHEN KING-HALL.

*Address c/o G.P.O.*

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron,  
(Going to a certain place  
"at sea")*

*31.7.14.*

Darling Parents,

As I write war has not yet been declared, and we know no news except that relations are strained, and we may be at war any moment. When I tell you that, Father will be able to describe to you the state of the ship ; I have to be careful what I write.

We are all very anxious to get to this certain place and see some newspapers. I also hope to get a letter from you. I think there is a chance of a show to-night, anyhow, we are running no risks.

I am feeling quite fit and well, and think of you a lot. The spirit of the ship's company is also excellent, though I anticipate a slight panic when we first go under fire. I expect I shall be frightened myself. I am gradually familiarising myself with the idea of war. I wonder what the European situation is, we must be very, very close to War. I wish we had a few airships and some more cruisers, but we are well superior to them all along the line, not counting the French.

I think, Father, I should offer your services to the Admiralty, in case they need anyone for some job, such as "Admiral Supt. of Examination Services," or Censorship, or some job like that.

I will conclude with one word of advice to Mother. Please

don't worry, whatever happens is for the best, and if I think you are worrying it upsets me awfully.

Love and kisses to all,  
Your devoted son,  
W. STEPHEN KING-HALL.

For heaven's sake use this  
and don't say where you *think*  
we may be.

*Address c/o G.P.O.  
"at a certain place."  
1.8.14.*

Dearest Parents,

We were not attacked last night, though I think we were all on the top line in case of it. However, we've got where we wanted to, which is a great thing. The only War news to date (I haven't seen a paper yet) is that one of our men has apparently gone slightly off his head in a harmless way, as the result of the strain, I suppose !!

I can't tell you exactly where we are, or the Fleet with us, but I daresay father will hazard a guess at the salubrious watering place (!!!) we are gracing with our presence.

Yesterday we saw a certain ship, belonging to a certain power, watching us. It retired at some speed when some fat cruisers went to have a look at it.

Love and kisses,  
Your devoted son,  
W. STEPHEN KING-HALL.

I will write as often as possible, but you must not expect great regularity, of course.

#### WAR

*From George King-Hall's Diaries.*

*3rd August.* "Stephen writes in a fine spirit evidently determined to bring credit to his name and to the Service. Our fleet must be prepared for a very sudden attack from the German Destroyers and Small Craft.

*Later.* Heard this evening of the Ultimatum we have sent Germany regarding the invasion of Belgium who is blowing up bridges and flooding the country. How awful to be

involved in this war which neither France or Germany or Great Britain wants. Olga very sad. We prayed for our son to be brought through it safely—with tears in our eyes.”

14.8.14.

Dear M. & F.,

The arrival of the Map, Paté, chocolate and print greeted with acclamation this morning. I am more in demand about seven bells p.m. than ever ! I feel prepared for a month at least of strenuous warfare. Grandfather has such a knowing look, not surprising considering he went thro' it all. If all goes well in this war I wonder if there will be a great slump in things Naval, as there so often used to be after big wars. I have received tons of letters, and am very well.

Yours ever,  
S.

*H.M.S. Southampton.*

“ Scapa Flow's the place for me,  
When the German Fleet is out at sea  
or  
When you're chased by a T.B.D.”

*August, 1914.* On the evening of Sunday 9th we were to the northward of Kinnaird Head. I had been keeping the first watch, and at about 3 a.m. I was awakened by the noise of the alarm bells ringing furiously.

To quote some notes :

“ I pulled on some clothes and ran up on deck, to find it was early dawn, rainy and misty. Every second or so the mistiness ahead was illuminated by a yellow flash, and the crash of a gun followed.

“ Suddenly, the *Birmingham* loomed up straight ahead, or a shade on our starboard bow, distant about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cables (500 yards).

“ It was difficult at the moment to say whether the shells falling between us and the *Birmingham* were being fired by the *Birmingham*, or at her from a ship on the far side. I restrained our quarter-deck guns' crew from firing into the

*Birmingham* ; she looked rather Teutonic in the early morning light.

"The mystery of the alarm was settled by the sudden appearance of part of the conning tower of a German submarine, exactly between ourselves and the *Birmingham*.

"How the *Birmingham* actually turned and rammed her I could not see ; but she did, and when the *Birmingham* turned away, a large oily pool, bubbling furiously, with three black objects resembling air-flasks floating in it, was all that remained of the U.Boat."<sup>1</sup>

The operations of the 9th were entirely unfruitful, and in my opinion it was a very hazardous operation taking all the big ships so far South. However we all got back safely. After a little more pottering around in the N. Sea and a P.Z. [tactical exercise] up North, we went into Scapa and the B.F. to Loch Ewe. We spent a most welcome and unexpected week in Scapa.

On the 18th we left with the Battle Cruisers and went down towards the Horn Reef, first sweeping upwards in the mouth of the Skagerak without sighting anything. The idea of the movement was thoroughly to examine all the trawlers which continually hang about there. The examination was to be by means of boarding each vessel, but owing to the very bad prevailing weather this had to be abandoned. I was rather annoyed, as owing to my knowledge of German I had been selected as one of the special boarding officers.

18.8.14.

Dearest M. & F.

All well and as fit as blazes ! Looks like a second 30 years' war ! However, let's hope we'll be home for Christmas dinner. Mails from you not yet arrived.

Yours,  
S.

Tuesday, 22nd. I was on watch at 7 a.m. this morning and we were sweeping North, with the lovely Norwegian Coast

<sup>1</sup> This was U. 15, and the first of the odd 200 submarines the British Navy has disposed of during the war.



on the stbd. bow, when suddenly I heard a voice, "Signal, Sir!" The signalman handed me over the flimsy wireless signal, dated 7.15 a.m. on which I read the dreadful words: "*Cressy* to all ships, *Aboukir* is sinking and so are we." It was dreadful to think that 300 miles away over the smiling sea to the southward, 1500 men were preparing to fight for their lives. At 7.25 the signal came through, "*Hogue* sinking." Then there succeeded a most ominous silence, broken only by Harwich, which was making persistent efforts to call the three ships. One more fragment came through, a position 20 miles to the N.E. of the Hook, and then it was all over. P.M. An "Admiralty to all ships" has come through pointing out the necessity for heavy ships to clear out at once if one of their number is struck, and abandon the doomed ship to her fate. It seems hard, but tactically there can be no question as to its correctness. There seems little doubt that *Hogue* and *Cressy* were struck whilst standing by the *Aboukir*. As I am only writing of what I hear and more or less come into touch with myself, I will not at present give any details of the contretemps, in fact as a general rule I shall not waste time putting down things that are accurately reported in the press.

27th.

Dearest Parents,

At the moment of writing the Germans are doing nicely in Belgium, to be expected of course, I even, am preparing myself to see them in Paris. But nothing, nothing, not even the annexation of France ought to make us give in. Everyone who is serving ought to feel that he has dedicated himself to win or die.

I feel, and know that the feeling will grow as the War goes on. I almost welcome the idea of initial reverses, and the idea of being knocked out has quite begun to lose any unpleasantness which it may naturally have had in the sudden transition from peace to War.

Whenever I feel a bit fed up on Watch, and as I daresay you hardly need telling, there is a good deal of Watchkeeping,



I just comfort myself with thinking that however long we have to wait, it may be months or even years, we'll get them in the end, the Empire will never give in until there isn't an Empire, and then it hardly matters, does it?

I hope Mother has got used to the idea of War, and does not worry about it. The papers are a nuisance. I usually study every alternate *Times* until I want to laugh, then I read the "Naval Notes" or "Our Fleet at Sea." Or "*How the Submarine was sunk*" or "Attack on Br. Cruiser Squadron by Submarines." Don't believe a word that does not come from the Press Bureau. We are only human, and alas, have our limitations, and I daresay man for man no better than the Germans, but as good I hope. You can imagine our life fairly well. At sea, sometimes rough, otherwise it's been quite nice, watchkeeping, sleeping, a game of deck hockey, eating, watchkeeping, a little exercise in the arts of war, eating, watchkeeping, sleeping, and so on.

In harbour, coaling, *sleeping, sleeping*, eating, sleeping, reading mails, writing same, arguing about the War, eating, sleeping and then to sea. We are all in good spirits, and growing more efficient every day, though I fear we have a long while to wait before we attain the superhuman hardiness and war-worthiness of our forefathers off Brest.

We have two young officers from Dartmouth on board, whom I chase always and beat at times in a fatherly manner. I have assured them that, as far as lies in my power, they shall die as an adornment to their profession; they are nice boys.

Now, father, don't you go and join any corps of Veterans, though I believe you are game enough to join the Regulars, and fit enough too! You did your share, and a jolly good share, in sharpening the sword, and you've got your only son at the handle, and you ought to be satisfied.

Love and kisses to all. We sail at day-break.

Yours,

STEVIE.

## THE HELIGOLAND BIGHT ACTION

During the month of August, from immediately after the outbreak of war, our submarines had been in the Bight, or wet triangle as the Germans delighted to call it.

The British E-boats, based on Harwich, nosed about round Heligoland (one actually grounded there) and penetrated into the mouths of the German rivers.

Little escaped their curious periscopes, and they soon discovered that the Germans were working a night patrol off the Bight with destroyers and light cruisers. It was the habit of these gentry to retire into the Bight at dawn each day ; and it was decided to cut them out.

This task was entrusted to Sir David Beatty in the *Lion*, with the battle cruisers ; our Commodore in the *Southampton*, with the light cruisers ; and Commodore Tyrwhitt in the newly commissioned *Arethusa*, leading the Harwich force of destroyers.

At 3 a.m. on the 28th August, the forces concerned rendezvoused near the Horns Reef light vessel, which is about 80 miles north of Heligoland.

At 4 a.m. the sweep started.

The plan of operations was simple and depended for its success on surprise.

Broadly speaking, the operation may be compared to the movements of a forefinger, the nail of the finger being close to Heligoland.

To continue the analogy of the finger, the finger nail was Commodore Tyrwhitt's force, the first joint was the supporting light cruisers under Commodore Goodenough, and the second joint and knuckle were Admiral Beatty's supporting battle cruisers ; whilst the Battle Fleet in the background may be fairly compared to the wrist that held the hand.

The day dawned calm and foggy. This mist hung over the water all day, and on the whole was an advantage to us, as it added to the confusion and the uncertainty of the Germans,

and protected us from the batteries of Heligoland, which were unable to fire a shot.

At the same time it made it difficult for our three squadrons to keep alignment with each other during the sweep ; and in the course of the day we lost touch with two of our light cruisers for several hours.

At 8 a.m., when a few miles to the west by north of Heligoland, we altered course from south to south-west, and received a signal to say that destroyers were engaging destroyers, whilst at the same time we heard gun-fire to the south-east of us, where we knew Commodore Tyrwhitt to be.

We acted on the good old maxim of going where you hear a gun, and stood over towards the firing. It was impossible to see anything, but at the same time it was undeniably a most thrilling sensation to be moving through the mist at 24 knots towards the first sounds of gun-fire in battle that most of us had ever heard.

At 8.25 a.m. two black shapes, which revealed themselves to be German destroyers travelling at a very high rate of speed, appeared on our starboard bow.

They had evidently been patrolling seawards, and, hearing the firing in between themselves and the German coast, they were scooting into their homes as quickly as they could.

We got the forecastle and starboard bow gun to bear on them and opened fire, but, as the mist prevented any ranging, we could only hope for a lucky hit.

Two white puffs or splashes were seen to proceed from the enemy, and it was not until some ten minutes later, when three witnesses saw the track of a torpedo across our stern, that we realized that the Germans had fired two torpedoes at us.

The hostile destroyers were going at least 32 knots and were moving between enormous bow waves, with their sterns tucked well down, and in about three minutes they had crossed our bows and disappeared in the mist.

Shortly after this episode we were unfortunately observed

by H.M.S. *Lurcher*, the destroyer in which the Commodore of Submarines, the present Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, used in those early days to cruise about the Bight.

As usual, several of our ubiquitous submarines were in the Bight on this occasion.

I say "unfortunately" the *Lurcher* saw us, as she obtained only a fleeting glimpse of us, and at once reported by wireless two German light cruisers in a position a few miles to the south-west of where we calculated we were. This sounded like business, so we abandoned our intention of trying to find the destroyer scrap and hastily shaped course to where we understood the two German cruisers had been seen.

Sad to say, we were chasing ourselves; the discrepancy in our position and that calculated by the *Lurcher*, led us astray, and for about an hour we were on a wild-goose chase.

This matter of accurate position-finding is of prime importance in a naval action, and especially so where wireless signals are concerned, as in such cases one acts on a signal such as "Hostile cruisers, lat.  $54^{\circ}$  N. long.  $4^{\circ}$  E."

Now the ship that saw these cruisers probably saw them perhaps 10 miles S. $50^{\circ}$  E. of her own position. She may have been at sea two or three days, or, in the case of a submarine, perhaps ten days.

During this period she may never have seen a landmark or lightship of any sort. She has had to rely on her "sights" of the sun and stars. Should the weather have been thick, even "sights" may have been denied to her, in which case she has to rely on what is known as "dead reckoning."

This consists of plotting courses and speeds since she left harbour, and estimating an allowance for wind, tide, and erroneous speed.

It is thus obvious that in the case imagined above of a ship reporting hostile cruisers, she may herself be under a misapprehension as regards her true position—a state of affairs which vitiates by a corresponding amount all her "enemy reports."

If one is in sight of a ship reporting the enemy, the matter

is simple ; she simply flashes by light, " Enemy such and such a distance, bearing so and so from me."

I have mentioned this matter at some length, as during the war several cases of the importance of positions and the result of errors came under my notice.

On this occasion we chased ourselves for about fifty minutes, when suddenly every one was electrified to see a periscope on the starboard bow, distant 500 yards.

The helm was put hard over, the ship heeled, and we prepared to ram her. The submarine made a steep dive, and some people on the fore bridge stated that she went down at such an angle that her tail nearly came out of water.

A few seconds later we thundered over the place where she had been, and they must have heard the roar of our propellers as we passed over them.

In about ten minutes' time the *Lurcher* suddenly appeared, and asked us why we were attacking her submarines.

Luckily the submarine we had tried to ram had recognized our red ensign, which was flying as a battle flag, just as he intended to torpedo us. Explanations with the *Lurcher* ensued, and the mystery of the two German light cruisers was cleared up.

It was too late by this time to turn back to where the destroyer scrap had been going on, and at the moment no sounds of gunfire came from the mist, so we decided to carry on with the sweep as arranged, on the assumption that the Harwich destroyers with the *Arethusa* and *Fearless* were somewhere inside us on a parallel course.

An uneventful hour passed, until at 11 a.m. we intercepted a signal from Commodore Tyrwhitt, to the effect that he was heavily engaged with German light cruisers and he wanted assistance.

We at once altered course 16 points, and started back as hard as we could towards where we imagined the *Arethusa* to be.

The sound of gun-fire was very heavy right ahead of us when we turned round, and at irregular intervals a flash of yellow flame came through the mist.

At 11.30 we seemed very close to the action, and the firing was so heavy that it seemed almost as if we were in the middle of the fight, except that no shells could be seen.

At 11.40 a number of destroyers, which turned out to be British, steamed out of the mist, evidently retiring from something, and a moment later we sighted the *Arethusa* on our port bow in action at close range with the German light cruiser *Mainz*.

Our squadron at that moment consisted of the *Southampton*, *Birmingham*, *Nottingham*, *Lowestoft*, *Liverpool*, and *Falmouth*, disposed in quarter line, and as soon as the *Mainz* saw us she ceased fire on the sorely tried *Arethusa* and very wisely fled like a stag.

At 10,000 yards the squadron opened fire, and the German replied with a straggling fire from her after 4.1 inch guns. Most of her shots fell short, but a few hummed over us.

It was very peculiar hearing the moaning sob, and realizing that a lump of steel full of explosives had just gone by. I examined myself carefully to see if I was frightened, and came to the conclusion that on the whole I was excited and rather anxious.

The *Mainz* was now under the fire of about fifteen 6-inch guns, and suddenly there were two yellow flashes amidships of a different nature from the red jabs of flame from her own gun, and I realized she had been hit twice.

A most extraordinary feeling of exultation filled the mind. One longed for more yellow flashes ; one wanted to hurt her, to torture her ; and one said to oneself, " Ha ! there's another ! Give her hell ! " as if by speaking one could make the guns hit her.

Though she was being hit, she was not being hit enough, as at the range of 10,000 yards in that mist it was nearly impossible to see the splashes of the shells and thus control the fire. Also she still had the legs of us.

To our dismay, the mist came down, and for five minutes we drove on without sight of her.

Down below, in complete ignorance of what had been happening, the stokers forced the boilers until our turbines



would take no more, and, the safety valves lifting, the steam roared up the exhaust pipes at the side of the funnels with a deafening roar.

Suddenly—everything happens suddenly in a naval action with ships moving at 30 miles an hour—we came on top of the *Mainz* only 7,000 yards away, and the range decreasing every moment.

Something had happened to her whilst she was in the mist, for she was lying nearly stopped.

It is now almost certain that she was torpedoed forward by a destroyer, though it will never be known which destroyer flashing past her in the mist launched the blow which permitted us to overtake her.

When the destroyers found themselves being harried by light cruisers, the traditional foe of the destroyers, they had lashed out viciously with their torpedoes and fired some thirty.

An eye-witness told me that the sea was furrowed with their tracks : I think he was being cynical. At all events, one got home on the *Mainz*, and we closed down on her, hitting with every salvo.

She was a mass of yellow flame and smoke as the lyddite detonated along her length.

Her two after funnels melted away and collapsed. Red glows, indicating internal fires, showed through gaping wounds in her sides.

At irregular intervals one of her after guns fired a solitary shot, which passed miles overhead.

In ten minutes she was silenced and lay a smoking, battered wreck, her foremost anchor flush with the water. Ant-like figures could be seen jumping into the water as we approached.

The sun dispersed the mist, and we steamed slowly to within 300 yards of her, flying as we did so the signal "Do you surrender?" in International Code. As we stopped the mainmast slowly leant forward, and, like a great tree, quite gradually lay down along the deck.

As it reached the deck a man got out of the main control top and walked aft—it was Tirpitz junior.



I have a photograph of him standing, solitary figure, on the extreme end of his ship.

Her bridge was knocked to pieces and there was no one to read our signal, which signal seems incongruous in 1918, but the last precedent was years old in 1914.

Nevertheless, as we watched, a flag fluttered down from the foretopmast head ; it had been lowered by the boat-swain.

The feeling of exultation was succeeded by one of pity as I looked at this thing that had been a ship.

Through glasses I could see that her deck was a shambles—a headless corpse, stripped to the waist, hung over the forecastle side. This was indeed war, and the first realization of war is like one's first love, a landmark in life.

The hundred or so survivors in the water were wearing lifebelts and raising their heads, shouting for help. We were debating what could be done, when we were roused from the contemplation of our handiwork by the sudden outbreak of firing to the northward.

The *Liverpool* was detailed to rescue survivors and sink the *Mainz*, whilst the *Southampton* with the rest of the light cruisers started to get under way towards the new action.

We had hardly begun to move through the water, ere I saw a magnificent sight ; it was the battle cruisers. They had been coming up at full speed from the south-west towards all the firing, they had also of course received the *Arethusa's* call for help.

It was undoubtedly a bold and dashing decision to bring these great ships into the Fight, and, as often happens in war, this decision was successful.

The battle cruisers arrived too late to do anything to the *Mainz*, but they were determined to get up in time to participate in the firing to the north which had just started.

It is difficult to describe the impression produced by these monsters as, following in each other's wakes, they emerged one by one from the mist, and flashed past like express trains.

Not a man could be seen on their decks ; volumes of

smoke poured from their funnels ; their turret guns, trained expectantly on the port bow, seemed eager for battle.

We were just able to work up sufficient speed to get astern of the *Indomitable*, when we sighted the unfortunate Germans, which were two small cruisers, the *Köln* and the *Ariadne*. They had run into a detached group of our destroyers, hence the firing. A succession of salvos rolled out from the *Lion* and her squadron.

One German disappeared in a cloud of steam and smoke ; the other drifted away in the mist, burning furiously and sinking.

I was watching this spectacle on our port bow, when I heard a "crump ! crump ! crump !" and turning round saw a salvo of splashes stand up in the water, a few hundred yards from our starboard side. I could not make out where these shells had come from, until I noticed a four-funnelled cruiser on the horizon about 14,000 yards away, where there happened to be a clear patch, for I could see the German coast and some chimneys behind her. As I watch her a ripple of flame ran down her side, and I knew another flight of shells were on their way. They arrived with a "whump" exactly right for range, but between the *Birmingham* and ourselves, about 50 yards astern of us.

We were quite surprised by this unexpected attack, but the *Birmingham* at once retaliated with a salvo of 6-inch, an example we were not long in following, though it seemed ages before our guns went off.

We exchanged several salvos with her, and she straddled us once without hitting, whilst we saw one of our shells detonate on board her. We discovered months afterwards that this shell had landed on her quarter-deck and killed about sixty men, as the Germans had a habit in those days of taking spare guns' crews to sea with them, and these gentry were being mustered when our shell arrived. She turned and went into port, and we followed the battle cruisers.

It was now 4 p.m., and as we were within 15 miles of the German Fleet their arrival on the scene of action was expected any moment.

I believe, as a matter of fact, that the sound of the firing could be heard in the ships at Wilhelmshaven, where they were making desperate efforts to raise steam in the big ships and come out and drive us off.

At 4.15 p.m. we left the Bight and steered at high speed for Scapa. I started the day at midnight on the 27th-28th and ended it at 4 a.m. on the 29th.

I have forgotten to mention that we saw a number of floating mines in the Bight, which were avoided by quick use of the helm.<sup>1</sup>

We arrived at Scapa Flow at 8 p.m. on the 29th, well pleased with ourselves. The *Arethusa* and *Fearless* and our damaged destroyers had got in, and the casualties in officers and men were slight. On the other side, we had sunk three German light cruisers and two destroyers.

Looking back, there are several interesting features connected with this action.

When the *Mainz* was sunk, we found that she had rafts on her deck, and that her guns' crews had been wearing life-belts. This struck us at the time as very bad for the morale; we soon altered our opinion when the submarine menace started in earnest.

We were also made acquainted for the first time with the remarkably long ranges of the German 4.1-inch guns, due to their large angles of elevation.

This cuts both ways, as at long ranges the German shells were falling almost vertically, and it was quite easy for their shells to fall just "over" without hitting the ship.

The Germans fought well. They always have fought well whenever I have seen them fight at sea, and they were beaten on this day because they were overwhelmed by a greatly superior force; and the side which can achieve this state of affairs will, other things being equal, always win the war.

When we arrived in Scapa, it was a perfect summer's evening, and we had a great reception from the battleships, who cheered us vigorously, whilst the *Orion* sent parties

<sup>1</sup> This is incorrect. The so-called mines were empty cartridge cases.—Ed.

over to help us coal—a service which was very much appreciated, but which I never saw repeated. No less than three girls competed for the honour of sending me chocolates, and an unknown number of ladies sent sacks of warm clothing to the ship. Gradually, as was inevitable, this enthusiasm died out, the pendulum swung over, and I once more occupied the position of a giver of chocolates.

Nor at the beginning of winter in 1915 did one go down to the half-deck and contemptuously cast aside knitted waist-coats because the colour did not suit.

On Sunday we were given four hours' leave, and the thirsty members of the Mess repaired to the hotel at Kirk-wall, where each described the action to an eager group of officers from the battleships, pausing at intervals to "have another" and celebrate the victory. Towards the end of the afternoon some very divergent accounts of the scrap were in circulation.

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron.*

Dearest Parents,

The official account of our trip over to Heligoland is so good that there is little I can add, except that my last letter was written just before we sailed, and that we leave tomorrow on some expedition; what, I know not, but shall know long before you get this.

We had several narrow squeaks from floating mines which they appear to drop with great profusion. The cruiser we sank was in an awful condition before she went down. Apparently when all the Guns' Crews were killed they drove the stokers up to the guns, the men then tried to take to the boats and jumped overboard, being shot by their own officers. I hardly blame the men, as she was an inferno, on fire all over the place, and a mass of wreckage. Our chief danger, apart from a couple of torpedoes which missed us, was mines. I don't think they anticipated that we should dare come so close in, in such force.

I have also heard a rumour that the German Fleet is on

$\frac{1}{2}$  rations. I trust Russian pressure will soon make itself felt.

It almost seems as if the turning point or crucial moment of the War had nearly arrived. We had a great reception from the Fleet when we rejoined them, as the continued lack of excitement makes it extremely monotonous work in the Battle Fleet. Anyhow, even if later on this ship gets knocked out, we feel that we have justified our existence.

Your devoted son,

STEVIE.

24th Sept. Arrived Scapa and coaled. They have blocked up the minor entrances to the Flow by sinking ships.

I heard the following items of gossip from the *Iron Duke*. "The effect on the Admiralty of the *Aboukir* etc., had been to withdraw all armoured cruisers from the S. portion of the N. Sea, so that the men who lost their lives may not have done so in vain, if as a result this insane policy of Winston Churchill filling the S. part of the N. Sea with ships is abandoned. It plays the German game, by providing food for their submarines, and we gain nothing by it."

I am very sorry to hear that the old *Pegasus*, an old ship of mine, has been smashed at Zanzibar, and her No. 1, Turner, killed, a very good chap. I also hear that the Admiralty got in a funk after the *Aboukir* show, and refused permission for the Commodores (T.) and (S.)<sup>1</sup> to have a dash at the German submarines on their way back. It is a pity, as then was the time to go for them.

27th Sept. We proceeded to the Eastward and after a day's steaming arrived about 50' S.W. of the Naze. Battle Cruisers in company. Our object was to intercept certain German ships reported to be trying to make a break from Bergen, and also to keep the Skagerak under observation. The only thing we met was an abnormally heavy N.W. gale which obliged us to heave to for 16 hours, broke our fcsle. break-water, and caused other minor damages.

<sup>1</sup> Commodores Tyrwhitt and Keyes, in charge respectively of light craft and submarines at Harwich.—Ed.

As may be imagined, with every hatch save one amidships battened down, life was not very comfortable. In the height of the gale I saw an interesting sight, which was the *Drake*, attended by a destroyer, escorting *E.5* which together with *E.1* had made a reconnaissance down the Kattegat, without seeing anything. It was interesting to note the behaviour of the three types. The *Drake*, plunging heavily, the destroyer like an animated cork, the *E.5*, like a great rock. I heard afterwards that *E.5* got fed up with the bad weather, and quietly dived and lay under water for 24 hours till the worst was over. I know her disappearance caused some anxiety, as we were looking out for her, as well as *E.1*, which had completely vanished two days before. 5 days later she arrived at Aberdeen, and reported engine trouble.

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron,  
At sea. 28.9.14.*

Dearest Parents,

Tho' I cannot tell you of any deeds of war at the moment of writing, our life has not been devoid of incident, as for the last 12 hours we have been hove-to in the biggest gale I have ever seen.

I have had unique opportunities for observing it as I had the "first" and "morning" last night. In the darkness of the 1st, it was difficult to appreciate the size of the sea, the only tangible evidences being a steady sheet of spray breaking over the bridge, and leaving glowing spots of phosphorescence behind it.

When I turned in at 12, I wedged myself in with cushions and coats, and though we rolled  $35^{\circ}$  (tho' HEADING into it) I slept like a log. At 4 a.m. you could have seen me painfully crawling forward, by means of a life-line, on my slow journey to the bridge. At last, gasping and drenched, one gets up there. My opposite number lifts up the flap of my Sou'-wester, and placing his lips close to my ear, turns over Course and Speed, and a word of cynical condolence. For the 1st hour it is like the first watch, only meanwhile the wind has



increased in strength, and driving squalls of stinging rain complete the picture.

By 5 a.m. a grey flickering light illuminated the sea. It was a wonderful spectacle. As far as the eye could see great curling billows of pale green water, capped with snowy foam, succeeded each other like regiments. Each one would deploy swiftly down from the N. West, hurl itself to the assault on our forecastle, only to be shattered into welter of foam and tossed up into the wind by our f'csle. gun and breakwater. Then the blast caught it, and lifting it up 20 feet, down it came on the top of the upper bridge, where the bended back of yours affec. and his satellites awaited the blow. Each discharge made a noise against the bridge just like two express trains passing each other. Then a hasty glance round the horizon, and down again for another, so it went on.

One enormous one completely flattened out the break-water at 6.30. The Conning Tower was under water. A great wave which broke break-water made me think that the whole bridge was going.

The Ship has stood it magnificently, and is as comfortable as a baby's cradle. We shall never get anything worse, so we are all, from the Commodore down, very satisfied with her.

The C.-in-C. came over to the ship the other day and was pleased to recognize my name and speak to me.

Love & kisses,

STEVIE.

On the 30th we arrived back at Scapa Flow, without seeing Seaplane 77, which had been missing to the Eastwards 24 hours. Coaled and provisioned, and I went over to the Hospital ship *Rohilla*, to have a tooth seen to. A fellow sufferer from the *New Zealand*, a Lt., had the face to ask me whether we let off any guns at the *Mainz* ! though whether he was pulling my leg over the expenditure or was merely a fool, I don't know. I hear that, including three torpedoes from our squadron, the flotilla in the Heligoland Bight show loosed off 36 torpedoes. My Lords are very perturbed about it.



However, if I was in a T.B.D. and being cut up by Light Cruisers (as they were) I would not count the number of tin fish I loosed. I hear the following items :

1. The Germans have been firing on each other in the Baltic.

2. One of the submarines in the Bight weighed a Laon Mine by the glass prongs on her Hydroplane guard. They must have sweated when they opened the Conning Tower hatch and saw it.

3. We have bagged a submarine per Explosive Creep.

8 Fifes, Big Drum, and little Drum, belonging to the Band I am organizing, have arrived. Battle of Aisne drags on.

*1st October.* Proceeded to patrol line to cover transport of Canadian troops. A convoy of 31 ships, escorted by cruiser force G, and met half-way by *Princess Royal*, are coming over. There are two lines across the N. Sea to prevent Germans sending Battle Cruisers out, should they try. (I think *not*). The lines are so arranged that the distance between them is sufficient to prevent anything getting through one line at night, and being able to pass the next line in darkness. The Southern line is composed of Cruisers and the N. line the Battle Squadron in support. There is also a patrol of T.B.D.'s between Orkneys and Scotland, thus sealing up the Firth. The Mine Layers are patrolling between Shetlands and Orkneys. We are at the Western end of the Southern Line.

The weather is exceedingly favourable to submarine attack, and as some have been reported off the Skaw, both lines shift bodily N. and South about 20 miles daily to avoid repetition of *Aboukir* show. It is said (with truth) that they patrolled their line so exactly one could have set one's watch by them. The only things to do to avoid submarines are :

1. High speed
2. Zig-zagging
3. Frequent change of position.

*Wednesday, 7th.* Whilst patrolling, a serious error was made in the coding office. A signal to the squadron to turn

together to East was coded as West. The result was that during the 1st watch we had the whole squadron down on top of us. Fortunately it was a fine moonlight night, and no regrettable incidents took place, but if it had been dark—well, anything might have taken place. Once a gun is fired it is almost impossible to stop a general engagement. The float of the ill-fated seaplane, 77, which has been missing from Scapa, was picked up by *Lowestoft* during the middle. To be strictly accurate, it was examined but not retrieved by those idiots, net result, the whole squadron had to go back and look for it, and it was while engaged on this, on Thursday, 8th Oct. that the following events took place.

We had just finished our usual little drop of "Control Drill" at 11 a.m., and were steaming along at 12 knots. I was in the waist and heard the shout "Man Overboard." Running on to the Q.D., I saw a man's head in the water about 50 yards astern of the ship. Urged by an irresistible impulse I ran aft and dived in after him. My actions were quite out of my control, and I only realised the state of affairs on finding myself swimming briskly towards him. I only saw him once, over the waves, and spectators on the ship inform me he was observed to sink just before I reached him. On getting to the place where I had seen him, I saw nothing, and looking round noted :

1. I had swallowed a lot of the N. Sea.
2. The water was devilish chilly.
3. The ship was about a mile away.

I also felt a beastly lassitude coming over me. However I had the sense not to give way to *that* and its attendant consequences. I then started to undress. Removed my coat, shoes and socks, and trousers, the latter frightened me catching round my knees. However, with *every* inducement to keep cool I worked them off gradually. I then cruised round a bit (my word, it was cold) but I am sorry to say saw no signs of Maclean who, I afterwards heard, had fallen over from P.3, on stepping off the sight-setter's seat. I was eventually extremely glad to see old Peters bearing down on

me in the seaboat, and after a bit of an effort I was hauled in over the bows. The bowmen at first appeared to experience a certain delicacy at manhandling a naked officer, but my language soon put them at ease. I found I had been in the ditch, temperature  $45^{\circ}$ , for 20 minutes, and quite long enough for me. A day in bed put me all right.

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron,*

*12.10.14.*

Dearest Parents,

No news of any great interest, except that I think *personally* there was a mess up at Antwerp. I fear the end of this War, is a long, long way off. I put my ultimate trust in the Russians and our Navy. They must feel the blockade sooner or later. The only nuisance, of course, is their submarines. There is this consolation, that if the Battleships are dead birds, we have a good margin in Submarines.

The weather remains pretty beastly, but we have been inundated with knitted gear, both for officers and men, from various industrious ladies. On watch, in addition to usual clothes, I usually wear :

- (a) A Shetland vest.
- (b) A sweater.
- (c) Short sea-boots ("short" after my bathe, had I worn long ones that day they would have done me in. My present ones are also 1 size too big).
- (d) A Sou'wester.
- (e) Long oilskin.
- (f) Double wool-lined, waterproof gloves.
- (g) Thick scarf ;

and in my bunk resides a hot-water bottle.

The band continues to make the most satisfactory progress. I take them together with Medd every day for an hour, and have quite convinced them that I know all about "scoring, counter-pointing, and the whole theory of music."

Needless to say, I know nothing, but I never deign to do

more than abuse them, which they love, and as for playing a fife myself, I never do it in their presence for the very good reason that at least 80% of the band are better than I am. Very rarely, I strike a triangle. It would make you laugh to see us practising in the submerged flat ; I keep very strict discipline, and we bust off on the 3rd beat with tremendous eclat. We start, for instance, on *Georgia*, just before the end I hold up three fingers, that indicates three beats on the big drum, I then shout "Swanee" and off we go, running the two into one. From this we slip into "Dixie" then prolonged roll on side-drums, and "Hitchy Koo" follows, ending up with sustained bugle calls of "Georgia." This completes what I've called "Fantasia Americana." It's great fun.

As I'm quite prepared to spend the rest of my life at War, I've started a book.

13th October. Left Scapa in company with Battle Cruisers and two flotillas of T.B.D.'s to carry out operation order No. 16. The idea was to sweep at high speed along the line a a a as shewn in map,<sup>1</sup> so as to intercept, if possible, two German Minelayers that were reported as having left Emden. It was the old game of a Heligoland sweep, only the submarine menace having impressed itself to a moderate extent on the Admiralty, you will notice the sweep only extended as far as Dogger Bank. We carried it out in perfect weather, and saw nothing. On arriving at "B" we took up our position in the Southern line of a Double Daylight Trade line. We were along the patrol "CC" the 10th C.S. in area b. along FF. and the 2nd C.S. supporting us at "H." The Battle Fleets were to the Northward.

Yesterday we were patrolling up and down on line, looking out for trade, when at 1.30 p.m. a signal was intercepted from *Theseus*, 10th C.S., to say, "submarine has just missed me, torpedo passed 200 yards astern." Immediately, of course, *Edgar* signalled all 10th C.S. to clear out of the area at once. All replied save the *Hawke*.

<sup>1</sup> The sketch referred to is no longer in existence, but the text is self-explanatory.—Ed.

We have just heard definite proof from 4th Flotilla that went there this morning, that the *Hawke* had evidently been already torpedoed about 20 miles away, and had sunk so rapidly that she had not been able to get a signal through.

We are now (7th) going to the Northward. *Theseus* reports that she never even saw a sign of a submarine, save the track of the torpedo. One cannot help feeling how absolutely defenceless one is against them. I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the day of the surface warship is over ; jointly with this I am obliged to admit to myself that the N. Sea has been rendered untenable by us through German ships, at least we can only hold it and lose heavily and *uselessly*.

As far as interception of trade is concerned it can be done by flinging out patrol lines based on the Shetlands into the Atlantic. These should be more or less out of range of German submarines at *present*. Patrolling in the N. Sea must be done when necessary by our own submarines.

All neutral shipping must be made to call at Kirkwall, report itself and, if satisfactory, then follow a definite route to the Skaw and Holland.

*Saturday, 17th October.* Things move rapidly, it is evident that a tremendous submarine attack has been launched. *Swift* has had several torpedoes fired at her at scene of *Hawke's* loss, and a tremendous upheaval is going on at Scapa Flow, as submarines have actually got inside. One torpedo missed the *Leda* by 10 ft. The whole place is being evacuated. To cap it all, they have been reported in the Minch off another of our bases, at present empty, and that is Loch Ewe. Down South they fired into Dover Harbour, and have been seen off St. Catherines !

A mine went up in our minefield and we hope it was the Dover submarine. Two were seen oiling off Stornoway.

We were going to Broadford Bay (Skye), but as a result of all this we are bound for Lough Swilly. Even here the devils that were seen oiling off the Hebrides can get at us. 3rd B.S. and 20th C.S. are also here. We have scuppered 4 *old* German T.B.D.'s off Terschelling.

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron.*

Dearest Parents,

All well etc., I am glad to say. It is very satisfactory that the T.B.D. action coincided with *Hawke*; I wish we'd been there. I prophesy that that will be the last "affaire" of outposts for a long time, we shan't catch 'em outside again.

Their submarines are rather boring, but have had no moral effect on the Fleet owing to their invisibility, as what the British Blue can't see he doesn't waste time thinking about, though I try and ginger up submarine lookouts in my watch by recounting harrowing tales. The only effect (which lasts about  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour) is a strenuous shout of, "Submarines, Sir! on the port bow. As you were, Sir! it was a bloomin' whale!" Or else some intelligent signalman:

"Objec' right ahead, Sir, a glintin' in the sun."

Self: "How far off?"

Signalman: "There, Sir, there, Sir."

Self: "Yes, yes, how many cables?"

Signalman: "There you are, Sir, I seed it plain then."

Self: "Confound you, how many cables?"

Signalman: "'arf a mile, Sir. Why, it's a floatin' tin."

Peace reigns once more. As a matter of fact, unless the gentleman in the submarine is a fool, which they are not, he dives long before you stand a chance of seeing his periscopes. There are only two good ways of not being had.

1. High speed.

2. Not being where they are.

No. 2 is, on the whole, most satisfactory! But as it doesn't rest in my hands, but in Sir J. J.'s, it's simplest not to worry about the matter at all. *And we don't.* . . .

*Sunday 18th.* Coaling all the afternoon and most of the night. When the inhabitants here woke up and saw us, in here, painted silvery grey, they thought we were Germans!

*Monday 19th.* Went for a topping walk, eating blackberries and sniffing the green grass, with King, Crosbie and



the Soldier. We had a great battle on hills amongst the heather with clods of turf. I also had speech with a dear old lady, who called every blessing from Heaven on my head. She had a son, John Sheridan, Ldg. Stoker in the *Argyll*. She broke down and wept when I said I would write to him and tell him I had seen her, which I have just done. I also received this evening a letter from the father of Maclean. It is the most perfect example of dignified sorrow I have ever read.

Capt. (D.) and 2nd and 4th flotillas are sweeping down the Minch and Little Minch to try and bag the submarine parent ship. The Hebrides and W. Coast of Scotland must be very carefully watched ; it would be extremely serious if they established a base this side. An old man ashore here thought the whole British Navy was here. On being told there were 10 times as many he said, "Thank God ! Thank God !" throwing up his hands with delight.

I saw an extremely pretty girl here to-day. I felt a tremendous desire to go up to her and say, "How do you do !" She would have thought me mad. It is 3 months since I spoke to a girl ; I frankly confess I like them ! !

The Band progresses excellently, four more pipes arrived to-day.

The Commodore told me he has recommended me for promotion to Lieut. at once. I fear he has asked too much of my Lords ! I asked him about specializing in submarines, but nothing doing yet.

*Written 31st October.* On leaving Lough Swilly, which we did in a great hurry at 2 a.m., we went round C. Wrath, and stood over towards the Skaw. We met very heavy weather and hardly moved. We were getting across, or trying to, in order to intercept 4 German cruisers, submarines and T.B.D.'s, which were supposed to have left Danzig for the N. Sea. The whole thing sounded most improbable.

When about 50 miles East of Noss Head we heard that a German submarine was lying damaged in Lister Fjord. Within 12 hours we had another saying she had gone out



again. Our tracks crossed but we did not see her. *U.9* passed Skaw—N.W.

We then returned to Scapa and anchored in the winter anchorage off Long Hope.

On 26th we heard the extremely serious news that the *Audacious* had apparently struck a mine and sunk. No lives lost, and no details to hand. The devils have apparently managed to lay a minefield off Lough Swilly ; mines have also been laid (suspected) between Fair Island and Ronaldshay. I think this is the most serious blow we have sustained ; I don't mean so much the loss of the *Audacious*, as the fact that they seem to know where our Fleet is *at once*, and that they are able to lay mines with impunity, probably under a neutral flag, but what the devil does that matter, the mines are there. If this goes on, it's the attrition game with a vengeance. The only thing to do in my opinion, which I discussed with the Commodore, and he concurs, is to fill the N. Sea with trawlers, with short wave sets, in such a manner that everything, especially submarines, and suspicious merchant ships, are reported at once.

I will not go into details here as I propose (at the Flag Commander's suggestion) drawing up a paper on the subject.

We left Scapa at 4 p.m. on the 28th, in a hurry, to try and intercept the minelayer. Dash it all, the strategy of the thing is wrong. She lays her mines, (we know that) in all probability ditches her apparatus, and becomes a harmless Norwegian tramp. Out goes a cruiser squadron, in this case 10th C.S. and us. Owing to the submarine menace we are unable to stop and board merchant steamers ; all we can do is to look for suspicious vessels. What the deuce constitutes a suspicious vessel ? One would almost think they expected her to paint on her sides in three languages, "I laid mines." As usual, we did nothing except meet with filthy weather, and arrived here 7 a.m. to-day.

Last night a submarine was reported steering South from Sumburgh Head. We must have crossed in the night, fortunately it was dark and very rough. Heaven knows, no one objects to risking ships or men, or even losing them,

provided we get some commensurate gain therefrom. But supposing in this last trip of ours one of the squadron had gone, where can we point to a gain, where did we ever stand a chance of a gain?

This morning's "Poldhu" is startling. P2. L.B.<sup>1</sup> resigned, Lord Fisher instead. He's 74 to-morrow. What will it lead to? Turkey declares war on Russia.

*17th November, 1914.* Since writing the above, little has taken place from the Naval point of view with the following exceptions. On 3rd we went South to Cromarty to dock, and passed in at night. The place seems very well guarded, with any amount of trawlers and sweepers outside, searchlights on both Sutors, and a submarine defence boom of the flexible gate type. My mother came up as well as several officers' wives. We were waiting to go into dock when the news of the Yarmouth raid came through, and B.C.S., ourselves and a flotilla of K's rushed off to sea. The ladies had just arrived in Invergordon, and seeing us just off to sea, rushed off in a tug, and were able to get aboard for 10 minutes before we sailed.

Once outside we found a heavy sea running, and as we were going into it at 20 knots we took over masses of water forward. At 7 p.m. an Admiralty Wireless message arrived to say that we were to go back. Obviously the German cruisers were legging it back to Heligoland as hard as they could go, and we had not a chance of catching them. In connection with this we lost *D.5* on a mine, but *they* lost the *Yorck* and 300 men on one of their own mines in a fog, evidently whilst trying to get back from their mine-laying expedition.

The 8 days that followed this saw this ship hors-de-combat, as we were in Dry Dock. So I will merely note :

Chilean Action, *Monmouth*—*G. Hope*.

Despatch of *Inflexible* and *Invincible* after *Scharnhorst* and Co. They should catch 'em by January.

*Hermes* sunk in straits.

<sup>1</sup> Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty.—Ed.

*Niger* sunk in Downs.

More secrecy introduced generally into Grand Fleet (movements etc.).

*Königsberg* trapped by *Chatham*.

*Emden* sunk at Cocos by *Sydney*.

I had the happiest of weeks. I spent 48 hours with my mother at Inverness, and the remainder of the time she was at Alness, where I went every day as soon as I could get off.

The men all had 24 hours off in Inverness, and not *one* broke his leave, though the first they had had since August. Whenever possible they were landed for football and tea. I usually took them and incidentally started quite a promising flirtation with a very pretty farmer's daughter at the farm next to the football field. She gave me flowers for my cabin, and I presented her with a knitted scarf. We are well looked after now, as people in London send us books, games, gramophones, etc.

On 15th November, we came out of dock, the ship refitted, and officers and men refreshed. At 9 p.m. we sailed for Scapa. I had the middle, and at 12.50 the T.B.D. *Star*, without seeing us, stood right across my bow. I just avoided cutting her in half by putting my helm hard over and going full speed astern with one engine. It made him hop out of it when he did see us. In a few minutes we were back on our course and no one any the wiser.

16th November. Arrived Scapa. 1st and 2nd B.S., 2nd C.S. and L.C.S. here. Blowing very hard, coaled, hoisted all boats. We are now using the Long Hope anchorage. Let go another anchor under forefoot. It snowed in my middle watch and was devilish cold.

17th November. Still blowing hard and snow all round. Went to sea and proceeded to some rocks 60 miles West of Stack Skerries, and 40 miles N.W. of C. Wrath. Submarines had been reported off C. Wrath the day before, evidently using Loch Erriboll as a base during the heavy weather. We smote the rocks, or rather one of them, vigorously with practice projectiles, and then cleared off out of it, as the

sound of the firing was rather a "give away." Did some night firing further North, and during the dark hours passed through the Fair Island-Sumburgh Head gap, and rendezvoused with battle cruisers ; we then proceeded to the Eastward and met the 2nd C.S.

At 1 p.m. The Minesweepers reported that they were chasing a submarine to the South of Fair Island. It was on the surface, and though the old gunboats were doing 16 they could not catch her. This shows the speed of these ocean-going submarines. She must have been unpleasantly close to us yesterday. Later : She has dived, and though ringed with T.B.D.'s, will doubtless get up and away to-night.

During the night we proceeded N. 40° W. and arrived on the " Muckle Flugga due North " patrol, which we did for the day and only saw one big ship, which looked a fat prize, but was furnished with a pass from the British Ambassador. She had also been boarded by *Caronia* 5 miles from the Ambrose Lt., off New York. I imagine a lot of work is done the other end. The real object of our excursion this time was, as far as I can make out, to intercept some armed German merchantmen which were supposed to be trying to break out.

It is rather significant that, coincident with our presence in the N. Sea, the *Berlin* and another armed liner both put into Norwegian ports and were interned. But I don't really know the ins and outs of this trip.

The next episode was one of those tremendous combined operations when half the British Navy is at sea. We left Scapa at 4 p.m. on Sunday 22nd, after a stay of only 48 hours in port, during which time I went over to the *Iron Duke* and saw Lloyd. He told me that the C.-in-C. took a very strong line with the Admiralty, and got what he wanted.

The object of this particular expedition was to support an attack by three seaplanes from a seaplane carrier near Sylt on to airships at Cuxhaven. I break off here to point out that I can merely describe what I see and hear as facts, and that much that seems inexplicable to us in the Fleet can doubtless be explained by motives of policy directed from the Admiralty. What I do know is this :—

1. It was an Admiralty plan.
2. The C.-in-C. protested against it on the grounds, I understand, that for the results at stake the risk was too great to take the Grand Fleet down South.
3. An Admiralty messenger with detailed orders, supplementing the bare operation orders, missed the Fleet.
4. The weather was brilliantly fine and glassy calm, like June.

At 1 a.m. on the 24th we were all disappointed to hear that the seaplane carrier had been ordered to go back to Harwich (was the Friedrichshaven raid a failure, and were the Admiralty chary of risking more planes, as owing to the raid at F. taking place yesterday, 23rd, it might be presumed that the Cuxhaven crowd would be on the alert? I give this idea for what it is worth). However, I suppose having come South we had to do something, so at 8 a.m. the 2nd C.S. and *Liverpool* and *Falmouth* went into the Bight to reconnoitre. We remained with the B.C.S. about 70 miles from Heligoland, and cruised about at 20 knots to guard against submarines. Incidentally, Commodore (T.), who should have approached the Bight from the Westward, was apparently too far North, and chased us for a long time, thinking we were enemy T.B.D.'s. It then appeared that he had not been informed by Admiralty of our dispositions. (He came from Harwich.)

The reconnaissance reported that there was a submarine on the surface, much smoke behind the island, and that Heligoland forts fired on them but they were out of range. At noon we all started to retire. A German seaplane flew over the 2nd C.S. and dropped 5 bombs near the *Liverpool*. We retired to the N.E. at high speed all night, as a T.B.D. attack on Battle Fleet was considered possible.

*U.18* was sunk by a trawler near Stack Skerries off Scapa. Her captain said that one of their boats had been right inside the Flow but seen nothing! We must have been all away; I imagine it was before the boom was fitted.

BBS

*25th November.* To the Westward of Skudesnaes Fjord, sweeping an area. Great activity amongst German submarines reported round Scapa. They are laying for our return, I suppose. Returned to Scapa Flow during dark hours.

*26th November.* Coaling. A German submarine is supposed to be sheltering, submerged, in Thurso Bay. They are detonating guncotton all over the place to shake him up.

*27th November.* Two mines, not our own, found inside here ! Can't understand it at all, unless submarines have laid them, and then I don't see how they got in, with the boom there. Blowing hard.

Later : I am sure this is a yarn.

*30th November.* A unit consisting of *Natal*, *Brum*<sup>1</sup> and ourselves went out to do the Scapa Patrol. The area is an area triangular in shape, the sides 70 miles long with the base N.S. and the apex on Muckle Skerries. The idea is to prevent minelaying off the port. I believe we are going to be almost the last to do it, as if it is kept on we are bound to lose a ship on it sooner or later, as it is in the direct track of their submarines. We saw nothing for 3 days except the foulest weather, bar once, we have had up to date.

Hove to, or practically so, for 24 hours, rolling 35° at times, and the upper deck a mass of water.

On the 1st December, we had a Wireless Telegraphy message saying *Garry* was engaging a submarine which she had caught sheltering in Holm Sound ; it was so rough they could not hit her, and they each loosed off a torpedo. Apparently before the *Garry* could ram her, she dived and made off to the East (we were 40 miles to the E.) but I don't know the details, except that she got away and must have been very near us next morning, when the weather moderated a little.

*4th December.* Came in and coaled.

<sup>1</sup> H.M.S. *Birmingham*.—Ed.



*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron,  
Thursday.*

Dearest Parents,

I did an acrobatic turn, by shinning up a coaling whip to the triatic stay to clear a coaling strop that had stuck there. . . .

Yours, with love and kisses,  
STEVIE.

*5th December.* It blew like blazes, we dropped another anchor and almost lost our steam cutter trying to hoist her. I was O.O.W. She was plunging about on the falls like a mad dog, lifting about 8 feet, and the fore guy of the fore davit carried away twice ; of course she swung into the ship's side with a crash. Finally hoisted her clear after an hour and a half's work in cutting rain, with the davits at right angles to each other.

From a report I have seen of information derived from a German N.O. it appears :

1. The Germans made rather a hash of the Heligoland show.
2. A Zeppelin and aeroplane were overhead in the clouds.
3. The *Frauenlob* was also in it, was hit by *Susie*<sup>1</sup> lost 49 killed and wounded, and escaped in the mist ; she was mistaken by our people for the *Mainz*.
4. The 4 funneller I have spoken of as *Rostock* was *Stralsund*, and we did hit her, killing a few.
5. All reports show that they don't like our Lyddite, but their morale is excellent.
6. We just missed the *Von der Tann*. How sickening !

#### SCARBOROUGH AND DOGGER BANK

On the 15th December, 1914, the Second Battle Squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender, the Third

<sup>1</sup> *H.M.S. Southampton*.—Ed.



Cruiser Squadron under Rear-Admiral Pakenham, and the First Light Cruiser Squadron (as we were called until the *Galatea* class formed a squadron under Commodore Alexander-Sinclair) left Scapa Flow under our Commodore for a sweep.

A great deal of uncertainty as to what did happen exists amongst the officers who were present, and the whole affair lies under a shadow which is due to the disappointment experienced by the Navy in the fact that, whereas at one period of the day it seemed impossible for the Germans to escape action, yet a few hours later they were clear of the coast and steaming unmolested at full speed for Germany.

I intend therefore to make quite plain only what I saw myself, and only what I heard from eye-witnesses after the action was over and one met other officers in harbour.

At about dawn on 16th December we were to the north-westwards of the Dogger Bank, when we received a signal to the effect that some T.B.D.'s had been in action with German cruisers, and the enemy were now retiring to the eastwards. We proceeded to chase east, as we gathered that the enemy cruisers appeared to be going only about 20 knots.

They had a start of some 30 miles on us, so it did not seem very promising. The battle cruisers and ourselves soon left the Second Battle Squadron and Third Cruiser Squadron behind, and we pushed east at full speed for about an hour, when destroyers were sighted ahead, which proved to be British and on an opposite course. They had been shadowing the Huns since they left the British coast, and the Huns had not appeared to worry about them much for some time, until the T.B.D.'s got rather close, upon which one of the German cruisers had lashed out at them and hit one of them. As at that period we were still 30 miles to the west of them, the destroyers had given it up and come back to us.

Hardly had the party joined up, when we were astounded to get a signal to say that Scarborough was being bombarded. This was at about 9 a.m.

To our astonishment we realized that the main body of the Huns were behind us the whole time, and at the moment

we all felt that this detached party which we had been chasing east was a ruse to draw us away from the coast before the bombardment began. I have never been able to ascertain whether this was the German plan, but at all events circumstances worked out in that way.

We were at once ordered by the *Lion* to alter course 16 points and proceed west at full speed. The situation seemed simple, and it looked as if "the Lord had delivered them into our hands."

One hundred miles east of the English coast, at about the latitude of Hartlepool, were the battle cruisers and ourselves steaming west at full speed. Eighty miles east of England and a little to the southward of us were the Second Battle Squadron and the Third Cruiser Squadron, also going west.

Twenty miles from the coast of England a layer of minefields, about ten miles across in an east and west direction, stretched north and south parallel to the coast. At intervals of thirty to forty miles up and down the coast were gaps in the minefields. Somewhere between these minefields and England were the Germans. As far as we knew, there were only two possible ways through which they could emerge into the open sea.

The sea was flat calm, the visibility extreme. Throughout the ship the feeling was, "Now, my bonnie Huns, we've got you cold."

During the forenoon we pushed west, straight for the gaps in the minefields.

At 10.30 a.m. we had news of the Hun, and we were somewhat "intrigued" to get a signal, "Light cruisers must penetrate minefields and locate enemy." Paravanes were a thing of the future, and this order made our position look rather murky.

The secretary, ever a philosopher, went down into the waist and selected a wooden door which had been taken off a certain compartment so that the door should not be blown in by gun-blast, sat down on the door, put the catch from "Vacant" to "Engaged," and lit a pipe. He refused to allow

me to share it with him, as he mistrusted its power of flotation.

We were not sorry to get a signal shortly afterwards to the effect that light cruisers would not penetrate the minefields.

At 11.20 a.m. the situation was looking very interesting. The Huns had been seen leaving the coast and making for one of the gaps which lay straight ahead of us. The gap was 5 miles broad. We were just passing the Second Battle Squadron and Third Cruiser Squadron as the hands were piped to dinner for half an hour. We went below to the ward-room, leaving brilliant sunshine on deck.

We rushed up fifteen minutes later at the call of the alarm bells, to find it was raining hard, blowing freshly, with increasing force every minute, and a considerable number of Hun cruisers and destroyers emerging out of a bank of driving mist scarcely 4 miles away.

The light cruiser screen was spread as usual in groups of light cruisers about 5 miles apart, ahead of the battle cruisers. We were the southern group, and the *Lion* was about 8 miles on our starboard quarter. But a quick look round as I ran up to the after control revealed nothing except the *Birmingham* shrouded in driving mist about 2 miles on our starboard quarter, bearing down to our support, and the two groups of Huns, which consisted of three light cruisers and a dozen destroyers on the starboard bow, and two light cruisers and an armoured cruiser (the *Prinz Adalbert*) and destroyers on the port bow.

We went straight on at 25 knots, head into the sea, and spray flying over the ship in sheets.

The Huns came straight on, with the sea behind them and the destroyers bobbing about like corks. As both the enemy and ourselves approached each other on opposite courses, it appeared as if we were about to pass between the two groups of German ships. In fact, both broadsides were in action for a short period, but when the group on the starboard side were bearing about "on the bow," they altered course approximately seven points to starboard and stood across our bows towards the wakes of the other party, which by this

time were bearing on our port quarter. To conform to this movement, the *Birmingham* having got astern of us in support, we altered course to port, and steered parallel to the two groups of enemy. The foremost group slowed down, and the Germans then assumed one long straggling line which extended from our starboard bow to our starboard quarter, the mean range being about 6,000 yards. Fragments fell on board, but they never hit us, which was a poor display for five ships.

We opened fire with all guns bearing, but the gunlayers became confused at the number of targets and each gun was firing more or less independently. This, added to the fact that owing to the sea and spray the telescopes were useless and they had to use open sights, made accurate shooting impossible, and I don't think we hit any Huns, though we managed to straddle the armoured cruiser. We were, however, recalled to the northward, where the *Lion* was, as at any minute the German battle cruisers were expected to come out of the gap, and as we were short of T.B.D.'s the battle cruisers wanted light cruisers with them in case they were attacked by the German destroyers. Half an hour later we had been in the gap, and to our indescribable rage we had heard that the Second Battle Squadron and Third Cruiser Squadron had sighted the German battle cruisers steaming east at full speed. We rushed after them but it was too late.

Looking back on it all, I think what happened was this.

The Germans decided to get out along the southern edge of the gap. They had the amazing luck to get the sudden storm which in an hour rose to a gale from a perfect day.

They sent their light cruisers and destroyers out first, bunched up in two divisions. This was the party we met. About 5 miles behind them, the German battle cruisers came along. Now had we proceeded west we should have run into these big brutes. It may have been lucky for us, but it was unlucky for our side that we did not.

We made a signal, "In action with light cruisers," when

we had our affair ; and as the *Lion* knew we were opposite the southern edge of the gap, it seems to me probable that they assumed we had made contact with one or two isolated light cruisers which might have been the southern wing of the German screen, and that they thought in the *Lion* that the bulk of the Germans were in the minefields to the west—hence they called us north, to concentrate everyone for the expected action with the German battle cruisers.

Had this fog not arisen, we should of course have seen the Hun battle cruisers behind their light cruisers. But war would not be what it is if it was not for the "might-have-beens." It is idle to speculate on "might-have-beens." If we had been able to destroy the German battle cruiser fleet it might have profoundly affected the whole course of the war, then again it might not have done so. Our failure when at one period everything had looked so promising was made the more bitter by the subsequent list of women and children killed in the bombardment.

In its main object the bombardment failed. The people of England and the Press were not panicked, and the Fleet was not dispersed from its strategic position and distributed in small packets along the east coast.

As an exhibition of Teutonic frightfulness, it may be held to have succeeded. Its most permanent result was the stimulus it gave to recruiting.

After the *affaire Scarborough* we repaired to Cromarty, which we were informed was to be our new base.

The day after our arrival I landed in order to make arrangements for the loan of the same field for football purposes for the men, which we had used when we were in the floating dock some weeks ago. The farmer was very obliging, and tried hard to pump us (Budge and myself). Old Budge simply became monosyllabic, and I as usual talked a great deal, and told him nothing, except to deliver a general homily on the object of the Grand Fleet, and the fatality of trying to post the Battle fleets about 10 miles apart round England like telegraph poles. Budge was pleased to remark afterwards that he had never heard a

little devil say so much, that meant so little—all of which I took as a compliment, as my object had evidently been attained.

We then went on to the smithy at the cross roads, where I could not help being vividly reminded of the pleasant week (all too short) when I used to meet mother here and go back to Alness for the evening. The pretty blacksmith's daughter seemed very glad to see us—she is a bit of a flirt, and it was most amusing to meet her again.

After this we found a large sheet of ice, where we slid with vigour until Budge, with his 14 stone, fell down, and caused ominous cracks to appear. It was freezing hard, not a breath of wind, and the sunset with the reflected light on the frosty fields made a wonderful spectacle. We sang for joy at being ashore. Heard two acting Subs, in the bar of the Commercial talking most indiscreetly—I ought to have run them in. Alarm and panic in the middle of the night, as B.C.S. and ourselves received orders to leave at once for the Firth of Forth. I hate these commotions in the middle of the night—I was on watch. Hoisting steamboats, with frozen falls, at 2 a.m., and no lights allowed, is no joke. We weighed at 3.30 a.m. and arrived at Rosyth 24 hours later (21st Dec.) As this is to be our base now, together with 3rd C.S., B.C.S. and 3rd B.S., I will mention a few facts in connection with it. All ships are, of course, above the Bridge, and a submarine gate has been fitted under the Bridge, together with a swept channel from Inchkeith. Submarines (British) operate from May Island, and a flotilla of T.B. oily wads are also on patrol. The Firth is infested with German submarines, one reported nearly every day. He is commonly known as "Fritz," though there is probably more than one. It is even said by the patrol fellows that Fritz has got his wife somewhere ashore on the banks of the Firth and lands sometimes to recuperate in the bosom of his family.

Since the war started, it is known for certain that 10 torpedoes have been fired in the Firth. Only one, against the *Pathfinder*, took effect. We lay for two days at Queensferry, and hopes ran high that we should be in harbour on



Christmas Day, but alas for human hopes, we weighed and went to sea in a dense fog at 11 p.m. on Christmas Eve. The whole crowd in here accompanied us.

We have since discovered that we passed very close to Fritz during the night.

Next day at dawn we took our positions ahead of the Battle fleet. As far as I have been able to ascertain, the whole of the Grand Fleet was out in order to occupy a strategical position, whilst the seaplane attack was taking place. However, as events turned out, the Germans only sent out seaplanes and Zepps. The whole fleet were in B.J.1, which means Action stations all day long. With the exception of half an hour for breakfast and half an hour for lunch, I spent my Christmas Day from Midnight to 4 a.m. on the bridge, 4-7 in my bunk, 7-3.30 p.m. boxed up in my little after control, which is like a glorified long bath set athwartships, with a canvas roof which leaks abominably. Luckily Xmas Day was fine and bright, though very cold, so I decided to try and celebrate in some form. Firstly I managed to get a gramophone up into the after control ; my assistant, who in private life, i.e. when we are not at Action stations, is the clerk, worked this. I then distributed 100 cigarettes and chocolate and toffee to my staff, consisting of 1 boy and 3 ordinary seamen. Further, I got up a small armchair and a camp stool for the clerk, and several books, as owing to the great visibility (about 30 miles) there was no chance of being caught bending. About 10 a.m. I had a brain wave. Why not, I thought, be generous and distribute music. No sooner thought than done. The telephones to all guns and voice pipes to ditto, also the telephone to the fore control up the mast, were all brought close to gramophone. It worked beautifully, as delighted messages from various parts of the ship soon testified.

The forecontrol, though 50 feet above us and 100 yards away horizontally, reported that the music filled the top. It occurred to me afterwards that this scheme would naturally succeed as a telephone, by virtue of the very principle by which it works (transmission of vibrations), would be



extraordinarily receptive for gramophone notes. The guns' crews also said they heard very well. Crosbie and Medd also went solemnly round and presented each officer with a toy. I got a horse !

At 3 p.m. the *Birmingham*, 3 miles from us, reported "Submarine in sight close to me." Almost at the same moment we saw one of the devils about 100 yards from us, just in the act of diving. A most uncomfortable 5 minutes ensued, and I for one got my swimming collar handy. However, we both escaped, and the Battle Fleet about 10 miles astern of us got out of it as quickly as they could. A flotilla of destroyers hovered round the spot to have at them should they rise again, but it grew dark without any further sign of them. I finished my Christmas Day as I began it, on the bridge 8-12. Beastly cold.

Next day we started back to Rosyth and struck a big gale. Once the ship rolled 42°, terrible havoc amongst the crockery and cabin fittings. Meals a series of acrobatic feats, etc. 1 A.M. Arrived Rosyth. Fritz reported to have fired at torpedo-boats three hours before we came along. Bright moon too.

*Qui Sait ?*

27.12.14.

Dearest Parents,

Many thanks for your letter, the flat sounds very nice. I don't know about a lively time, if you call a 42° roll "lively" you can come to us. I needn't describe to you, father, what a 35-40° roll means when lunch is just being served, course having been carefully altered at noon on the particular day I have in mind, (this is for mother). I was at the end of the table, and together with my vis-à-vis we were the only ones that held our ground. Everyone at the sides, some sooner, some later, shot to leeward, followed by an avalanche of plates, most of them with curry on them. Then the bread, cheese, and pickle-pots flung themselves at the fiddles, and literally leapt all bounds. I've never seen "pots of condiments" escape the central enclosure before ! To

cap it all, a tremendous crash, and the side-table went over with several plates of vegetables on it. *Three* times I saw one officer address himself to a plate of curry, and *three* times he shot to the side, followed by his meal. Finally, he chucked his hand in, and retired with some cold meat to a Zareba behind two armchairs. As for my cabin, well, simply everything that was not already on the floor got there in the quickest way. Once there, a heap of books, music, coffee-pots, toffee tins, photos, war games, ash trays, papers, socks, boots, and various garments, surged furiously to and fro, from port to starboard. I surveyed the scene with resignation, rescued a few woollen garments which were smouldering on my electric radiator, then I wrapped an ancient rug about me, and extended myself on my bunk, where notwithstanding the rolling to and fro, I slept heavily, until the irresistible call "to the bridge" found me.

Such is a typical little sketch of life in a Light Cruiser when the breezes blow. However, we are quite accustomed to it now, and what in the piping times of Peace would have afforded considerable conversation, is now forgotten in the throes of the next gale.

Love to all,  
Your devoted son,  
STEVIE. Kisses !

7.1.15.  
8 a.m.

Dearest Parents,

All well etc. Many thanks for the "King Albert" book, which arrived yesterday. You did order those papers, n'est-ce pas ? I'm very anxious not to miss them.

I'm sorry to hear people in London seem depressed and not much theatre-going. What is the object ? It seems stupid to me, worrying does no good, and only upsets the sons and husbands, etc., at the front, if they know about it.

I have thought about the Gieve waistcoat, several people on board have got them, they are expensive, but the prevalence of mines and submarines have influenced me to

order one. The North Sea is rapidly becoming no place for Yachts !

Don't forget to make a bolt for the Underground when the Zeppelins come (as they will). A letter suggesting this ought to be sent to the Press signed "Thoughtful patriot" or something like that ! Still it is good advice, to get underground.

Well, love to all hands, and the cook.

Yours,  
STEVIE.

*c/o G.P.O.*

Dear Father,

Will you hurry Gieve up with my waistcoat ? You might point out over the telephone that a gentleman in Light Cruiser is more likely to test its powers, than someone in a guardship. However, no need to tell Mother this.

Your devoted son,  
STEVIE.

*11th January, 1915.* Since I last wrote in this book but little has taken place. We were in harbour until the 3rd (5 days) on which date, for the first time, there was a chance of going ashore. Of course, as we were almost stepping over the side, up went Blue Peters in every direction, and the usual "panic" ensued. The word "panic" which appears fairly frequently in these pages, conveys a different meaning to the Naval Mind from that usually associated with it ashore. With us it means a sudden upheaval, which is caused when a ship is ordered to sea in all haste. Signalmen dash here and there, boats come and go, mails are hurriedly made up. One's own boats are hoisted and secured for sea, etc., etc. On this day, 3rd January, all the excitement was due to an Admiralty report that two Zepps and 3 cruisers had left the Jahde river that morning. This was followed by a wire from the military authorities, to say that two Zepps had appeared over Chelmsford, and one over a place in Sussex. Things began to look interesting when the news came

through : " Hostile aircraft have turned back " and I may mention here that we've never heard any more about them. We scanned the papers in vain. However, no news about the cruisers, and at 6 p.m. we went to sea in foggy weather. We stayed out three days in a S.W. gale and tried to do some firing, and on the 6th we came in again. Since then, special short 3-hour leave to Edinburgh has been arranged. It gives you  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours in town. I went up twice to Lady Marjorie's and saw Kythe.

We have also landed the men for football at Broom Hall, Lord Elgin's place.

The loss of the *Formidable* appears to have been very unfortunate. They were in close order, and only going 6 knots ! It is scandalous no Nelson has arisen yet.

*21st January.* My birthday, and I hear that I have been awarded the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal.

c/o G.P.O.

24.11.15.

Dearest Parents,

Just a short line to say all is well, funny way to spend one's 22nd birthday, n'est-ce pas ? We are getting up lectures on various subjects to interest the men. . . .

I am keeping a careful record of our part in the War, the unwritten history will of course be the interesting part. A noted Admiral said the other day—We are having your Boer War—I agree—Is it too much to hope that these six months have *been* our Boer War ? Facts point to this being so. The Germans have done very well, but they have not had the chances of making mistakes, their policy has been obvious—stay in—raids—and attrition, they do deserve full marks for the way they called in their foreign commerce raiders.

*Yours with love,*

STEVIE.

*25th January.* There has been good hunting since I last wrote, but I must begin at the right place. On 18th we went

to sea somewhat hurriedly, and with the B.C.S. we went down to do a stunt in the Heligoland Bight. Commodore (T) was out, and we hoped to sweep up a patrol of 32 boats said to be patrolling on the Ems River—Horns Reef—Line. We arrived at daylight 19th and saw nothing except a Zepp and a seaplane. At 11 a.m. we retired, having swept up close to Heligoland. A few floating mines were seen in the afternoon.

*On Saturday 23rd.* I got 4 hours short leave and went to Edinburgh by the 1.6 train. I then made arrangements to be on the end of a telephone wire, and went to Lady Marjorie's, where I met Kythe and Sir Kenneth, who were taking me to the Haymarket Rink to teach me curling. I had just begun to play, and had crashed down somewhat heavily whilst frantically "souping it oop"! when the G.O.C., who was an opponent of mine, told me a message had come saying all L.C.S. officers back at once. (I was to leave curling for an even greater game as it turned out.) I dashed out, got a taxi, went to F. & F.'s<sup>1</sup> to see if anyone was there, picked up two fellows in Prince's Street, warned the constable on point duty to tell N.O.'s<sup>2</sup> to go back to their ships, and then proceeded at full speed to Dalmeny. We did the 10 miles in 20 minutes. Whilst waiting on the Hanse Pier for a boat, Engineer Captain Taylor came up to me, and in his usual charming manner was very friendly about the medal, etc. He always remembers officers who had been Cadets at Dartmouth when he was Engineer Commander there. (He was the only officer killed on our side yesterday, in the *Tiger*.)

L.C.S., B.S., 1st and 2nd B.C.S., and 3rd C.S. all went to sea after dark. For the account of the action see separate sheets.

#### INCIDENTS OF THE ACTION

We were at Action stations from 6.50 a.m. till 1 a.m. I had the Middle Watch (12-4 a.m.) before, and the 1st and morning

<sup>1</sup> Ferguson and Forrester's restaurant in Prince's Street.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Naval Officers.—Ed.

afterwards, consequently, I am rather tired to-day, as during the last 56 hours I've only had  $8\frac{1}{2}$  hours turned in, in two whacks, also a snatched snooze when I could. We could get no breakfast yesterday, as the Action was just opening. At 10 a.m. I had a banana and a biscuit.

The first hit recorded by our Battle Cruisers was greeted with cheers by our men. Everyone was surprised to see the way the *Blücher* stood the hammering she got.

The two middle German B.C. were also getting a bad time ; we saw a salvo of four from the *Tiger* hit the 2nd one and sheets of flame sprang up. The *Lion* was obliged to haul out of action by a submerged injury, hit by mine or torpedo as far as is known at present. V.A. *Lion* shifted his flag to *Princess Royal* and this delay, coupled with our nearness to Heligoland, enabled the remaining three to escape. Two of them had a bellyful, and must need pretty extensive repairs. Had we been able to get a grip on one more Battle Cruiser, the German Light Cruisers might have had to return in order to beat us off with torpedo fire.

In doing this they would have been brought to action by us. We were admirably situated as a support for this operation had it been ordered. The situation will be apparent by glancing at diagram F.I.<sup>1</sup> where the position at the opening stages is shown. F.II shows the latter stages. As it was, all our flotillas were trailing along astern of us, and useless. The manner in which the action was forced was magnificent. Sir David led the Battle Cruisers in a manner worthy of our traditions, for in his flagship the *Lion* he received the concentrated fire of four ships. At 9 a.m. it did not appear possible that we could bring them to action, but by tenaciously hanging on to them and ignoring, or rather risking the great danger of torpedo attack from their four stern tubes, he managed to get within range and forced them to abandon the *Blücher*. Our gunnery also showed superiority. As for the greater part of the action the Germans had (10) 11-inch and (6) 8-inch bearing on (12) 13.5-inch, the Germans were better armed. Yet we sank the *Blücher* and seriously injured two others

<sup>1</sup> See footnote on p. 393.—Ed.



They damaged the *Lion* by torpedo or mine, and also hit her (no details yet) ; she had 11 men wounded. They also hit the *Tiger* (no details) wounding 7 men and killing Eng. Capt. Taylor.

The T.B.D. *Meteor* was also apparently damaged when we met them at dawn. No other injuries as far as I know at present. At 3 p.m. we gathered round the *Lion*, which was being taken in tow by the *Indomitable*. 2nd L.C.S. and 48 destroyers guarded her through the night until 7 a.m. It was bright moonlight, and going at seven knots, which was her max. speed, was most uncomfortable. Especially as an Admiralty telegram arrived to say we were being chased by submarines from Heligoland. 4 salvage and seven ordinary tugs met her to-day.

We, with other B.C. swept South during the afternoon to meet any hostile T.B.D.'s. We hope, all being well, she will get into Rosyth at midnight to-night. We are going in at 5 a.m. H.M. has sent a congratulatory signal—I wish the *Lion* was in first. 8 p.m. She has stopped all leaks, is upright, and doing 8 knots in tow. Submerged flat flooded. Both engine rooms out of action due to shell piercing eduction pipes. Feed tank holed. But all details are fragmentary so far.

I hear from *Lion* that in *Blücher* and *Derfflinger* one turret was lifted clean out of the ship in each case. This sounds incredible, but Lt. (G) of *Lion* swears to it, so do others. Once again many of the German shells did not burst.

I passed close to the *Lion* and saw the holes in her funnel, quite small, also one or two in her hull and the place where her armour was struck, and two plates came apart and stuck out 6 inches.

In the *Tiger* the shell that wounded 7 men and killed Capt. Taylor burst under the 6-inch Control Tower, and came up through. They were in the 6-inch C.T. The other men were bad hats, and stowed themselves away, instead of going on watch in the boiler room. They found a lonely and deserted spot in the middle of the ship and thought themselves safe, but a shell found them out, and hours after the action, when they were missed, their bodies were found. What a moral !

Ccs

I don't believe the statement that the *Kolberg* was sunk ; we must have seen her I think.

As I write, Thursday night, 28th, there is a fresh scare afoot ; we are at 1 hour's notice and in momentary expectation of sailing orders.

We sailed at midnight, and stood over towards Heligoland, in order to co-operate in an air-raid, but as the weather blew up the stunt was off, and we came back again. We then remained here (anchored off Charlestown) till the 4th, when the Commodore presented me with my Royal Humane Society's medal. In the evening *Notts*<sup>1</sup> and ourselves sailed for Newcastle, arriving there a.m. on the 5th. We spent six very pleasant days there off Swan and Hunter's Yard, whilst they fitted us with a 3-inch High Angle gun. I saw my father for a few hours on his way through to town from Newcastle, and heard a good deal of London Gossip on Naval matters.

One or two quaint ships building in the Tyne, monitors with six bottoms and 15-inch guns, etc.

*10th February.* Crosbie left the ship, Sub-Lt. Haworth-Booth joined in lieu. At noon I went up to Newcastle with patrol and picked up 9/18 absentees. At 9 p.m. we sailed, and arrived here at 6 a.m.

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron,  
3.2.15.  
c/o G.P.O.*

Dearest Parents,

Thank you for your letter (Father's). I had not had one for over a week ! I was wondering if everything was all Ar. It's wicked of me to grumble, as you both write so regularly, but you know what letters mean to us, the sacred link doubly precious in times like this. I thought you knew I get promoted on 28th instant. Kenneth on the 15th.

<sup>1</sup> H.M.S. *Nottingham*.—Ed.

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron,*

*14.2.15.*

Dearest Parents,

Since I last wrote I have had a step up in the world. One of our Lts. has been taken away and a junior Sub., Haworth-Booth, ex H.M.A.S. *Australia*, has been sent instead of him. I, meanwhile, have stepped into the absent one's shoes; that is to say, I have been elevated to the dignity of having a division completely in my own hands, a couple of mess-decks, and, last but by no means least, I am, as far as the White-heads are concerned, Torpedo Lt. of the ship. I feel a sort of vain-glorious pride in this latter fact, when I think that this ship is the biggest ship in the Navy not to have a Torpedo Lt. It has always been just touch and go whether this class were to have a proper Lieut. (T) or not.

Another thing that really rather pleases me is, that it had been generally considered that as the late Lieut. had 4 years in, and that for the importance of the job I am very junior, that it would be given to the Senior Watchkeeper, who has 6 years in, a nice chap, but does not overwork. In fact, the late Lieut. had turned over all the papers, etc., to this chap, and it was rather awkward for me when he had to turn over everything to me on the Commodore sending for me this forenoon, and telling me to take on the job.

It is a top-hole job, as the torpedo offensive is very important in these ships, and it won't be for lack of trouble if we are not on the top line in that respect.

I initiated my first day in office by having a Royal Row with the Gunner (T) who bitterly resents "an officer not yet promoted to Lieut. being placed over a gunner with six years experience." Of course, he thinks I am a Mug, and that, in my ignorance, I shall leave everything to him. I fear he will have this illusion shattered. As I told him to-day, I look upon him as an expert, but he got rather fed up, when after a long yarn about what I was to do, etc., I said that "My experts were only required to advise when consulted." He was always having a kind of running fight with my

predecessor, and I am determined to start with my position cut and dried, and decide once and for all, that as I bear the ultimate responsibility, I am going to have anything I see fit *done*.

Amongst other changes, this alters my position in Action to the Conning Tower, from whence I loose my "tin-fish." This is a better billet than my old tin bath, made of sheet iron underneath the after funnel, as the C.T. has got several very respectable inches of armour.

If what you say about Sir What's-his-name is true, everyone thoroughly agrees in the Mess. He is defined as follows :

"He never spoke in peace because he was deaf ; everyone thought he must be thinking a lot. When War came, everyone said, good gracious, *what* on earth *was* he doing the whole time ? "

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron,*

*15.2.15.*

Dearest Mums,

S. is either an ass, or Hypocrite, if he does not wish to see his people. Possibly he has a snug little establishment ashore, in which case the Hypocrite is in evidence, or else he belongs to the gang which favour what are commonly called " blood and iron " ships, i.e. they strip their cabins, throw the chairs over the side, and chant in chorus " We are at War, let's be as unhappy and as uncomfortable as possible ! " I know two ships like this that haven't seen a German yet, or even heard one.

Lately the Admiralty have been obliging them to be reasonable and give leave when possible.

The fact is that modern War is quite another kettle of fish to what War used to be.

The thing has got to be run on business lines, and a factory where the employees are treated as machines and sweated never pays. It's the up-to-date places, like " Sunlight Soap," etc., where the human element comes first, that succeed.

In War, everything possible to ensure that the mental, moral and physical comfort of troops, or ship's company is a maximum should be done, and in this ship is done. If the night previous to action, you had a good dinner and attended the theatre, why should you not fight as well, as a miserable individual who has not been ashore for a month?

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron,*

21.2.15.

Dearest Parents,

All well etc., and very many thanks for the books.

Enclosed please find my second effort, done before the arrival of the books. I am struggling to express myself, and learning the use of colours at present. A fellow enthusiast Carey the young doc., is also resuming it—he is rather good.

I happened to mention to someone the other day in the Commodore's hearing, that I had heard that a stunt was going to take place at the Dardanelles. He jokingly said that he is going to write to someone and tell them that the worst place for leakage is the United Service Club! One never knows how to take him, so I think it would be better in future if you did not put any inside service news in your letters. I have destroyed your enclosures. I have sometimes thought the Commodore knew I was getting the news of the day from town, as he often says, laughingly, "Well, I look to you for the latest news." However, of course, you know best what can be put in a letter, and what cannot. I imagine all your letter news is Club gossip, and therefore, more or less public property. However, I thought I'd tell you.

Love and kisses,

Yours,

STEVIE.

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron.*

Dearest Parents,

Enclosed is a photo of the Watchkeepers and Control officers of this ship. One of us is on watch during the day,

and two from dusk to dawn. Many, many long hours have we kept together. I am always on as O.O.W. at night, or else the chap on my left. The other three are O.O.W. with us during day, and control at night.

Reading from left to right :

Lt. Gregory.....	alias	"old Man Gregs."
Lt. Crosbie.....	,,	John MacKlusky.
Lt. (G) King.....	,,	Kid King.
Sub. Lt. K. H.....	,,	The Quirk.
Lt. Rogers, R.N.R.....	,,	Button Eyes or Slippery Rodge.

We are in working rig, and in my hand is my mug, affectionately known as the "family plate." "Bournville Cocoa," the watchkeeper's friend, is to the fore, flanked by the electric kettles ; how we've blessed them some of the long, cold, rain and snowy apparently endless nights.

I am very afraid that when I get promoted on the 28th Feb. that they will try and chuck me out of this and put me in one of these New Ships. I simply must stay in a Light Cruiser, and if I must be replaced by a Sub, the only place I should like to go to would be the flagship of the *Caroline* class, or failing that, a job in a HARWICH flotilla leader. I can't find out for certain whether they are forming another L.C.S., but have strong reasons for believing so. At any rate, for heaven's sake save me from a Battleship (e.g. *Barham* and Co.). The life led in the Battle Squadron after the excitements and weekly alarms of an L.C.S. would be stagnation. Many, in fact nearly all, battleships have not fired a gun in anger since the War began. We have been in Action more times than any other squadron in the Service, though you might not think so from the press—I won't be more precise.

So once again I urge you to do your utmost to (a) Keep me in the ship, and if that is not possible, to get me into the flagship of the *Caroline* class. I don't mind much which. I don't think we shall have much trouble from the German B.C. for a few weeks. If the *Q. Mary* had been there, it would have been better.



Many ideas are being revolutionized ; I am putting it all down very carefully for future use ! though I fear after this War we shall stagnate. Perhaps we shan't hear quite so much of this beastly " where's the Navy ? " after the 24th. It makes me so wild, we might be having the time of our lives on the Riviera from what some people say and write. When they write to me, I give it them in the necks ; ignorant of the most elementary principles of Naval warfare, they bleat like goats.

" Floaters," i.e. Mines à la dérive, are a nuisance and getting worse.

Life in the B.S. and 3rd C.S. and kindred stay-at-homes, and " will support B.C.S. and 1st L.C.S. 100 miles to the N.W." type of squadron is chronic. You must be something that goes 23 knots to smell a " Hunnery " and 26 knots to see one. Since war broke out I've seen 4 German B.C., about a dozen different Lt. C., about 30 or 40 destroyers, Zepelins, submarines and mines, and been fired at by all these. I only give you this catalogue to compare with the record of one Battle Squadron, one ship of which has fired one gun across the bows of a tramp ! We have a fairly strenuous time, but we get something for our money.

My routine at sea when anything is doing is as follows :— We will suppose the ship sails at 8 p.m., and goes to the dear old Bight, or some such place.

8 p.m. on the 25th—1915. Ship sails.

9 p.m. I turn in, Gieve's waistcoat handy.

11.50 p.m. Up I get, one Gieve's waistcoat, two woollen ditto and a Shetland, greatcoat, trousers, two pairs of socks and bread and butter. Then on watch till 4 a.m., and so on as for 1st day.

That is an accurate description of 48 hours of my life when we are on a " stunt." So now you know. I'm not a bit bored or fed up, and quite prepared for two years of this war.

Your devoted son,

STEPHEN KING-HALL.

28th February. I shipped my second stripe. A great moment.

1915.

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron,  
By moonlight.*

Dearest Parents,

There is little to tell you except that I am well, and very fit, in fact I had reason to run a good distance to-day (we do get ashore sometimes you know) ; there is no doubt, that the Navy goes to war in a luxurious way compared to our gallant Army. Contrast their hours in the trenches, rain, lying on the ground, marches etc. with us. We have long hours at sea, but we have to come in for coal and that usually means 24 hrs. rest and clean up. Our food is as good as in peace, we have a piano, a comfortable and well lit and warmed mess, with books, magazines, papers, a cabin, slightly denuded true, but a cabin with a bunk for all that and weighed against all that, we have the dangers of mines and submarines.

From reliable information I can say that the net result so far of underwater fire, is as follows :

If you are over or near the point of impact in a small ship you never know "wot 'it yer" so it doesn't matter much, otherwise, if it's calm and you can swim, as there are always other ships handy, you stand a very decent chance. I do wish I could feel mother wasn't worrying. . . .

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron,  
Friday.*

Dearest Mother and Father,

Many thanks for your telegram which was much appreciated. I put my stripes on the day before yesterday.

If you look at the Navy List you will observe I move up a few places. It seems very curious to be going about with two stripes on it, and snotties touching their hat to you ashore. Somehow one has always looked on lieutenant's rank as the height of achievable ambition ; Commander, Capt. and Admiral were vague positions which one

approached when life was to all intents and purposes over ! and now one has to start all over again, and what a long stretch before anything can happen.

I wish they'd try the experiment of giving some of the junior Lts. independent small commands in the monitor and suchlike line. It is very hard to distinguish oneself nowadays in a cruiser or battleship with the best wishes in the world. In the Army, if you leave your trench to carry a message etc., under fire, or do some personal deed of valour, you get Kudos, but for example, in this ship you are no better off one side of the deck than the other ! and you only look at a ship about 8 miles off and mumble a few numbers down a telephone ; the gunlayers never know which are hitting. There is not half the scope for individuality. I envy those fellows at the Dardanelles ; I wonder if *we* shall ever get any leave, I don't sniff any yet, though I think it is generally admitted we are due for some soon, as most ships have had a few days since the war began.

What we sez is, " Hang the leave if My Lords can give us a scrap, but if there ain't no fightin' on tap, we aren't adverse to a week's glorious life in London town."

Enclosed are two of works of art (sic). I think they show improvement ; I'm simply bubbling over to try and express what I see, but I don't know how to.

Love,  
STEVIE.

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
2nd Light Cruiser Squadron,  
16.3.15.  
c/o G.P.O.*

Dearest Mother,

Thank you very much for the " Prussian Hath Said in his Heart " it is most interesting, and I finished it at a sitting. I must say he states his case very convincingly ; it (the book) is being passed round the mess.

The other day I was respectfully saluted ashore by a crowd of Mids. I smiled to myself as I thought of the day

when I had looked on a Lieutenant as the virtual apex of the Naval Heights. It is rather curious running up against chaps in my own term, who in many cases are destined to remain Subs for perhaps another year. Some people get quite short in their conversation when, after a few minutes, the second stripe hits them in the eye.

I've been playing a good deal of hockey and rugger lately, though the weather where we are is incredibly warm for March, quite warm enough to lie on the grass and bask in the sun. Sometimes, for an hour or two, one gets away with a pipe into some pretty nook, and the war might be over, or never begun.

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron,  
c/o G.P.O.  
London.  
1.4.15.*

Dearest Parents,

I had a letter from both of you to-day. I'm glad the "fund arrangement" is satisfactory, there are vague rumours of leave somewhere in the distant future, but if you ask me, they will never get beyond the rumour stage; however they provide a certain zest to conversation, which is rather liable to flag a bit when the war is taboo. Of course we have our tame military expert, known as "Belloc."<sup>1</sup> Needless to say, though he wears 3 stripes, he talks the most utter drivel, and is always predicting fantastic moves on the part of the Russians, which never come off. A very favourite habit of his is to make a dogmatic statement such as "Buda-Pest will fall in a month" and then turn round as much as to say "Anyone deny that?"

Everyone is too busy or bored to trouble one way or the other usually.

Amongst other notabilities in the Mess, whom you ought to know by reputation, are . . .

<sup>1</sup> At that date Mr. Hilaire Belloc was contributing weekly notes on the military situation to *Land and Water*.—Ed.

(1) Lt. Gregory, our senior watchkeeper, usually known as "old man Gregs."

Recreations : Evading watchkeeping, and card playing—Address c/o Douglas Stewart, Turf Accountant, London ; also about once a month insists on singing a song in a "basso profundo" voice. It is an eagerly awaited performance. Can show much energy at times.

(2) Asst. Paymaster Stoddart.

This gentleman, aged 24, is Censoring this letter. So I must be cautious.

One of the hardest working officers in the ship, if not indeed in the Navy, yet such is the rapidity of his action, that he frequently disposes of immense quantities of work in a very short time.

He is thus able to devote much time to silent reflection in a horizontal position on his bunk. Plays the piano, and has broken many a fair young heart (Oban, Alexandria, Malta, Barcelona, Algiers, Toulon, Weymouth).

We have decided that after the war, as a last resort, we could give dancing exhibitions on the stage.

(3) Lt. King-Hall.

This bright young officer, whose absolute lack of liver, and merry chatter at the breakfast table, is like a ray of sunlight in the mess, which to continue the analogy, acts on some of the older members as if they were photographic plates, is by common consent, *the* toiler on the deep.

In fact, it's a matter of wonder how he manages to sustain the strain.

Notwithstanding this, fresh burdens are being almost daily thrust on his devoted head. Supported and sustained by the illustrious example of his forebears and the nutritious properties of chocolate (please send) he struggles on; the "tout ensemble" forms a touching and alas but too rare a picture of "devotion to duty."

Yet such are the distorted views of some, that only yesterday our first Lieutenant declared that Lt. King-Hall was one of the cutest little devils for lurking anyone else for a job

of work that the New or Old Schemes had ever produced.

There are many others, each with their peculiarities, a close study of which is essential (especially in the case of Seniors) if the maximum enjoyment is to be derived from life.

It is even in fact essential to cultivate the habit of recognising instantly the footsteps of such magnates as the Commander and Commodore. This is particularly useful during days on, when tho' one is technically allowed below, if there is nothing going on, yet should the Commodore elect to take the air, he likes to see someone strolling about. Seated behind my cabin curtains, on the flank of his approach to the hatch, I hear his tread, and as his body vanishes on deck, I also rise and shoot up a hatchway further forward, and then stroll aft in a dignified manner primed with all information concerning wind and barometer.

All these are really only a few of the very necessary trade secrets, which every young man who wishes to be successful will store up.

Love and kisses to all,  
Your devoted Son,  
W. STEPHEN KING-HALL.

*H.M.S. Southampton,*  
9.4.15.  
c/o G.P.O.

Dearest Parents,

All well etc., as usual I'm glad to say. When the War first started, everyone was very eager to be doing something—what, no one quite knew, but after several months of the North Sea, disillusionment came in, and one realised now that in a War of which one cannot foresee the end, and it is still going strong after 9 months, it does not pay to burn the candle at either end.

Enclosed are two rather indifferent snapshots. However, they portray what one might say was my every-day face, and not the one that custom decrees one shall assume on entering a studio. A mother's gaze will doubtless discern the extra stripe and ribbon.



At the present moment it is blowing like ten thousand demons, but I'm very snug in my cabin, puffing away at a pipe. With reference to my smoking, I don't think I smoke too much, I've never noticed any effect.

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron,*

*20.5.15.*

Dearest Mother,

I think that leave can be relied on as due to materialise sooner or later, in which case a careful schedule to include at least one theatre, supper, etc., in town would have to be arranged. Not a second must be wasted.

The other day I was on watch as dawn slowly broke over the waters from without a ragged frame of heavy clouds. As I swept the calm sea with my binoculars, in order to detect the tell-tale feather of a periscope, or the black spot that denotes a drifting mine, I thought for an instant of what that moment meant for hundreds of thousands of men. True, my comrades in the Dardanelles were well embarked on a fresh day, and doubtless the little flotilla of mine-sweepers was even then returning to the shelter of Tenedos after its night's work, but my brothers in the trenches—I pictured the listening patrols coming back to the trench, the beginning of the daily bombardment, of the sniping, the whirr as the aircraft mounted to their daily task—all these scenes passed through my mind as I gazed across the sea, and saw all around me the dim forms of other ships which had been, until this moment, wrapped in darkness.

Even so with us all over the North Sea, from Muckle Flugga to the Straits, men were stirring and preparing for another day in the bitter struggle.

But it is daylight, and such thoughts vanish with the last shadows of night, greater matters take their place, there is indeed this matter of a cup of cocoa, ordered now some 30 minutes, and yet it tarrieth in its arrival on the bridge—actualities prevail in War.

Your affec. son,

STEVIE.

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
c/o G.P.O. London,  
28.5.15.*

Don't forget to write to A.J.B. and pitch it *pretty strong*, quote Australian govt. I should give him a fortnight to three weeks to settle down. I should say something like this :

Dear —

Tho' 66, I am still in full possession of my mental and physical powers. In a crisis such as we are at present undergoing, it is not only intolerable to myself, but it must surely be economically unsound, that no use can be found for whatever talents I may possess.

My record, and the position I have attained in H.M. Navy, speak for themselves, but I should also like to draw your attention to enclosed extracts from letters from the Australian government. Allow me, therefore, to repeat my offer which I made last August, i.e., I am anxious to serve in any capacity, where I can be of value to the State. I do not desire a salaried position, but I do wish to put my shoulder to the wheel.

Though ready to serve wherever required, I should like to point out that I have had much experience in dealing with labour leaders, notably in Australia, and I therefore suggest, that I might be most profitably employed in some form of committee work, etc.,—(enlarge on this, and also mention public speaking).

This is only an outline, but I do wish you'd follow my ideas. At any rate, it can do no harm.

Yours with love,  
STEVIE.

P.S.—You might get them to send you on a tour amongst working classes to impress necessity of effort over the War.

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
10.6.15.*

Dearest Parents,

All well etc., and at present we are enjoying simply perfect weather. The evenings are delicious, and when the

exigencies of the service permit, we get the gramophone on the quarterdeck after dinner and dance, waltzes, one-steps, ballet-dances, free dancing, etc. So you see we are keeping merry and bright, which is more important than a lot of people think.

The band (now 31) is a mainstay, and we are trying to get Admiralty support.

*H.M.S. Southampton,*

*20.6.15.*

Dearest Parents,

All well, etc., and as usual. I often think of the joys of getting a separate command, though, of course, this is quite a nice ship and all that, still, here I am rather stuck, as it were, and no prospect of anything ever taking place, except a swim in the North Sea as the result of a lucky shot by a submarine, or an erring mine. With the tremendous amount of New Construction coming on, especially in destroyers, all the young Lieutenants with a couple of years in or so, at present in command of the oil torpedo boats and old 30-knotters, will be shifted on, and there will be many vacancies going I should think. I imagine the Commodore would not mind recommending me, if an opportunity occurred.

I don't want to stay more than a couple of years at the *most* in this ship, I think you get stale if you stay in one place too long. It's impossible to know what they are building, all sorts of quaint things for different places, and what I'd like is a billet where one had a chance of doing something, with a good sporting risk thrown in for preference. I often wish I'd gone in for flying. You haven't heard at the Club whether the Admiralty want a young Lieutenant of intelligence to do something really risky have you ! ? If so, I'll insure my life and roll up for the job. Of course it's very noble and all that to think that one is doing one's duty, but it is a confoundedly "ennuyeux" proceeding, I only hope the Germans are more so. I'm just in the mood now for a really chippy action. I almost wish I was a soldier, you do get a run for your money !

I suppose old Nelson's crowd had the same show off

Toulon, but under more unpleasant circumstances. And even then, young chaps used to go meandering off in brigs and sloops and cutters, and have the deuce of a time.

I suppose this will last another 5 years, and I'm quite sure that if the Germs can stick it, we can. At all events, we do go to sea (I don't know whether the Censor will pass this, but as we've been in action of sorts, it's more or less self-evident), but as far as I know, the uttermost limit of the German efforts in the N. Sea are comparable to London to Margate and back.

I've heard strong rumours from various good sources that Joffre says this and that, the substance being they'll be on the Meuse in August-Sept.: though what truth there is in it all I don't know. NONE, I should think, eh?

This feeling of unrest is very prevalent I think amongst all the young fellows ; it is due to the conditions of Modern Naval War, the sort of mutual repulsion which modern fleets and mines and submarines have on each other. However, I fight against it, and I think enjoy life as much as anyone. It really boils itself down to lack of outlet for superfluous energy. One puts it into things which filled one's life in peace, i.e. the state of the Quarterdeck planking, or something like that (though the Bloke would probably query this on my part !) and all the time one's common sense says that it doesn't really matter what the Quarterdeck looks like. Of course, there's a lot to be done, Service duties, drills, etc., etc.; but one's appetite when sharpened by being at War, is not readily appeased by Hum-Drum diet. (Really, I'm writing quite a hot-stuff literary letter, don't you think so?)

Well, well, I might be very much worse off, in some thumping great battleship, where you never appear on the Upper Deck unless you sport 3 stripes, and aiguillettes. To-morrow I will inaugurate a campaign in my division, and throughout my part of the ship, which will fill the Captain of the top, and some 50 odd flat feet

1. (a) With pained surprise.
2. (b) With dignified disgust.

I've got to have at some one, and they shall receive my energy, in massed formation. I will e'en spend  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour now, elaborating my plan of campaign, whilst they blissfully snore in serried rows.

Love and kisses,  
From,  
STEVIE.

. . . I think two years is quite long enough to be in one ship. I should also like to see some more fighting, and it looks as if the Straits were going to be the centre of things in the future, or at all events for this year.

I wish I could get command of a Torpedo Boat out there, one of the 1-40 class, the little oil boats. I believe what record I've got at the Admiralty is good enough to see me through, if only I knew how to set about it. I suppose you don't know anyone at the Admiralty who'd listen to my case, which is that of a young Lieutenant of intelligence, who has done two years of Light Cruiser work, and in the most strenuous and oldest established Light Cruiser Squadron at that (not bad experience in War time, 18 months of this jolly old North Sea), who wants a chance up the Straits? You know I'm so confoundedly ambitious and restless. I'm sure the Commodore would recommend me for anything like that if there was any question of it. As you know, I've found favour in his eyes, and he even tried to get me promoted specially to Lieutenant.

There must be lots of small commands going up the Straits and I'm simply longing to have a chance to do something. Don't imagine that I don't know that there are probably hundreds of other fellows who think and feel the same, also that I don't fully realise that this job is just as essential as any other. I do. But I also feel that I've done sufficiently long of this job to justify my hoping for the other.

My invention was approved by the staff in the *Iron Duke*, but strafed by the Admiralty on the grounds (chiefly) of expense. However, I got the "Thanks of my Lords" for the ingenuity etc., displayed. You know the usual soft soap.

Dds

I suppose it wouldn't be any good trying to get Lord Fisher to do anything. I wish I could have a personal interview with some of these High Authorities, it sounds extraordinarily conceited to say so, but I believe I could convince him in  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour. You can tell him I said so (with all due deference from a junior Lt. to an Admiral) and shew him this letter if he wants to know anything else !!!

Excuse this abominable scrawl, it is written under difficulties.

Love to the family,

Your affec. son,

W. STEPHEN KING-HALL.

*H.M.S. Southampton,*

4-7-15.

Dearest Parents,

Consequent upon the receipt of a letter from a friend in the *Vernon*, I decided to try and get the October torpedo course. Much to my amazement the Commodore has, I believe, consented to my name being submitted. I say I believe, because I had not had time to hear any official details, only the Commodore said it was "all right." When I hear definitely to-morrow, I will write again. Once my name has gone in, I am going to leave no stone unturned to get the Course, and I shall write to everyone I can. I hope you will also do your uttermost for me.

It would be rather a fine thing if I could become a torpedo Lieutenant with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  years Seniority, and with a bit of push I believe I can. They may say I'm Junior, true I shall only have 9 months in, but I've done a lieutenant's work for 18 months in this ship, including 11 months Watch-keeping under War conditions, which ought to equal 3 years of peace routine ! The Flag-Commander, Boyd-Richardson, is very anxious I should get it. He believes the younger the better.

I will let you know at once as soon as my name goes in, for once that happens, one can get every lever to work without



any chance of appearing to over-ride the Commodore. I will send further details to-morrow. It is quite exciting.

Your affec. son,

W. STEPHEN KING-HALL.

*H.M.S. Southampton,*

26.12.15.

Dearest Parents,

Well another year has come and gone under circumstances of War, though we had a much cheerier time this year than we did last year, on which day, I presume it doesn't matter saying now, we were just entering a gale which caused us to roll 42° on Boxing Day ! This was, and still is, the heaviest roll we have ever measured during the war. I don't wish to throw cold water about, but I don't think there is a chance of peace in the spring (Mother's letter). I don't want peace for three years (my body wants peace to-night) for I do not consider we can crush them properly under that time. We must remove this unclean thing from us, or it will surely arise again.

. . . Things afloat are at an absolute deadlock, and in my opinion likely to remain so, and even more so than at present. The elements of the problem are simple :

"A" German submarines want targets.	} Deadlock.
Why should we supply them ?	
"B" British Fleet want targets. Why should Germans supply them ?	

. . . I believe London is in a rotten state again. At the beginning of the war there was a very fine spirit, everyone ready to make sacrifice, but now I hear they have got to the stage when they look on the whole show as a sort of spectacle or daily sensation in the papers.

There is a very, very rude awakening coming to England when the casualty lists of 1,000 a day and more roll in with the summer. The English nation has not yet shouldered the weight of the war, they have only been having the harness put on as yet, if they only knew it.

Love to all,

Yours,

STEVIE.

## ROUTINE OF WAR AND THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

10th March, 1916. In starting this, the third volume of my private diary since the war broke out, I cannot help congratulating myself that I have been able to keep a diary, and hence carry on the series of my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather's diaries, all of whom, be it noted, earned a small share of the renown and a still smaller share of the money, in the service of their sovereigns and country in the Royal Navy. I have decided in this volume to deviate somewhat from the principles which have guided me in the past.

I have always endeavoured rather to eliminate the personal element, and merely record those facts which seemed to me worthy of being noted down, from the point of view of their interest to the casual reader, more particularly, of course, my own relations. In this volume I propose to describe in some detail the minor incidents of our life. I feel partly justified in doing this, by reason of the fact that we are at war. This state of affairs adds to a record of one's daily doings a certain interest which would not be there in peace time.

Last night, for example, as we were under steam at four hours' notice, and as after all the recent activity there seemed a fair chance of our not being disturbed, we took advantage of all this to have a cinematograph show. Most people asked guests, and the mess was packed, as 29 of us were trying to dine in it. The guests came from various ships. I remember Hynes, the Lt. (G) of the *Commonwealth*, and Curtis of the *Devonshire*, also a Lt. (G). These were both guests of King our own gunnery officer. I asked Warner of the *Galatea* over, and we shared the side table with the three Gunnery Jacks. From the soup to the port we babbled shop, and gunnery shop at that. Hynes told us strange tales of the *King Edwards*,<sup>1</sup> of refitting at Belfast, and their quaint indifference to cordite when you discharge it on shore prior to entering dock.

<sup>1</sup> I.e. the eight battleships of the *King Edward VII* class, of which Lieut. Hynes's ship, H.M.S. *Commonwealth*, was one.—Ed.

Curtis discoursed on aircraft guns in France, as he has just spent four months marooned in a farm near Dixmude testing aerial sights. He also told us of his experience strafing the German coast, as he spent the first three months of the war in the old *Revenge* (renamed *Redoubtable*). He was in her when she got a nasty knock from two 8-inch shells below the water line. However, she got back to Pompey all right, under her own steam.

We then collectively and separately came to the conclusion that the Battle Cruisers' shooting was rotten. A lively discussion then ensued as to the cause of the *Bulwark* disaster, and as to the danger or otherwise of keeping lyddite fused on the upper deck.

The conversation next turned, as far as I can remember, on the scandalous manner in which all our best ratings are being taken for the new ships ! One cannot but sympathise with fellows who are in Behemoths and Sea Cows, for, as Hynes remarked, I'm fed up with being in a ship that trains men, I want to be in one that fights ! After dinner we all migrated to the upper deck for the films. We have got rather a good picture palace in this ship. We completely close in one side of the waist for officers—both sides when it is a ship's company night. The unique feature, however, is the fact that by an arrangement of awnings we include the large engine room exhaust outlet. The result is that when we want to heat the place, we switch on the fan, and so efficacious is it that on the coldest and windiest of nights, or however brass-monkeyish the weather may be, we can comfortably sit in the "Movie House" without wearing anything in the way of greatcoats.

The films were quite good, one entitled "Charlie's Night Out" being a peculiarly amusing vulgar effort ; it is rather astonishing that it passed the Censors. After the films we went down to the Ward Room, where I amused the guests by singing some topical songs I had written. Everyone was kind enough to congratulate me on them. I sang "Coal in the Sack" to the Mess for the first time, it was much applauded.

I heard from Hayes, our late No. 1, who is learning to command a big Zepp at Wormwood Scrubs. He writes that the lack of organization is very bad, apparently largely due to lack of trained instructors. I have had a Day-On-to-day, which has been quite peaceful so far. We went to General Quarters and General Drill in the forenoon. It is hard to keep up interest in General Quarters, but one does one's best. The Chief difficulty is to provide novelty.

The *Falmouth*, *Yarmouth* and two T.B.D.'s went out on the Moonlight Sonata. The *Coquette* and T.B. No. 11 are reported as having gone down on mines along the East Coast. I have a sort of idea that we are in for a big bout of mine laying.

The Germans are still smashing their heads against Verdun. This is the 18th day of the slaughter. In Armenia the Russians continue to harry the Turk. Portugal, Britain's most ancient ally, has now come into the war. I suppose it only means that we shall use the Tagus and other Portuguese facilities rather more openly than we have done in the past. No. 1, King, Allen and myself have formed a coffee club. We have bought one of those fascinating glass machines (I have been using one privately for some time). We brew coffee after lunch each day.

*11th March.* At sea. Heavy Easterly gale—most unpleasant. I had the middle watch, and early in that dismal period had the misfortune to have one of my sea boots filled up with salt water. It was wet on the bridge, as spray was freely coming over, in addition to intermittent snow showers. It was also most — cold. I had three or four layers of everything on, but felt icy notwithstanding these precautions. Ikey Marsden, our R.N.R. Sub, was full of lamentations, as his servant had neglected to really bash home his scuttle clips. The result of this was 6 inches of water in all his drawers !

There is one compensating feature to date, we have only been pitching without rolling, which former is to my mind far and away the most comfortable form of motion in these craft owing to their length. Everything is, of course, battered

down except two hatches amidships. The Mess deck gets in a dreadful state.

We are now homing, and we are so steady that I have thought better of my original intention of taking to my bunk directly after tea. I don't pretend to do the slightest amount of work in bad weather (and when aren't we ? ! ) I take to my bunk and sleep there peacefully until the next meal or the next watch. I suppose we shall get some fine weather sooner or later, I sincerely hope so if this strenuous life is going to continue. To-morrow will be our 16th coaling in 39 days ! It gets a bit monotonous, and we are heartily hoping we shall get a week or ten days peacefully in harbour.

A submarine was reported close to us on our way back. When we got in I went over to *Galatea*.

*19th March.* A week of absolute peace which has been very much appreciated. Not very much has taken place. The weather has stopped being of the "galey" variety and has suddenly taken to being foggy and extremely damp. I had the morning watch this morning, and the Chief Bosun's Mate said to me, "Why, you 'as to 'ave the constitootion of an Helephant to stick this 'ere weather, it's that changeable." King, our Lt. (G) is on the sick list to-day with a bronchial cold which has been flying round. I had it last week, but got rid of it just as I was thinking of visiting the head leech.

I made a great departure last Friday, as I went to the Carnegie Music Institution or College of Music, and asked about lessons. It was finally arranged that I should start a course with a Mrs. Richardson (?) who I am told is the best teacher in Edinburgh. She is only about 27 and most attractive, which is a relief. She was intensely amused at the whole thing, but most interested to hear the somewhat curious methods by which I have taught myself. She is very keen to teach me, as she says she has never met anyone like me, which I took to be complimentary. Of course, according to my theory, it is because whenever any art, subject, or science is taught anyone it is always or almost always taught by a



teacher who has graduated in the subject along certain standard lines. The teacher is, in fact, a member of the Trade Union in question. Consequently there is an inevitable tendency for all instruction to follow the same lines regardless of the individuality of the pupil or the capabilities of the instructor. There is also to be found in all specialised subjects, a strong tendency to make a mystery of the particular job. The people who have specialised in a business, be it scientific, artistic, or anything else, are naturally very averse to the outside learning anything, except through them. For example :

This young lady, though I believe a very distinguished teacher in Scottish circles, was frankly sceptical when I told her that though I could not tell her the name of the notes yet I could play very fairly from sight. She had the grace to acknowledge her error when the lesson was over, but laughingly persisted that I was an extraordinary and abnormal case. I maintain, and told her, the only abnormality to which I lay claim is that I have approached the subject from—I will not say an original—but an unusual point of view. My guiding principle in all these matters is that success may be attained by applying "common sense along the correct lines." It is therefore obvious that we require two things :

1. Common sense.
2. We must discover the Correct Lines.

The first named is essentially a Divine gift, and the foundation of genius (some will dispute this ; I could prove my point but will not do so here). Common sense may be trained and given free development like anything else. The beautiful feature about it is that the more you use it the more you acquire it. The second essential, namely the discovery of the correct lines on which to apply your Common sense, takes more or less trouble, according to the amount of Common sense you can bring to bear on the problem. In fact the two are so closely connected that it is not possible to separate them one from another.



*H.M.S. Southampton,  
1st Light Cruiser Squadron.*

Dearest Mother,

I heard from you and father to-day. I'm very fit, etc., and except that we wish we could get at 'em, have no complaints to make.

As days become weeks, and weeks months, the Grand Fleet, as the 1st Lord says, becomes stronger and stronger, consequently if they won't come out now when we are only, what shall I say? "very much superior," will they emerge when we are "overwhelmingly superior?"

Meanwhile we wait and prepare, and prepare to make ourselves fit to fulfil our destiny. Let us hope that destiny is the destruction in fair fight of the High Seas Fleet.

I laughed when you said, "this was not told me by a Lady!", but nothing will make me change my views as to the foolishness of entrusting important matters where secrecy is essential to any of the charming sex, always allowing the exception that proves the rule, which is, of course, yourself chère mère, and even here nothing Naval!!! Never mind, Mums, it is rather hard for mothers not to know where their ewe lambs are bleating, but wait till the war is over.

Love,  
STEVIE.

This afternoon Mannering from the *Champion*, Allen our Lt. (T.) and self had a lap at the Torpedo table. None of us having worked the blooming thing, we spent most of the time flogging out the theory of it, and eventually had to disturb King on a bed of sickness to get his opinion on one point. As he is (G) and we pose as (T) enthusiasts, it was rather funny.

I hear my cousin is back on ten days' leave from the Army. He explained, with regret, that he could not sleep at home as he was so verminous from the trenches! Hence he must make use of the Turkish Baths. This explanation served for several days and nights!! Rather a brain-wave on his part. London is a place of many resting-places.

24th March. I could not help thinking this evening of the extraordinary contrasts in modern war, and perhaps more particularly in modern *Naval* war. What made me do so were the thoughts which entered my head as I looked round the mess half an hour ago.

We had just finished dinner, and we were at sea. Without boasting of anything luxurious, I could not help thinking how comfortable it all looked. Tulips on the table, nice white table cloth, a dozen or more officers smoking, drinking their port and coffee, the whole well lit up with electric lights shaded in yellow silk. And yet with all this comfort we were out on business, thank goodness.

Where we were exactly matters not, where we shall be to-morrow in the early hours is also of no particular importance. Suffice it then to say that in 12 hours we stand quite a good chance of having a knock at the wily Hun. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say we stand a better chance of gratifying our wishes than is usually the case. As I write this, in a well lit, well warmed cabin (two radiators), Marsden, our late R.N.R. Sub, now R.N., who does Tankey, dropped in to tell me the wind had veered 16 points and it is snowing hard. It is bad news. Meanwhile it is 9 p.m., the ship rolls steadily but gently (our first fine day at sea for months), and I have the morning watch at 4 a.m., also we shall be at continuous Action stations from 5 a.m., and the day may be, let us hope, a strenuous and fruitful one. On such occasions there are two good things which may be done, both extremely practical. The first is to ask protection and a successful issue from the Ruler of all destinies, and the second is to turn in, not forgetting to see masses of warm clothing and cocoa gear all in their appointed places. For one is ten times as strong at 9 p.m. as at 3.50 a.m., when opening drawers is a labour not lightly undertaken. I fear from the increased motion that the sea is rising fast. Bad—bad—BAD ! Good-night.

The weather cleared suddenly at about midnight, and when I went on for the morning watch it was almost a flat calm, with a very high visibility. In the course of the day

there was one amusing incident, as, whilst we passed fairly close to a trawler we heard them shouting at us. Though it entailed losing much ground in our position on the screen, the Commodore decided we ought to turn back and circle round them, in case they had important information to give us. Ten minutes later we got back to them, and every ear was strained to hear what they were shouting. At last some North Country expert deciphered it, "If ye send a boat, we'll send ye some fish" !!! Tableau ! on the bridge, as we dashed after the rapidly disappearing B.C.F.

*Another incident.* On the 24th March 1916 whilst at continuous Action stations, I could not get my telephones to the port battery to work properly. In the course of time an L.T.O. came along to test through, and this is what he said, "Fxl. Gun, P.1, P.2, P.3, and Quarter Deck Gun don't pay any attention to what I'm going to say, number 5—0—6—4—3. Now I'm coming round the guns to see if you've all got that number ! 163 al—361 ir—363 lb—270 ml—570 fl—71 lg."

*27th March.* As I write this we are slicking up the Fifth at 22 knots with the prospect of 620 tons of coal to take in.

*29th March.* On this day I was lured to take a party from all the Light Cruiser Squadrons, consisting of Methodist, Primitive dittos, Unitarians, Congregationalists, and other fancy religions, to a Mass service in the dockyard, as their leading preachers were coming up to this Base from London to hold a special service. There were 500 men and only three officers, so I had to go in to help make a show. Consequently, all the Divines jumped to the conclusion that I was leading Dissenter in the B.C.F. I had not got the heart to deceive them, and when the press photographer got busy at the end, I was dragged up on the platform and given the seat of honour, by Dr. Ritson and Dr. Boyd (?). I also received greetings from the churches in the South. In fact I was quite a Saint Stephen of the 20th century.

*31st March, 1st & 2nd April.* At short notice. On Sunday (that is to-day) we and the *Birmingham* are just

trundling out at 3 p.m. for this confounded Moonless night patrol. Everyone is fearfully excited over the coming leave. We are working at "Advanced Party" with which I hope to get away to-morrow when we get in. The ship will refit at Rosyth (not half so amusing as Newcastle) and I am to be C.O. on board whilst she is in dockyard hands.

*18th April.* On our way out we found that there was a submarine panic in the Firth ; the usual drifters with Indicator nets, etc., were in evidence. As luck would have it, the Zepps had decided to attack Edinburgh that night, accordingly at 10 p.m. a great Wireless Telegraphy flap began. We were ordered to patrol a line North and South 100 miles from the Coast about E. by S. of St. Abbs. The poor *Notts* and *Champion* were ordered out to join us ; we were apparently intended to endeavour to intercept the Zepps on their return journey. A more futile proceeding it would be hard to conceive. One can imagine them ripping back at 50 m.p.h. about 10,000 ft. up on a dark night. We never even heard them, though we calculate they must have passed close over us. The only result was that instead of being in the train to London I found myself entering Rosyth at 3 p.m. and coaling ship.

There ensued a most nerve-racking week. Every day some fresh rumour materialised, first it was that Rosyth could not have us, then they could, then the Admiralty said no, we must go to Newcastle. Then we were going there in two days, and the care and maintenance or "guard" party, of which I am the S.N.O., would have their leave after the refit, and then the news was we would not go to Newcastle for three weeks, and so we were to get our leave first. This last report turned out to be true, and on Sunday the 9th at 5 p.m. we finally got away on a week's leave. I spent all my time in London and had a very good time with theatres, dances, dinners, etc. London seemed pretty gay, the Savoy was packed for supper and the only signs of war I saw were the vast numbers of every uniform, and the wounded sunning themselves in front of the hospitals. I did not spend

so much money as I had anticipated, though dashing about in taxis is always an expensive mode of progression. Amongst the plays I saw were "Romance," "Tiger's Cub," "A Little Bit of Fluff," "Please Help Emily," "L'Enfant Prodigue" and a couple of Revues of the usual inanity. I must say that as a whole they bore me stiff.

On Monday, 17th, I came back on board together with all the party. It appeared that they had enjoyed a period of blessed peace during our absence. I must confess we had rather looked forward to hearing that they had been out and had a dusting. On Thursday we sailed at 11 p.m. minus the Commodore. First set of attrition took place this trip. On Sunday night at 8 p.m. we returned and started coaling ship at 8.30 p.m. We piped down at 1 a.m., altogether a most unpleasant and wearisome proceeding. However, luckily a mail got on board to buck us up.

9th May. I am writing this up all astern of station as usual. We did not have very long in harbour after the Thursday-Saturday stunt, as the Huns came out and dropped a few shells into Lowestoft. As usual they were escorted by scouting Zepps.

We had a longish spell at Action stations, but fortunately the weather was magnificent, and it was almost enjoyable. Coming back, more attrition, and dense, dense fog in the Forth. We anchored temporarily below the Bridge. The state of mind of the ship's company was not a very pleasant one at this time, as we had been looking forward so long to the refit, and yet time after time it had been postponed. However, we got away at last about the night of the 24th April, and arrived at Newcastle at 7 a.m. next morning. A Fritz was reported to be active just off the entrance to the river, in fact the same afternoon the *Wandle*, a collier, beat him off after a spirited encounter, two hours, or say 15 miles, from Tynemouth. However, we got into the river without seeing anything of him.

I had a Boy Scout more or less living on board who acted as my A.D.C. A most intelligent kid called Watson, his



father is a stockbroker in Newcastle. All told, I look back on my ten days as C.O. as being some of the most enjoyable I have ever spent since the war broke out. Whilst at Newcastle I was shown all over Elswick, and saw some wonderful things in the gun line, also some astounding ships, but I don't think it is advisable to put anything down on paper concerning these future additions to our enormous fleet. The activity on the river in ship-building, especially smaller craft, is still phenomenal. In about a year's time the Grand Fleet should be the most astounding and powerful instrument of war ever created by man.

There was one Zepp scare whilst we were there. I was in a box at the theatre, there was an ominous flicker and then complete darkness. The house took it most phlegmatically, not a soul moved, and people simply lit matches in order to see what the next item on the programme was going to be. They then placed candles on the stage and the show proceeded as best it could. I rather wanted to get back to the ship, but found that no taxis were allowed to move, in fact all traffic was stopped. For example, the electric trains simply stayed where they happened to be when the current was switched off. However, I managed to get an interview with Dr. Weight, the Chief Constable, and he was able to get me a pass from the military authorities. We went down to Wallsend quite quickly considering that no light of any description was allowed anywhere. All the way down we passed the ghostly shapes of stranded trams.

Old B—— had been looking out on board and had asked a girl down to tea and dinner to keep him company. As a result of the stoppage of traffic the unfortunate female had to be sent up to Newcastle on foot, under escort. Luckily it was a beautifully fine night. During the refit I became very friendly with Mr. Elliott, the manager, who was looking out for us. He is a very efficient young engineer. Grainger Street was as gay and crowded as ever, whilst the big railway station between 9 and 11.30 p.m. was the nearest approach to the parade at a foreign watering place I have ever seen. Simply thousands of people (anything up to 4,000 or 5,000



I should say) strolling about chatting and looking at each other. Crowds of charming looking girls, strolling about, handing out glad-eyes right and left. Who these girls are, and why they are apparently prepared to strike up a casual acquaintance with anyone in uniform is one of the most remarkable characteristics of Newcastle. There is no place that I know of comparable to it. It is quite a unique feature of the place, and is commented on by everyone who has been there. I cannot explain it myself, but there are several facts which seem to me to bear on the subject.

The most remarkable fact about them is their social standing. It would be absurd, I suppose, to call them absolutely respectable, as you can hardly say that of a girl who will come to tea and dinner unchaperoned with a casual acquaintance. On the other hand, the type to which I refer, and they abound in flocks, are different from the average shop girl and type of person who may be "picked up" at places like the South Parade Pier, Southsea ; Prince's Street, Edinburgh ; The Front, Brighton, etc., etc. They appear to belong to what may be described as the Middle Classes.

For instance, in three cases which I know of: "A" is the daughter of a man owning a coal business, brother a Major in the Army, lives in a big house, with grounds and tennis courts. Dresses in perfect taste, well educated, travelled, etc.

"B" the daughter of a departmental sub-manager at Elswick, has plenty of money of her own, could be introduced anywhere as one's cousin.

"C" plays the piano very well, speaks French and German. Extremely well read and appears to be rather studious. Socially equal to anyone. Brother Captain in the Army, 1st cousin to a captain in the Navy ! Sister married to a well-known stockbroker in Newcastle. And so on.

Now for a few facts which tend to explain this curious social state of affairs.

1. Newcastle has more women in more various professions than any other city in the British Isles ; this shows independence.

2. Most people in Newcastle are very well off owing to the war.

3. Newcastle is pitch dark every night, and I think they take advantage of this to sally forth about dusk and amuse themselves, though it seems an extremely risky thing for a girl of that class to do.

4. Most of their usual friends, young business men, clerks, etc., are at the Front.

On leaving Newcastle we had a very rough passage round to Rosyth, and a night-marish 48 hours trying to clean the ship and settle back into routine. We stayed there a few days, during which I only succeeded in getting to the beach once.

We heard that the last stunt (when we were in dock) was nearly a big show. However, it was not entirely unfruitful, as the *Galatea* and *Phaeton* brought down a Zepp by a fluke 6-inch shot at 9,000 yards range. On or about the 10th May we sailed (2 L.C.S.) for Scapa, to do our six-monthly shoot and practices in the Flow. All the firing went off very well, and we were very glad to see our friends in the Battle Fleet, which now numbers some very formidable units.

I went to an excellent revue in the *Iron Duke*. I also dined with Garnons-Williams in the *Canada*, saw Vincent in the *Vanguard* and one or two others. Lunched in the Gun Room of *Marlborough*. We also had some very cheery evenings on board here. One night we had the movies and the C.-in-C., who was dining with the Commodore, came in to see them. He was looking extremely well and cheerful.

Fog has delayed our departure to-day, also other reasons. There is an air and feeling of settled restfulness about this place which is utterly lacking at Rosyth, where one always feels you may have to dash out any minute, as is, of course, the case with the B.C.F. These great monsters only go out for P.Z. [Tactical exercises] at their own sweet will, or when some important business is towards. The Battle Cruisers' name up here is mud, owing to the inefficiency of their gunnery and the general casualness and lack of concentration with which they appear to treat the war. There is, of course,

something to be said for the B.C.F. The people up here are not tempted to go ashore, and there are no distractions, such as social life, to worry them, or temptation to go motoring, or blowing up to Edinburgh too often. Consequently their amusements consist in working up gunnery, and becoming, if possible, more efficient. It is an ideal base from this point of view, and they are all keyed up to concert pitch and wonderfully efficient. Their chief amusements are :

1. Billiards on board and deck games.
  2. Golf on Flotta, where each ship is responsible for the design and upkeep of one hole on quite a good home-made course.
  3. I believe gardening on Flotta has become fashionable of late.
- \* Their chief relaxation is the visit which each battleship makes to Cromarty at regular intervals for a rest and change.

Up here, the Flow, even after 22 months, is always full of ships, exercising gunnery and torpedoes, from the new *Revenge* down to the latest destroyer. Ceaseless activity predominates with but one end—Der Tag.

I am glad to be able to testify that there is no evidence of staleness, and after months based up here they mostly agree they miss it when they go away, and it is like coming back home to return to Scapa.

There are great rumours about as to changes in the Higher Command, and disposition of ships, but nothing definite.

30th June, 1916. The Battle of Jutland has been fought and won. Thick weather robbed us of that decisive result which alone gives complete satisfaction. In another place will be found my personal account of this great action, in which upwards of 1,000 men and officers of the British and German Navies went down beneath the waters of this North Sea. Whatever we may think of our enemies in life, let it be said that according to their lights they did their duty, and died bravely for their country's cause. Of our own men, it

would be almost impertinence to write words of praise. Another glorious page was added to the history of the Service, a page which bears the closest comparison with any of its predecessors—more cannot be said.

I personally have had new and in some ways very great experiences. I had been under shell fire before, I had seen ships—German ships—battered to flaming wrecks until they were floating hells, and one longed to see them sink and end their agony. Such were the *Mainz* and *Blücher*. But on May 31st I saw British ships, manned by one's own race, destroyed in almost the twinkling of an eye. That was a more personal thing, it brought me closer to the realities of Naval war. But later, on that day, came our Night Action, and then I tasted and experienced war in its elemental state. It was not nice. Then it was that for the first time in my life I had men killed and mangled at my side. One instant they were God's image, the next a mass of bloody flesh. These were men one knew, liked, had lived with for long monotonous months. Until 10.30 p.m. on May 31st I didn't really know what war was. I thought I did, but I didn't.

#### JUTLAND

*31st May—1st June, 1916. Foreword.* I am writing this at 6 p.m. on the evening of Friday, June 2nd. The ship is at Rosyth, and we reached this base at 2 p.m. to-day, having left it at 9 p.m. on Tuesday 30th May. In the interval a Naval Action of some magnitude has taken place. H.M.S. *Southampton* played her part in it, and it has been an honourable, if somewhat trying, part to have played. It is, of course, inevitable that one ship, not to mention but one individual like myself, can form but an indifferent opinion of the complete results and actions of a "show" such as this last one. But it so happened that circumstances dictated that this ship should see as much of the Action as any other ship, if not more. Also, my position in the ship as Control officer of the After Control only becomes a busy one under two circumstances.

1. If the Lt. (G) is killed.
2. If we should become engaged both sides at once.

Neither of these incidents took place, so that I had time to take notes and observe times, etc. I have judged it best to follow generally the form of a diary, then I can distinguish easily between what I heard and what I saw. (All times are G.M.T.)

#### THE ACCOUNT

On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 30th May, we were lying at our base, when the signal came through at about 6 p.m. "Flag, *Lion*, to B.C.F. and 5th B.S. : Raise steam and report when ready to proceed."

At 9 p.m. we weighed and proceeded, no one in this ship knowing at the time the object of the operation. It does not in fact appear that we had great expectations of seeing them, as we cruised East all Wednesday forenoon at no very high speed. By noon we had steam "full speed" at half an hour's notice, but as we were well over towards the Danish Coast, this order partook more of the nature of routine than of anything else. The course of the Fleet was approximately East, and the light cruiser screen was spread : 1st L.C.S.—3rd—2 L.C.S. (ourselves) from North to South. At 2.23 *Galatea* sighted two enemy Light Cruisers and much smoke bearing East. 2.56 they reported German B.C. Fleet. We held on our Easterly Course until 3.55 p.m. our battle cruisers came into line, steering South with the *Lion* leading, and they at once opened fire on the German B.C.'s.

We were on the *Lion's* stbd. bow, and on our Port beam were a number of T.B.D.'s and the *Champion*. As soon as we opened fire (and by "we" I mean our B.C.'s) the Germans opened fire as well, if not before. It must be realised that whilst our own B.C.'s were only a mile or so from us, the Germans were about 20,000 yards away and against a dark grey background, whilst we were silhouetted against the Western sky.

The tactical disadvantage was very great, as it was



extremely difficult for our B.C.'s to see the German B.C.'s. It was, of course, still harder for us to see the Germans, in fact, all that we ever saw of the enemy during this first period of action was a series of flashes on the horizon. We were therefore helpless spectators of the severe punishment our own B.C.'s were suffering, without having the consolation of seeing what damage the Germans were experiencing.

As has been the custom before, the German shooting was initially very good. Our B.C.'s were foaming through enormous splashes, and it was evident that our line was being straddled. I was watching the line at 4.15 (approx.) and I had just noted with satisfaction that the *Lion* was emerging from a collection of huge fountains of water, when I was horrified to see a colossal column of grey white smoke stand on the water, where the *Indefatigable* had been.

This column of smoke, which I estimate was 700 feet high, expanded on top into a great mushroom. The base of this mushroom's stalk then became a fiery red. I realised the *Indefat.* had blown up, and the next thing I re—  
member seeing was the next ship in the line—  
apparently coming through the place where—  
she had been. —

} Wrong.

I cannot attempt to describe my feelings when, the action having proceeded as before, viz. flashes on the horizon, columns of splashes round our Battle Cruisers, salvos from our B.C.'s—at 4.23, in an almost similar manner, the *Queen Mary* was obliterated by an 800 feet high mushroom of fiery smoke ; in this case I remember seeing bits of her flying up. As I watched this fiery gravestone, it seemed to waver slightly at the base, and I caught a momentary but clear glimpse of the hull of the *Queen Mary* sticking out of the water from the stern to the after funnel.

At this moment (i.e. shortly after the *Queen Mary* sank) we had either sheered across to port, or the B.C.'s had sheered to stbd. to open the range, for I remember noticing that we were but  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile almost right ahead of the *Lion*. Whilst in this position I saw the shell or shells hit the *Lion*, which put her midship port turret out of action, also causing a fire.



I hear that this single shell accounted for the greater number of the killed in the *Lion* (109).

At 4.38 we sighted and reported Light Cruisers followed by the German High Seas Fleet bearing South East, steering about N.E. or N. Either just before or after this Ad. Beatty made the signal to alter course 16 points, which the B.C.'s then did. We did not obey this signal, and held on to the Southward for two reasons :—

1. We thought there might be a chance of making a torpedo attack.
2. We wished to have a good look at them and report them accurately.

With these intentions we held on and on, ever drawing nearer to this formidable line of German battleships. I could see them plainly, and counted 16 of them, led by the four *Königs*, with the six older ones in the rear. Every moment it seemed as if they must open fire and obliterate us, but luckily they decided we were not worth ammunition at that stage of the proceedings. Finally, when at a range of 12,000 yards, we discovered we could not get into position for a torpedo attack, so we turned 16 points and steered Northerly, with the German B.C.'s on our stbd. bow, and the German Battle Fleet on our stbd. quarter and beam. This was at 4.45 p.m. Meanwhile :

When the *Lion* and remaining B.C.'s turned 16 points to North or North by West, the German B.C.'s, seeing their Grand Fleet coming up from the South, also turned 16 points.

The 5th B.S. (less *Queen Elizabeth*) was meanwhile hurrying South-East, and as soon as they were to the Southward of our B.C.'s they also turned 16 points. The action then developed. From 5 to 6 p.m. :

The B.C.'s were engaged with the German B.C.'s but we could not see much of this ; then came a gap of a couple of miles, then the 5th B.S. heavily in action with the leading half of the German line. Close to the last ship of the 5th B.S. was the *Southampton* ; sometimes we were 4-6 cables on their

disengaged quarter, at other times we were almost astern. Away on our port quarter were some destroyers and the other ships of our squadron. Then followed an hour (5-6 p.m.) in which I can truthfully say that I thought each succeeding minute would be our last. For a solid weary hour we were under persistent 11-inch shell fire from the rear of the German Battle Fleet, that is to say from all the German battleships who could not quite get the 5th B.S. and therefore thought they might as well while away the time by knocking us out. Needless to say, we could not fire a shot in return, for the range was about 16,000 yards.

I crouched down behind the 1/10" plate of the After Control, with Haworth-Booth (the sub) and the clerk, and we gnawed a bit of bully beef. However, my throat was so dry that I couldn't get much down, and we could not get any water. About once a minute or perhaps thrice in two minutes, a series of ear-splitting reports would indicate that another salvo had burst round the ship. Against my will I could never resist hanging over the edge, and then I saw half a dozen or four muddy and foamy looking circles in the water over which black smoke hung. Sometimes these pools were one side, sometimes on the other. Some were literally absolutely alongside the ship, and these threw masses of water on board, drenching us to the skin.

I should say (and this is a carefully reasoned and considered estimate) that 40 large shells fell within 75 yards of us within the hour, and many others varying distances out. We seemed to bear a charmed life, but it was obvious that such a position could not last for ever. How we escaped for an hour amazes everyone, from the Commodore downwards, but Providence was with us—we did escape until the arrival, at 6.17, of Sir J. Jellicoe and the Battle Fleet caused the Action to enter a 3rd phase.

Before proceeding with the third phase of this unique and historic day (a very milestone, if not turning point, in Naval history) I must emphasize one highly important point which belongs of right to both the 1st and 2nd phases of the action.

I refer to the question of light. This highly important

factor was very greatly in the enemy's favour during phases one and two (i.e. Phase one, B.C.F. against German B.C.F. Phase two, 5th B.S. and B.C.F. against German B.C.F. and High Seas Fleet). The fact of this being so was, of course, due to our relative positions and the time of the day. Though at 4 p.m. the sun was still high in the heavens, it was to the N.W. of us, and we were to the West of the enemy. As this wonderful afternoon drew on and the sun sank lower towards the N.W. horizon, the British ships were silhouetted against the illumination in the sky. The enemy showed up indifferently against a mass of low lying dark grey and purplish clouds.

Having stated this important point, I can now describe how at 6.17 p.m. I heard with the keenest satisfaction that Sir John Jellicoe, who had been hurrying South with the Grand Fleet Battleships and armoured cruisers, had been sighted right ahead.

It is neither my place nor my province to discuss, in a descriptive account such as this, the tactics employed on the 31st May-1st June, but I cannot allow myself to go any further without expressing my admiration and delight at the masterly manner in which the C.-in-C. worked round the Germans to get good light by putting them to the Westward of him. When one considers that he could not be considered as fully prepared for a General Fleet Action, and that he had been obliged to come rushing South to get us out of a hot corner, his success is still more magnificent. When the Battle Fleet deployed to the Eastward, our B.C.'s, passing across the bows of the Fleet, took up their positions in the van, where were also to be found the 1st, 4th and 3rd L.C.S. and destroyers. The 5th B.S. joined up quite naturally at the tail of the line, and we remained astern of them with the *Faulknor* and her destroyers.

As our Grand Fleet deployed I saw a terrible sight. I saw a four-funnelled cruiser, apparently steering down between the two Battle lines. She was moving surrounded by splashes and was in hell. At 6.25 that terribly familiar column of smoke rose over the spot where I had last seen her.

It was the end of the *Defence*. From amidst the welter of confusion a second four-funnelled cruiser appeared, steering about West at seven knots. She was very heavily on fire aft, and seemed in a bad way. Painfully she crept across the end of our Battle line, and drew clear of the inferno which was still lashing the water where the *Defence* had gone down.

After we had seen the *Defence* go down and the *Warrior* hauled across out of it, the line of battle became formed, and action became general. Shortly afterwards we were amazed to see the *Warspite* suddenly turn to starboard and steer towards the German Fleet. I guessed at once she had been hit in the steering gear. For three or four thousand yards she went over towards them, coming under a hail of huge shells as the German Battle Fleet, or rather portions of it, concentrated on her. I was prepared to see her go up at any moment, as it did not seem possible she could survive, the more so as she seemed to be stopped. This lasted some ten minutes, when to our astonishment she reappeared again from amongst the cascades of splashes and smoke around her, and steaming strongly, came up to the rear of the Fleet again. As a matter of fact she was ordered shortly afterwards to proceed to Rosyth for repairs.

Action may now be said to have become general. Our long line of Battleships, stretching away literally for miles to the N.E. and gradually curving round the Germans (though the speed of the Fleet was only 17 knots) presented an inspiring and heartening spectacle as they proceeded majestically along. Salvo after salvo belched out from the long line of these great ships, now confronted for the first time in their career with the enemy they had waited to see for so many weary months. Firing was not very rapid to begin with, as the light for us was still poor, but as the boat was shifted to the other leg and the *Germans* became outlined against the Western sky, the Battleships warmed to their work and an almost continuous succession of jets of flame and brown balls of cordite smoke shot out from the British Battle Fleet.

At 6.47 we observed a three-funnelled German Battleship lying between the tail of our line and the German line. She

was stopped and on fire. Having nothing particular at that moment on his hands, our Commodore decided to run over towards her and work our wicked will on her. The Fleet at the time was only going 17 knots, so we saw that we should have no difficulty in rejoining the rear of the Battle Fleet. At 6.50 we turned in about S.E. and ran down at high speed, supported by a squadron, to where this three-funnelled German Battleship, probably the *Pommern*, wallowed in her agony. As soon as we got within range, the squadron opened fire, and we could see several shells, in fact a very large number, burst on her. She also came in for a cross fire from the rear ship of the 5th B.S.

The six rear ships of the German line had, in my opinion, preserved an ominous silence whilst we advanced to batter their helpless brother. It was the calm before the storm, for when we were about 6000 yards from the three-funneller and 12,000 from the German Battle line, the rear ships of the German line opened a very heavy fire on our squadron. We fled helter-skelter to get back to the rear of our own line, pursued by a perfect shower of 11-inch shells, which "crumped" down alongside us in astounding profusion. As an instance of what we had for ten minutes, I may mention that Haworth-Booth and myself were in the After Control together, making feeble jokes about the shells, which were greeted by our Control Party with hysterical laughter of a somewhat forced nature, and at 7 p.m. we observed three salvos of four or three shells in each strike the water together.

We agreed that two salvos aggregating 7 shells fell along the starboard side of the ship, distant about 15 to 50 yards, and one bunch of three fell 40 yards off the port beam. At the same time we heard afterwards that a regular stream of about one every 15 seconds was falling just ahead of the ship or on either bow, drenching people on the bridge with their spray.

At 7.5 we were out of range and astern of the 5th B.S., who were loosing off steady salvos from their 15-inch. The sea, though flat calm as to surface, was heaving with a

sullen swell, simply due to the tremendous number of ships of every size and speed which were moving about. It was very difficult for us to steer owing to this.

Over the whole scene hung brown clouds and smoky clouds, not formed of vapour but simply from the hundreds of funnels and guns that smoked and roared over the 100 square miles of sea (10 x 10) in which the main action was being fought.

At about 7.15 the C.-in-C. had managed to get to the East-North-East of the enemy, which latter in order to avoid having his "T" crossed, and as he was also being menaced by a destroyer attack, turned to approx. S.E. The light was now in our favour, and during the next 15 minutes the enemy Battle Fleet must have suffered very heavily from our Fleet. I had an impression at the time that German T.B.D. endeavoured to attack our van. The distance was so great that I could not be sure. I have since heard it was so, and that they were beaten off.

At 7.30 p.m. the Germans had experienced enough, for I suddenly saw the rear ships of their line alter course 8 points together. So apparent was this manœuvre that I sent a written message to the Commodore drawing his attention to it. At the same time his destroyers at the S.E. end (or van) of his line, started a smoke screen, which by 7.35 p.m. was effective, having drifted the length of their line. Under cover of this they retired. Our Battle Fleet held on a Southerly course, as the enemy had been obliged to retire to the S.W. and there seemed a good chance of cutting them off from Germany.

A minor incident which now took place deserves recording. A German destroyer was left in a disabled condition the wrong side of the smoke screen from its own point of view (the North side). As we went past at 7.45 we fired a salvo at 6,400 yards and hit her first time. The *Faulknor* and a number of destroyers went over to administer the coup-de-grace. It has just occurred to me that if the *Marlborough* was torpedoed, it might have been this little hornet that did it, for she must have been closer to our line



than any other German T.B.D. However, this is only a surmise.

8.25. *Birmingham* sighted a submarine—perhaps this got the *Marlborough*. At 8.30 the fleet was in columns of Divisions, we (2nd L.C.S.) were in line ahead on the stbd. beam of the three remaining ships of 5th B.S. (*Warspite* had gone home). At 8.50 p.m. we sighted four German T.B.D.'s on our starboard bow, apparently intending an attack on the Battle Fleet, probably 5th B.S.

We opened fire at once, and hit the leading one, though the dusk made shooting very difficult. We drove the others off, and they vanished with their tails down.

9.0. Heavy firing and flashes ahead and to the S.E. (Found out afterwards this was 3rd L.C.S. and our B.C.'s fighting a night action with German B.C.'s, who had been feeling their way to the Eastward to see if our Fleet was trying to get between Germans and their Base. At this stage of proceedings only 3 German B.C.'s were going about together.)

At about 9.15 or 9.30 p.m. we eased to 17 knots. We were 1 mile astern of Battle Fleet and course *South*. At about this time I drank a little tea which I found. It had no milk or sugar but it was good. Booth also found a slab of chocolate in his cabin.

At approx. 9.45 we suddenly saw a flotilla of destroyers rushing at us ; just as we were about to open fire we saw they were our own. As they dashed past our line (how we cursed their haphazard behaviour) one of them fired a 4-inch at us, but didn't hit anyone. I imagine a Gun layer lost his head. At 10 p.m. searchlights were suddenly switched on away on our stbd. beam.

I notice that I keep on using the word "suddenly." I can only plead that during these slow dragging hours most of the events did happen "Suddenly." In the glare of these searchlights we saw a number of destroyers making an attack, which apparently failed, as the ships with the searchlights opened a very rapid fire and scored at least one hit, a Big Explosion taking place in one T.B.D. We thought they

looked like our own T.B.D.'s, but were not sure. Was this the flotilla that passed us half an hour before, and did we see *Tipperary* sunk?

In a few minutes the lights went out, and we were once more straining our eyes in staring out on all sides.

## THE DIARIES OF STEPHEN KING-HALL

### II

In this account of the Great Action I take up the threads of the story where we have just left them. In case the reader has become confused by times, courses, and actions, I will briefly state that up to the moment when Part II begins, this squadron, and especially this ship, had been under very heavy big shell fire, most noticeably from 5—6 p.m. when astern of the 5th B.S., and again from 7—7.10 when running away from the rear ships of the German line.

During all this time, from 2.30 p.m. to 10.0 p.m., May 31st, 1916, which is the time when Part I ends, we had, of course, been at Action stations. When it became dark, we went to Night Defence stations, and I went to the Bridge, as our arrangements are that the Gunnery Lieutenant should control one side, and that I control the other.

In conversation with him (Burrough) we had agreed that, as in the event of a Night Action, it was improbable—or at all events devoutly to be hoped—that we should be engaged both sides at once; if we did get into action I should go down into the battery, and preferably the waist, Quarter-Deck and after end generally, as owing to their distance from the Bridge, communications to these positions and the guns there are precarious. It is therefore advisable to have an officer on the spot if possible, for coolness in a night action is absolutely essential.

The time of which I am now writing is 10 p.m., 31st May. Having watched the night action, described at the end of Part I, I decided to rest for a little. I was on the Bridge at the time, and looking round I discovered the canvas cover of a searchlight. Curling myself up in this I lay down at the base of the steering compass.

The narrative will now assume a distinctly personal character, but this is inevitable, for did I attempt to give a general description of *our* Night Action, I should be bound to fail. It would be impossible for one individual to do so. I can simply record what I experienced, and what I saw, together with what I heard immediately afterwards.

At 10.15 I heard someone say that a line of cruisers had been seen on the beam. Getting up I went aft and looked in on my way at the After Control, where I found Mr. Corbidge (B'sun) and Booth, who declared they could see German Cruisers on the beam. It was a German Scouting Group consisting of

<i>Fürst Bismarck</i>	}	<i>Augsburg, Kolberg, Rostock ?</i>
or		
<i>Roon</i>		

At this moment, 10.20, a ship astern of us, either the *Dublin* or *Nottingham*, fired out to starboard, and almost at once I saw the shell detonate on a ship on the beam.

I dashed down into the waist and stood behind S.3 gun. Instantly we were dazzled by a mass of searchlight beams. We switched on our own lights and opened fire. I have a distinct recollection of seeing a line of cruisers, but I can only remember one, a four-funnelled craft of the *Rostock* class, distant 1000 yards (German account 600 metres). I remember thinking, "Well, we can't miss each other at this range, we are in for it this time." I think S.3 had fired two rounds, and already a hail of shells had enveloped the ship, though I didn't realise it at the time, when there was a blinding flash, and I seemed to be standing in a fire. I staggered back and stumbled round the superstructure and passing aft along the port side, came round to the point marked "A" on the sketch,<sup>1</sup> where I observed that a fire was in full blast at "B" between the gun and the corner of the superstructure at "H." The Sergeant-Major gallantly dashed forward to turn on the fire main at "H" but no water came, as the pipe below had been pierced by shell No. 1. (Shells are not necessarily

<sup>1</sup> See footnote on p. 393.—Ed.

numbered in the order in which they struck the ship).

As I have already said, I was standing behind the gun at a position "K," between the gun and "H." I ran round the superstructure as shown by the dotted line when shell No. 1 hit. This shell on bursting against the side killed the breech-worker of the gun near me, and also the loading number standing just to my left front. It also knocked out and wounded the whole of the rest of the gun's crew, except three men. There were left, these three or two, I'm not sure exactly, the Sergeant-Major (severely burnt) and myself, slightly singed. When we saw that the fire main would not work, we managed to get a hose up the hatch "F," and bring it round; whilst doing this I looked up to the boat deck and saw a sight which almost paralysed me with horror. An enormous fire was raging between the 2nd and 3rd funnels. Every now and then it showed signs of dying away, only to flare up again as high as the top of the funnel. It lit up the whole ship, and one could feel its heat. It quite obscured another fire, which I found out afterwards was going on under the fore-bridge. Every moment I thought, as did everyone else on board and also the people in the next ship to us, that we should blow up. I must explain that, though I hardly realised it at the time, an armoured cruiser (either the *Roon* or *Prinz Heinrich*) and four light cruisers were concentrating on us. With the exception of one or two shells which did some damage in the *Dublin* (she had the Navigator and one man killed, 9 wounded) none of the rest of the squadron were touched.

To get back to the story. Whilst we were putting out the fire at "B," another shell burst on the stbd. after searchlight and, killing 2 or 3 men up there, hurled the remains of it down on top of us in the waist. As far as I know it killed no one.

When we had put out fire "B" I dragged a hose from "F" up the port ladder to the boat deck, falling over a heap of about three dead men on the way. When I got to the central fire it was being got under. I met the Commander there, also Booth, and saw most of P2 gun's crew dead by their gun, as were also S.6's. They were lying on deck. Whilst this fire

had been raging we were lit up from stem to stern, and the enemy let drive at us for all they were worth.

As this fire died down the enemy put out their lights, and sheered off. Either this was due to the punishment they had received, or some other cause. (Note : Allen had fired a torpedo and blown up *Frauenlob*.) At all events, *we held our course, they turned away*. Darkness succeeded light, and groping my way forward I passed a number of dead men, and came across a boy (Mellish) a splendid little chap ; one arm and a leg were off. He was bleeding to death, quite conscious, and most plucky. I had him taken below, as well as many others. Mellish died 1 hour afterwards. On reaching the Bridge I met the Commodore, who sent me to report casualties.

I went down aft, stopping to see some dead put over the side, and then went down the hatch "F" to the central passage way, which was in places running with blood. The doctors were operating in the stokers' bathroom ; they were doing an amputation when I arrived.

Having obtained rough information there, I went aft to the Wardroom, which was full of serious cases, one of which died as I arrived. Not a murmur rose, not a sound, not a groan came from these wrecks of humanity lying on the deck, the tables and the side-board. A whispered request for a cigarette was all I heard.

Going up to the Bridge again, I told the Commodore what I could, and then went down to the battery, where the Lt. (G) and the Commander were making up sufficient guns' crews with stokers to man one side, if required. We also did our best to test and restore communications, which in most cases were blown to atoms.

Having done what one could, Booth and myself went up to the Bridge and lay down on the searchlight cover, as there was nothing else we could do. We found a lot of blood there, so we shifted ground. Suddenly firing started right astern, supposed to be Battle Cruisers in action. I prayed to Heaven we should not run up against them with only enough men left to man one side, and even then the



leading numbers were stokers. We were in no state to fight.

We increased to 20 knots, and when dawn was breaking we sighted a number of battleships right ahead ; such is the uncertainty of night work that for one or two painful moments we were not sure of their identity, but luckily they were our own.

The scene on the upper deck defies description, and in places was so horrible that I will not describe it. The funnels were riddled with holes large and small, and most of the upper deck casing and the boats were coloured a bright yellow from the melinite fumes. Of the boats only one was fit to put in water. Down below, the smoking room flat presented an extraordinary appearance. Marsden's cabin and Stoddart's, on the stbd. side, were utterly wrecked, as two shells had passed through here ; one had carried on into the ward-room, and the other had made its way across the ship into mine, doing a good deal of damage, and smashing the scuttle. All my gear was on the deck, and there was about six to nine inches of water (chiefly through my broken scuttle) everywhere.

A shell went into the commodore's cabin high up, but did nothing. Another entered Booth's cabin and, smashing through his bunk, entered the ward-room and fetched up with some violence against the soda-water machine.

A 5.9-inch entered the ship's side through the carpenter's cabin, killed two men in the flat, and did the damage I have already described in the waist overhead.

The funnels were hit repeatedly, and there were several direct hits on the deck, which did tremendous execution amongst the guns' crews near them.

Two or three direct hits under the bridge, causing a fire and deaths under and on the bridge itself.

There were further hits along the side, some of which were kept out by our three inch armour, but one big one penetrated and wrecked the 1st Lt.'s cabin. Others came in and smashed up the gunners' (T) and (G)'s cabins.

A big one entered the stokers' number two mess-deck,

Ffs

and killed some men there. It also gave some trouble, as it was on the water line. This one and the one in the carpenter's cabin were the only ones which leaked at all badly, once we had plugged and shored them all up. The main suction kept the water from these in hand.

As to our movements during the 1st of June, and also as to a detailed list of our injuries, they are not really of great general interest. The Germans probably doubled back on their tracks, and though we were between them and their base, the weather was misty, and they escaped the C.-in-C.

We passed some very large mines, and a T.B.D. bottom up, whilst we were cruising about in the Bight looking for Germans. At 12 noon, we packed up action stations, having been at them 23 hours. We then returned to base ; on the way in we had to heave to once during the night, as a small gale caused some of the shores to carry away, and we began to leak rather badly. We also buried some wounded who died of their wounds. One poor chap has just died to-day in the hospital ship after surviving a week. He was one of the frightfully burnt cases.

#### AFTER THE ACTION

*H.M.S. Southampton,  
Sunday.*

Dearest Father and Mother,

All well, etc. I get so tired of putting this that I shall leave it out in future, unless I'm not well, when I'll say so. I had better say nothing at present about events, but I can say this.

Sir David Beatty was on board yesterday, and in a highly complimentary speech he said, amongst other things :

"*Southamptons!* You and your ship played your part nobly and gallantly. You played it and you paid the price to the hilt ; I'm proud of you. When you write to your friends, and when you write to the relations of the messmates you have lost, I wish you to say that I'm proud to have such a ship's company and ship in my command."

I think we did do well, but as the Vice-Ad. said, " we

paid the price." I was wonderfully saved through God's mercy. Please let anyone know I'm all right whom you think is interested.

Yours with love,  
STEVIE.

*H.M.S. Southampton,*  
*Tuesday.*  
*C/o G.P.O.*

Dearest Parents,

I am at present doing my old job of being Captain of the ship, whilst all hands and the cook are on ten days' leave. I expect to get mine a day or two after they return, and should be home about Monday the 19th or thereabouts, which will be very pleasant.

At present I am living in a depot ship practically alongside the *Southampton*, as the old ship is uninhabitable. Amongst many other things a 6-inch shell, or rather 5.9 inch, went off in my cabin, and two more in Stoddart's, and another one in Booth's, and another in Marsden's, all in our cabin flat, which got properly chewed up.

We (*S'ton*) were in action at night with 1 armoured cruiser and three Light cruisers at a range of 1500 yards! Sounds quite archaic, doesn't it, but my word, you get it pretty hot at that range. Our casualties were extremely heavy, I won't put figures on paper beyond saying that over 70 per cent. of the personnel on the Upper Deck were hit. I myself had a complete gun's crew of 9, except three men, knocked out round me, and was actually standing in flames for a fraction of a second, and got out of it all with singed eye-brows and slightly burnt clothes!

About 30 seconds later, a complete searchlight was hurled down on us where I was superintending the putting out of a fire aft (we had three big fires). The searchlight missed me by inches. We expected to blow up any minute, but as things happened, we actually, assisted by our squadron who were not under fire (except one of them from the 5th ship), drove them off in confusion. We think we tin-fished one.

I'll tell you all about the whole show, which I saw from start to finish, and took continuous notes of, when we meet. We were at Action Stations for 23 hours. It was a remarkable experience. Only one officer wounded, serious, but not dangerous, but our seamen suffered cruelly.

Prince Louis and Fred Hamilton were on board yesterday. Send this letter on to Uncle B:

Yours,  
STEVIE.

In the *Crescent* on the 7th.

H.M.S. Southampton.

Dear Parents,

I am a very busy person, as a draft of 60 men have just dropped down on me, and instead of having a mere guard on board I find myself C.O., 1st Lt, M.A.A. and heaven knows what other functions I am carrying out, to what in reality is a very respectable little ship's company. Amongst other functions is that of guide to swarms of people, from Lords of the Admiralty, through flag officers, to mere captains and commanders at the head of large parties of warrant officers and men, who stream on board from an early hour to sight-see and also to take notes on our experiences and profit thereby.

At this very moment a secret package has arrived on board entailing much office work, as the lion appears to be under the delusion that I have a large staff of writers at my disposal. As I have told you, I am the only officer on board, save an engineer and two W.O.'s who are not of great value to me, though excellent fellows.

As an example of what is going on, as I was writing this letter a party of captains and commanders tracked me down, announced they were from the *Vernon*, and, producing note-books and pencils, bombarded me with questions; they are coming back later to have another lap at me. I must stop now, as I must go over to the *Lion* and have a strafe with the Admiral's office re this matter of snowing me under with paper work. Of course, being captain of one's

own ship, one can adopt a much stronger line than that usually taken by a humble lieutenant. There is a frightful lot of work, but the experience is unique— Oh, Lor', I have just heard that two constructors from the Admiralty are after me, I'm off.

Yours with love, expect me about the 18th,

STEVIE.

*(Diary continued).* I will now describe to the best of my recollection the events which took place after the action.

We were about the last ship to get in, I suppose, on the British side, as we did not arrive until noon on Friday. Certainly we were the last to arrive at Rosyth. This fact, which was due to our experiencing a certain amount of trouble with shot holes in a fresh breeze then blowing, caused much anxiety ashore. When we arrived, a number of hospital lighters came alongside, and we hoisted about 40 wounded cases out in cots. Some of the burnt cases were frightfully serious, and one man died (L. S. Wainscott) in the Hospital ship.

We then endeavoured to clear up a little of the extraordinary mess below. The wardroom was fearful. A mass of bloodstained bandages, discarded dressings reeking with chemicals, etc., etc.

The smoking room flat also presented a very remarkable appearance. The cabin partitions were riddled with holes, most of the cabins, of which mine, sad to relate, was one, were utterly wrecked. The flat itself was littered with sodden books, photos, clothes, bits of furniture, broken glass, and every imaginable kind of debris. At one time we had about a foot or more of water in this flat, which ruined a great deal of stuff, as during the action things in cabins which did not actually have shells into them were thrown to the deck, and fell into this turgid water.

All officers were more or less picnicing in the W.O.'s mess. This meant that each meal had to be served three times. By this time a certain reaction had begun to set in (it was now 48 hours since the action). Everyone was extremely

irritable and snappy to each other. I personally felt miserable, largely due I think to lack of sleep, and to the fact that, the wardroom being uninhabitable, and my cabin wrecked, I had nowhere I could go to. There was also a feeling of pessimism amongst a good many of the officers, as at this time we had not heard any estimates of the damage done to the enemy, and what we had actually seen with our own eyes was damage to our own side. There was also great uncertainty as to where and when we should be repaired.

Everyone was hoping we should get some leave, and the most conflicting reports were current as to whether we should or should not get any. Once or twice during the afternoon I nearly burst into tears for no particular reason, except I suppose I was a bit shaken. The Commander and the 1st Lt. were always making pessimistic remarks as to the battle, Medd and myself were blindly optimistic, and I nearly hit the Commander on the Q.D. at one time. Finally at 5 p.m. something happened.

We went into the basin, and the mere fact of something definite having taken place made me feel quite cheerful. The *Warspite*, *Tiger*, *Lion* and *Princess Royal* were already in. As we passed through the lock gates, a large crowd from the various ships gathered to look at us. Amongst them were many survivors from various craft, principally the *Warrior*. They were dressed in all sorts of quaint rigs. The *Warrior* (see my account) had been towed for ten hours by the *Engadine*, when she had been abandoned in a water-logged condition. At 5 p.m. we saw the 3rd L.C.S. going out to look for her.

We were placed alongside the basin wall, near the *Crescent*, and hundreds of sightseers from the other injured ships came round to gaze at us. Our stbd. side, which was pierced in twelve places, presented an imposing spectacle.

I went over to the *Tyne* after dinner, and had a yarn with Capt. Bateman-Champain. Whilst over there I met Lapage, the torpedo officer of the *Tiger*, who was very optimistic as to the scrap and full of stories of the damage done to the Huns. Armed with these tales, Allen and myself hastened



back to the ship, where we found the mess crammed with fellows from the *Tiger*, *Warspite*, etc. All very optimistic. Great cheeriness now prevailed, and we were soon howling rag-time round the piano.

Next day the restrictions as to people going in and out of the Yard were removed, and I went to Dunfermline, where much excitement reigned. Was it due to the Action? No! The cause of it all, I discovered, was a Football Match, in which Dunfermline and Cowdenbeath strove in a League Semi-Final!!!!

We were busy all Sunday (4th June), continuing to clean up the ship, and also in striking the Main Top and T'gallant masts, which had been shot through. As most of the rigging had gone as well, they were swaying about in a very dangerous manner, so we got 'em down. This evening it was decided we should be repaired here, at Rosyth. It was also announced that the ship's company would proceed on ten days' leave next evening. I volunteered to remain behind and look after the ship, as I had done on two previous refits.

*Monday, 5th.* The bulk of the officers and men went on leave, and the Commodore shifted his Pennant to the *Birmingham*. Beatty made us a fine speech.

From the 5th till the 17th I lived in the *Crescent*, as our ship was uninhabitable. I had a very busy time, as besides watching the refit, on Tuesday 6th, a draft of 60 men arrived from the South, so that I had quite a respectable little ship's company of 80 souls under my command. We were also overwhelmed with sightseeing parties. Nearly all the ships in the stream sent over large parties of officers and men every forenoon to look round and gain experience. Admirals Prince Louis of Battenberg, Sir Frederick Hamilton, Tudor, etc., and parties from the Admiralty, Whale Island, and the *Vernon* also came round.

One afternoon Asquith and a party of politicians came round. The Commodore and myself showed them over the ship. Asquith looked wonderfully well. The next day H.M. the King came up North to see the Fleet, and arrived in the

Dockyard at 11 a.m. He then made a very fine speech, thanking us for what had been done. It was most inspiring after the pessimistic atmosphere which had greeted us on our arrival. H.M. then visited the *Warspite*, the *Tiger* and us, afterwards lunching in the *Lion*. He stayed on board us about 25 minutes, and took the greatest interest in everything, asking many questions. I was pointed out to him, and he was shewn the place where I had such a narrow escape.

One day I dined in the *Warspite* with Long, and had a good look at all her damage. The shot which jambed her steering gear was the nastiest. It had smashed its way in aft and caused much damage. All her after compartments were flooded, and when she came in she had 500 tons of water in her. Notwithstanding this she touched 15 knots when attacked by two submarines !

The submarines outside, I may mention, were very active the two days after the Action. It is known there were five out there trying to bag us on our return. Of course, every patrol that could float was there, keeping them down. I also spent some time in the *Lion* with Burghersh, and saw her damage. The shot that knocked her so badly penetrated through the roof of Q turret, and the charges in the loading hoists caught fire. Every man in the turret, working chamber, and trunk, was killed or burnt to death. They were all marines. Before he died, the Major of the turret ordered the Magazine doors to be closed, thereby probably saving the ship. This is known, as one man left the turret working chamber with a message before a flash from above finally finished off everyone. The exact sequence in which, working down from above, the flames got everyone is a long story, and it appears, as far as I heard, that ten minutes after the shell burst overhead the people in the working chamber below were to a certain extent all right. No doubt the exact details will come out one day.

I had a very strenuous time on board, and was not sorry to go on leave about 17th June. My uncle (Herbert) was North with Admiral Napier, and I went South with him. I came back to the ship on the 30th, I think it was, and found

several changes. The Commodore is now Rear-Admiral, with Peters and Medd on the staff. Rushton is Flag Capt. (Act.)

Our new Commander is one Mulock ; he seems a very excellent fellow. He is a D.S.O., and was with Scott in the Antarctic. From what I've seen of him I like him immensely.

We are very busy at present shaking the New Draft into their places, and getting back our efficiency. Things Naval seem fairly quiet, though there is much activity outside in the submarine line. I anticipate some cunning move on sea in the near future by the Hun. I should not be surprised if a few *Möwes* try and get out.

10th July, 1916. The 1st and 3rd are out to-day for some purpose. The 5th B.S. have also sailed. To-day we sold the effects of the men who were killed. The Bags realised quite good prices. It was sad to see thirty or more bags heaped up on the upper deck, and to think that their owners were sleeping on the Little Fisher Bank.

Up at Scapa we did our shooting, and saw our friends in the Battle Fleet. I was much struck by the general state of ignorance of the average fellow in the Battle Fleet on the subject of what happened at the Jutland affair. Most of the people were astonished to hear what a warm time this ship had experienced and to see our scars, and few of them had any idea as to what the Battle Cruisers did. It is curious, because we all know what the Battle Fleet's movements, etc., were, and most people can quote experiences of individual Battleships at dodging torpedoes, etc. Whilst we were there, official news of the Captain's and Commander's promotions came through.

On our arrival at Rosyth, a very quiet time supervened. The whole of the B.C.F., less us, and the 1st L.C.S. went up to Scapa to shoot. This left our Rear-Admiral S.N.O. afloat. With much pomp we moved down to the flagship's buoy, and picked up the telegraph wire to the Admiralty. There is a good deal of routine work attached to this position, and for ten days both Medd and Peters had their hands full.

The only minor event of interest which took place was a sudden revival of golf in the ship. I went out to the North Queensferry links two or three times, and I now find all my ancient ardour in the game has got hold of me again. The next event was our rather sudden departure on the 18th August. On the 19th August we had a most disturbing day with submarines, having blundered right on top of their screen ; this was my surmise that the Huns would try a wily move after Jutland. The *Nottingham* and *Falmouth* were lost, we saw one and had another reported by some destroyers as being close to us. Further details of this will be found in the " Confidential War Book."

25.8.16.

Dearest Mother,

One of our songs is in London, a second follows shortly. I don't think they are bad, but I am not wildly interested in them. I have another venture on the tapis.

I find, and my experience is common to most Naval officers who are my contemporaries, that one says to oneself, if I survive this War, I shall never be content to live the rather hard and monotonous life of the Home Fleet before the War. I don't mean that we want to do nothing, but at the same time a feeling has grown up which is due to the War, which expressed in words is something like this :

Admiralty : " You will, of course, have 3 months' leave, and then we shall revert to the old state of affairs."

The Naval Officer : " My dear Admiralty, there you err. I have been sufficiently lucky to escape with my life, and in consequence, I now take more interest in it than I did before. I realise that I have only one life to live, and I propose, within reasonable limits, to live it as suits my own inclinations. I have also observed that, if another War should arise (which I hope won't happen) the exigencies of modern war are such that you will be only too delighted to have me back in the Navy, should I wish to do my duty to the country in that particular service ; so that you see

if you want to keep me, you have to consider my life a little more than you did in 1914. To mention one point. If I marry, I propose to see something of my wife, and not remain a comparative stranger to her until I am a Rear-Admiral on half-pay.

Love and kisses,

STEVIE.

P.S. If you analyse this sentiment, it is on a par with what the labour world will say to the employers. There are great changes coming, and this profession, for all its hide-bound conservatism, will not escape them. Unless they are careful, 95 per cent. of the Naval Officers will retire en masse. I daresay they will be glad to lose some, but I don't suppose they want everyone to go.

27th August. This confounded D.N.P. has begun again. What an utterly useless affair it is ! Still I suppose that until one of us gets submarined it will go on ! We went out and did our turn. Luckily we had very nice weather, but the season is getting advanced and we can't hope for such good fortune for long. It is apparently the fashion to have the Emergency Squadron at 2½ hours notice. It is a curious fact that the smaller the ship, the more strenuous a time she has. The Battle Cruisers have a very comfortable time, only going to sea on genuine stunts, and nearly all their time in harbour at 4 hours notice. They are also, of course, in very nice berths.

Then come the Light Cruisers, of which there are at present 3 squadrons in the B.C.F.

1st <i>Galatea</i>	2nd <i>Southampton</i>	3rd <i>Chatham</i>
<i>Phaeton</i>	<i>Dublin</i>	<i>Birkenhead</i>
<i>Cordelia</i>	<i>Birmingham</i>	<i>Chester</i>
<i>Inconstant</i>		<i>Yarmouth</i>

We have a moderately strenuous time. Our little crosses are :

1. One of us is always Emergency Squadron.
2. Whenever there is no moon, one of us is out on D.N.P.

Finally come the Destroyers. These latter are worked very

hard in the matter of patrols, and when in harbour are continually at short notice. One always hears a great deal about the tremendous number of these craft, built and building during the war, but where are they all? There are none too many here, where we have the 13th and a proportion of the 4th, which latter flotilla never seems to be complete.

*4th September, 1916.* As we were Emergency Squadron, we had every expectation of being the sacrificial lamb for D.N.P. to-night. In the middle of the forenoon we were somewhat elated to hear that the *Royalist* of the 4th L.C.S. (down here temporarily from the N. Base) had been detailed instead of us. Our joy was short-lived, for the arrival at about the hour of noon of three envelopes from the *Lion*, and sundry other signs, told us that we were "lurked" for a stunt.

At 6 p.m. this squadron, with six destroyers and the 2nd B.C.S. (*N.Z.*, *Inflex.*, and *Australia*) and six destroyers, left harbour and steered Easterly. We picked up a gale almost at once and during the first watch at about 11 p.m. a very heavy sea landed on the Bridge, smashed up a searchlight, carried away the Bridge ladder, bust in the bridge opposite the wheel, and did other damage. The Gunner (T) (Morgans) had his head cut open. When I came on watch at Midnight we had eased to 15; it was blowing and raining very hard. I was feeling very seasick. At 3 a.m. I had a cup of cocoa, which I held on to until 3.30 a.m., when I was very sea-sick until 4 a.m.

During the forenoon we went to Control Drill, and at 1 p.m., being in the vicinity of the Little Fisher Bank, which brought back memories of 31st May, we went to Action stations. We remained thus until 4 p.m., when we turned West. I managed to snatch a couple of hours sleep on a gun cover, stretched on the floor of the After Control. It was not very nice, being extremely draughty and wet. Booth eventually came and lay down with me, and we got a little mutual warmth.

When I went on watch at 8 p.m., the sea was getting rapidly calmer. At 9 p.m. the *Dublin*, "coming in" from 5



miles on our port bow in the dusk at 20 knots, turned very late, and at one time I thought there was going to be a nasty smash, as did also the Captain. It was a distinctly breathless moment. At Midnight it was very calm when I went below.

In the morning watch we ran into dense fog, and as some ships were groping out of the base, we all turned 16 points for a couple of hours. In consequence, instead of arriving at 8 a.m. we are only just anchoring now, 11.15 a.m. The trip seems to have been a pretty senseless one.

*Saturday, 16th.* The honours list for the Jutland Battle came out. As was inevitable, I fear it will cause much heart-burning. There must have been 100,000 officers and men engaged, and the list is about 1800, of which a large number were bound to figure in the list by virtue of their seniority, etc., irrespective of what they did. A great deal depends as well upon the dispositions of the various Captains. For example, our Admiral, or Commodore as he was then, considers it an insult to distinguish one executive officer above another. Others believe otherwise. One of the most ludicrous examples is that of the 1st Lt. and Navigator of the *Canterbury*, who got the D.S.O. and D.S.C. respectively for performing their duties with skill and coolness under fire. I believe the *Canterbury* was only hit once, if at all. Compare this with our Navigator, who was under fire for about three times as long as the C., navigated a squadron (on the accuracy of our positions depended the value of our enemy reports, which the C.-in-C. and Beatty praised so highly) and had men killed alongside him in an action when the enemy were at point blank range. Or our Torpedo Lt. (Allen) who fired a torpedo which sank a German Cruiser under the same conditions, or the Gunnery Lt., who controlled from the bridge with a fire underneath him.

I have only selected one case, but there were many others of a similar nature in which comparisons could be made. The truth of the matter is that 80 per cent of Naval officers have been so rarely in action that they do not appreciate the fact that decorations are intended to mark some very special

act. In consequence, one reads of fellows doing their job under fire, and being decorated for it, as if it was something remarkable. If a similar state of affairs held in the Army, one would read of every man and officer who had been over the parapet getting a decoration.

In this ship, the Flag Lt. (Peters) was the only officer mentioned, and fully earned his D.S.C., but the Navigator (Ireland) and "Torps" did equally fine work. Decorations are, of course, in the larger aspect of things, mere trifles, but at the same time it would be hypocrisy on my part to say that we do not feel keen disappointment that the great work done by this ship was not more fully recognised.

It is, of course, entirely our own fault, as we, or rather the Admiral, did not choose to say anything much about what happened. So much so, that it was only as an after-thought that we stated that we had sunk the *Frauenlob*, a feat which has been corroborated and proved from three different sources, two of which are of enemy origin, and yet many people in the Fleet are quite unaware of what I think may legitimately be called a feather in our cap.

The great silent Navy touch is a beautiful idea, and a very fine tradition, but it can be overdone. I cannot close without mentioning the hard case of Budge, our late Senior. During the action, our chief (Sands) was on sick leave, and Budge was Senior Engineer Officer; this should certainly have called for some recognition.

*18th September.* The weather has broken badly, and the equinoctials are on us. The Push on the Somme proceeds famously, pray heaven they have good weather.

Several bouts of short notice and D.N.P.'s supervened (this is written 4th October, 1916) and *Dublin* and ourselves did a sweep round the Dogger Bank. Vile weather. Blowing and raining. Saw nothing. We were about 150 miles from Heligoland at one time.

On the 30th we left R. and came up here, Scapa, together with all the B.C.F. There is one new ship up here, the *Repulse*.

A formidable looking piece of work.<sup>1</sup> We are very busy with firings of different sorts in the Flow. I landed one day at Ophir Bay, in superb weather, and went to visit Hayes, who was our late No. 1 and Navigator. Deluded by the promise of a Zepp command, he and two others became attached to the R.N.A.S. ; he now finds himself in command of a coast defence station, with one little baby two-man gas bag. He is very sick of it all and hopes to get back soon. I only just had time to get to his station, scrambling over boggy moor, when I had to dash back.

We left Scapa on Sunday or Monday 7th, I think it was, and we were all very pleased to get "back to our home in the mountains." We were, however, not to enjoy much rest, as a most trying period of short notice and false starts took place. There was some sweep into the North Sea on the tapis, and the *Birmingham* and ourselves were told off for it. The first day it blew so hard that it was quite impracticable outside for destroyers ; it was postponed 24 hours, much to our joy. Next day we were again all of a quiver all the morning, but at the last moment it was again postponed. I landed that afternoon and it blew so hard that at 5.30 I was weatherbound and, together with several other officers, we had to scramble along the beach from Charlestown to the dockyard and there try and wheedle a tug from the depot ship *Crescent*, a feat in which I have no doubt we should have failed, had not Captain Scott of the *Dublin* been amongst us.

Next day, though the weather was not nice, it was not very bad, inside here, that is to say, and to our disgust we sailed. Once under way we consoled ourselves with the thought that at all events we should no longer have this business hanging over our heads, and that when we got in at the end of 48 hours we should start with a clean sheet.

We sailed at 12.45, and by 5.30 the wind having veered to W. and N.W. we were getting away from the land and finding a heavy sea. Of our four destroyers, two had their

<sup>1</sup> In 1928 Stephen was promoted to Commander while 1st Lieutenant of the *Repulse*.—Ed.

bridges burst in. So we sent them back. 8 p.m. found us labouring along in a very big sea, going about 10 knots. Everyone was delighted when we got a wireless message to return to base. We did so, and anchored at 2 a.m., a task which I performed and found a pretty chilly one. Turned out at 7 a.m. and coaled ship.

At noon that day, it was Monday, 16th October, 1916, it was our turn to be relieved by the 3rd L.C.S. as Emergency Squadron. The necessary signals were made, and we reverted to 4 hours notice for steam. We were all delighted to get settled at last, and everyone who could took the beach, or rather prepared to take the beach, when at 12.30 came a frantic signal from the *Lion* for *Southampton* and *Birmingham* to "raise steam with all despatch and report when ready to proceed"! It was a regular bombshell and I have never seen such a collection of moody and snappy officers as those who gathered round the Wardroom stove to curse the unknown author of all this countermarching. I had my gaiters on, and registered a vow not to take them off till the anchor left the bottom.

At 2.40, 5 minutes before we were due to weigh, a signal came through cancelling everything, and putting us to four hours. A whoop of joy went up, and we all dashed ashore for three hours. I daresay anyone reading this will say what an extraordinary lot of people they were. Didn't they want to go to sea? Didn't they want to fight? Didn't they realise they were at war?

We are not extraordinary at all, everyone is the same. We know from a hundred previous experiences what these sweeps are. You see nothing except bad weather. The most exciting quarry is usually a mythical Dutch trawler suspected of acting suspiciously. There is as much chance of seeing a Hun, except in a submarine (and you probably only feel him) as there is of our flying. I imagine there is some object in these stunts, and that they serve some useful purpose, but these facts are absolutely hidden from the people who do them. I don't know whether a fellow at the Front finds himself suddenly told off to spend the night digging a trench in an

apparently absolutely useless spot, but if he does, he probably feels the same as we do. We made no disguise of our pleasure to-day when, the 3rd L.C.S. being emergency squadron, the *Birkenhead* and *Chester* started off on this wretched operation. As there is another heavy gale reported from the West, I wonder how far they will get.

Meanwhile the great Battle Cruisers lie slumbering day after day at their anchors ! But after all, what object is there in their thrashing about the North Sea, burning coal, and providing submarines with targets ? We did enough of that sort of thing at the beginning of the war. However, I suppose we must keep up appearances with the neutrals in the N. Sea, and so Light Cruisers are sent out to make "Activity" !

The next event worthy of note is of a social nature, yea, a very congenial evening forsooth. It had long been known that, owing to boiler trouble, the *Birmingham* was going to pay off. Now the *B.*, since the lately lamented demise of the *Notts*, is the only original Light Cruiser of the little band of ships which formed the 1st L.C.S. (and the *only* L.C.S. in the early days of war). It was therefore plainly indicated that we should dine them.

After several false starts, due to bouts of short notice, as apparently the Huns have been out a little way, we brought the event off about a week ago, I think it was 20th October, 1916. Special preparations had been made and extra tables were got into the Mess, which was crammed. The P.M.O. and Carey did water colours on the Menu cards, illustrating famous efforts in the *Brum's* past. The old man came in and made a speech. The band (of which, by the way, I now have the running) put its best foot forward.

After dinner we went up to the Movies for half an hour. We then came back to the Wardroom and song was started. At 10.30 what I think I may describe as one of the hits of the evening took place, when your humble servant, dressed up as a Devonshire countryman, sang the song in honour of H.M.S. *Birmingham*, which I had composed specially that forenoon. It was, of course, a complete surprise to our

GGS

guests, who each received a typewritten copy as a memento of the evening. The chorus went splendidly.

At 11 o'clock, after more song, the cry went up "coats will be taken off." This simple operation, by removing

(a) All signs of rank.

(b) The most expensive portion of a Naval officer's uniform, permits of much violent exercise being taken. The centres of attraction in the carnival which then followed were undoubtedly

"Ye olde arme-chair "

and

"Ye round Table."

Two very simple articles of furniture, and yet what a lot can be done with them. For instance, "Ye olde arme-chair" is placed in an open space if one can be found, and a furious gallop is then started on the piano. Everyone then lines up facing each other, with the chair between them, *coats must be off*, and at the word "go" the 1st performer runs at the chair and leaps into its back, bringing it over with a crash back on the deck. One of the opposite side now rushes at the chair, and leaping feet foremost, lands in the seat in such a manner that, if done properly, the chair pivots on its back legs and resumes its normal position. When this is done properly the chair oscillates violently with pendulum-like regularity.

The round table is a simple piece of furniture of the three legged variety. It has a diameter of about 5 feet. One pastime is analogous to the game "swat that fly." It is played as follows. Three strong gentlemen seize the table by its legs and, holding it out as a shield, endeavour, by rushing about the mess, to pin some unfortunate fly between the ship's side and the surface of the table. It is not uncommon for the flies to combine, and by pressure on the surface of the table, pin the "swatters" between the ship's side and the end of the table's legs. After a little while the top usually comes off, this is due to someone doing the



"Round the world on the wheel" stunt, or perhaps the "Human Roulette" or the "Great Gyroscope" turn.

Free dancing a la Pavlova and a healthy row with the Commander on the Quarterdeck at 12.30 a.m. concluded a memorable and epic evening. And so all to bed, no one foxed, it being time of war, save your servant, for I had the middle watch ! Oh, Agony !

On the 22nd Sir J. Jellicoe was on board, and much to my astonishment and pleasure recognised me.

On 24th October we did a D.N.P.

On 26th October the *Brum* sailed to pay off. She was cheered out. We went over to pay our final visit after dinner on the 25th. We only stayed till 10.30 p.m., as we were at short notice, but we made things hum. By special request I gave them the *Brum's* song again. They are very pleased with it.

On or about the 1st November we, that is to say the B.C.F., went out and did some P.Z.'s.

On the 5th November, being a Sunday, we went into dock at Rosyth in the forenoon. The Snottie, Potter and myself by great exertions caught the noon train from Edinburgh. It did not avail us anything, as our train was very late, and as it was the Sabbath we could get no food of any sort. When we got to King's Cross we were confronted by an absolute dearth of taxis, so were obliged to put up for the night at the hotel.

*Tuesday, 28th November.* A signal has just come saying that Sir David Beatty has hoisted his flag as an Acting Admiral in command of the Grand Fleet. This is evidently the first change as a result of the campaign against the Admiralty, fostered by the Northcliffe Press. I suppose Sir J. J. is going to be 1st Sea Lord. It is a terrible loss to the Fleet Sir J. J. having to leave us. If there is one man who holds the entire and absolute confidence of the Fleet, it is J. Jellicoe. I must confess Sir David's appointment as C.-in-C. was a surprise. I should have thought him to be temperamentally much more at home in command of the B.C.F., the cavalry, as it were, of the G.F.

Our trouble is there is such an extraordinary dearth of men amongst the Vice-Admirals and Admirals who could be considered as candidates for the post. Amongst the Rear-Admirals I think there are more, but I doubt whether the Admiralty have sufficient imagination to make two or three of them Acting Admirals, even if other considerations rendered it desirable.

The cry against the Admiralty in general and Mr. Balfour in particular, based largely on the pin-prick exploits of the German craft from Zeebrugge, is that they (the Admiralty) are not sufficiently imbued with the spirit of offensive. Lord Sydenham and Charlie B. have blethered a good deal about the necessity of a Naval victory. It is easy to talk glibly about such things, but it takes two sides to make a fight. I pray that we are not going to sacrifice the foundation of the Allied Cause (the G.F.) in order to indulge in theatrical displays in submarine-infested and mined waters off the German coast.

*1st December.* Change follows change. It is evident a clean sweep is being made. To-day, to our universal regret, we heard very suddenly that the Admiral was leaving us. He has been in the ship  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years. Of those three and a half, I have served with him for three, of which  $2\frac{1}{2}$  have been years of war. He quite broke down when he said goodbye to us all, as I must confess I did myself. I have been longer with him than any other officer, and I love the old man. His spirit is that of a boy, he is fearless in action, and full of common sense, which he often conceals under a rather affected behaviour. He takes with him to the 2nd B.S. the good wishes of 500 men and officers in this ship.

Pakenham commands the Battle Cruiser Force. We do not know who is coming here, except that he will be a Commodore. Our great sorrow is that we lose, not only the Admiral, but his staff, Peters and Medd, who are both splendid fellows. They are the only two left of the merry crew who were in her in peace time. What days those were, when Robinson, Muir, Peters, Medd, Stoddart, Crosbie, Hayes

and myself were together. And then in the first year of war when the ball was kept rolling by E. L. S. King, Stoddart, Sands, Budge, Crosbie, Hayes, Peters, Medd, Booth and myself. When we knew the people in the *Nottingham* and *Birmingham* as our own brothers. There have never been three ships more perfectly knit together by every tie than were those three. I remember as if it were yesterday standing by the Admiral as the signals came through, from 10 miles over the horizon, that the *Nottingham* was sinking. He said, "For two years I have led my ships across the North Sea, and till to-day I have had no loss." And now of all that cheery company, what remains?

The *Nottingham* is sunk, the *Birmingham* has paid off, and in this ship there remains one officer, a Lieutenant, writing of the days that have gone, never to return. It is I. As I sit in my cabin late at night and write these things, my mind runs lovingly over those days of the past, from Oban-Kiel to the outbreak of war. Then Heligoland, then the awful day in December '14, when we missed them on the Dogger Bank, then our revenge on January 24th, 1915; then the monotonous days and weeks and months of training and waiting, and fruitless sweeping, then at last, the day of days, the 31st of May.

The shambles in the night, when this little ship was concentrated on by four Light Cruisers and beat them off, sinking the *Frauenlob* into the bargain. And the scenes on the upper deck when dawn came at 2 a.m., the same upper deck which Rushton had hunted me over when I looked after it in 1914. And then the Admiral walking round smoking his cigarette, in his long blue coat, and the survivors on the upper deck, cheering him. And then the trip back. The service in the waist with the main mast half shot through, swaying giddily over our heads. And the struggles that night with the holes in the side where the shores would break with the pressure of the rising sea and wind against them. And now, these things are of the past. I am closing a chapter of my life. For years my family has served with his, and I have done likewise. Close the book and start again.

Dear Father,

I should say the chances of my staying in the Service after the War are getting less with every month I see of it. Brains don't tell, there is not sufficient outlet. One is cramped by the traditions and rules and customs of a 100 years. Verily hath it been said the Navy is kind to fools.

I want, or rather I shall want after the War, a job in which success is success, and failure means failure. Not a kind of half-and-half existence, in which one ambles on, and in which chance decides in 99 cases out of a hundred, whether you rise or not. If another War comes, then outsiders in both professions (army and navy) come in with just as good a chance of distinguishing themselves as people who have been in the services all their life.

However, for the present one must do one's duty where one can best serve the Empire, and sink all thoughts of self. As to what my immediate future will be, I will have a talk with the Admiral and decide something. One does not want to be too hasty in these matters, but I think I have done nearly long enough in this ship. What one must remember is that there are very many worse ships to be in, and not many better, if any at all, from some points of view.

Yours,  
STEVIE.

*18th December, 1916.* Since I last wrote many changes have taken place. Commodore Lambert, 1st class, is now in command here. Sir D. Beatty is C.-in-C., and Pakenham has the B.C.F.

We have also been leading a strenuous life. Hardly had the Admiral left when we went out for a 36 hours "dither round the Dogger." We were junior ship under the *Wallaby Melbourne*. These latter were apparently under the impression that one instinctively went to Action stations as soon as we got outside. At any rate, we left P.M. and at 7.30 a.m., when we were closest to Heligoland, we turned for home, and "horribile dictu" went to Action stations. Now we remained there till dusk. In a big ship that doesn't matter,

everyone is nicely under cover in turrets, etc., but in a Light Cruiser, where there ain't no cover, 8 hours of action stations is no jest, added to the fact that our chances of seeing anything on the home trip were as 1 is to 1000. I spent an abominably cold, cramped, and icy forenoon in the foretop, and shivered in the vicinity of the After control during the afternoon. A day later, Commodore Cecil Foley Lambert arrived. His secretary is named Jackson, a clever and pleasant individual.

As to C.F.L. himself, it is impossible to judge so early. He has a terrific reputation, and a face like a sea-boot or a scrubbed hammock, but everyone agrees he is very efficient, and that is everything. As far as we've seen he seems a very decent old sort, who inspires me with a little fear and much respect. The very day he came on board, we (2 L.C.'s) came up to Scapa, arriving in the morning. The same evening we left for a patrol between the Faroes and Shetlands, as a raider had got out. We spent 3 highly unpleasant days up in those parts, and saw nothing. The Commodore was knocked up with rheumatism, which was hardly surprising considering he had come from 4 years in an office, straight to a patrol off the Faroes ! It is a bit of a change.

We got in here (Scapa) at 5 p.m. on Friday 15th, and started coaling at once. It was the most dreadful coaling I have ever done, and I have done nearly 200 in the war alone. An ugly great whelp of a collier came alongside (it was, of course, dark) and after a lot of juggling about we found that we could work 3 holds by landing one on the forecastle. Her derricks were not long enough and "Guns" (Burrough) and myself could not get our hoists up on to the boat deck. Her mate explained to me that she had come by an accident, and all the exhaust pipes from her winches had been broken. The consequence was, that when we started to work the winches, dense masses of steam rose between our side and the collier's side. It was quite impossible to see where the hoist was. We spent an hour and a half, sweating away in the glare of electric arc lamps, in an endeavour, partially successful, to remedy this by fitting canvas extension pieces to get the exhaust steam away. I also brought a fire hose

from inboard, and played it on the joint, to try and condense some of the stuff as soon as it came out of the pipe.

As soon as we got this more or less all right, the rest of her gear broke down. To make a long-drawn agony short, instead of finishing at 10.30 as we hoped, we sat down to a much needed sardine supper at 1.30 a.m. By Jove, she was a bitch, and I would dearly love to kill the coaling officer who sent her. She was evidently a big cargo steamer in her day, and had been converted into a collier. We were her first job for 15 weeks, which is in curious contrast to the great shortage of tonnage.

We put in a day on the North Shore doing piff, and Flags took No. 1 and myself out for a day's shooting, but beyond missing a duck, I didn't do anything. I also dined with Medd and Peters in the *Orion*, as Barge Goodenough was dining with Beatty, so his staff borrowed his quarters, and gave a dinner party to some of their old shipmates. The others were Schofield, Orchard, and Allen. We also dined our skipper, Craufurd, who is being succeeded by Captain Halton Stirling Lecky. I hope to get appointed to the *Ramillies* soon.

To-day, 19th December. We are all leaving for a P.Z.

*H.M.S. Southampton.*

My dearest Mother,

20.12.16.

Sorry you don't like the photos, it is funny as I like them so much, and everyone else thinks them *excellent likenesses*. I know it is very hard to satisfy one's own family.

I will send you one for Christmas, the more you look at it, the more you will like it, you will find.

The fact that my face is long ain't the photographer's fault, Mums ! . . .

22nd January, 1917. The day after my 24th birthday, which, for the first time for many years, I spent with one of my parents, as my father is up here for a few days. I have not written anything for a long while, but the past month has not alas ! been uneventful.





COMMANDER STEPHEN KING-HALL, R.N.



With regard to the new changes, Lambert is very much what I thought he would be, a nugget, a very strong man who knows what he wants and gets it every time. But there is no question as to his absolute straightforwardness. As to Lecky, it will be interesting to observe whether he can remain as Flag Captain in the *Birmingham*, which ship is being fitted out as a flagship for this party. We have been out a good deal on various sweeps, but the event which has cast a gloom over the ship and obliterated all else from our minds took place last Friday morning.

At about 7 a.m. on that day our 1st Lt., Ralph Ireland, and three men, Knight, Starkey, and Meagham, all of my division, were washed off the forecastle and drowned, approx. 100 miles due East of May Island, in a fairly heavy sea. The cover of the navel pipe had carried away, and as we were plunging into it, about 150 tons of water had got down into the cable lockers (which are upright compts. in this ship) unknown to anyone during the night. Since Mulock left us, poor Ireland had been doing Executive officer as well as Navigator, no pleasant combination under present circumstances in this ship. When he heard of this he rushed down to get a mat over the navel pipe. "Guns" (Burrough) and Davis and three men were on the forecastle. The Captain was on the bridge and eased down. She dipped her nose and scooped up a big one, which carried everybody off their feet, "Guns" and the "Mate" fetched up in the breakwater, the others were never seen again. An hour later we turned for home, and read the burial service in the waist. A driving snowstorm added to the melancholy nature of the ceremony. Rarely, if ever, have I felt so depressed and knocked over. When I looked at the cold grey rough sea, and thought of No. 1, one of my best friends, with whom only a few hours before I had been yarning on the bridge, and with whom only 12 hours before I had been rehearsing my part in a Revue which I had written, and in which we both took leading rôles, I went to my cabin and cried like a child.

I think Ralph Ireland was one of the most loveable

personalities in the Service. He was extremely clever, handsome, universally and deservedly extraordinarily popular with men and women. A King's Medallist, athletic, and an officer of very great promise. He was marked for advancement. Much surprise was expressed in the ship that he did not get a D.S.O. for his splendid service as Navigator of the squadron at Jutland, apart from his work in the *Birmingham* at Heligoland, and the 24th January, 1915. In the mess and off duty he was loved and admired by all who met him.

One of his most charming characteristics was his delightful boyishness. When he, as he himself used to express it, "took his coat off after dinner" and performed stunts, such as somersaulting over the armchairs, or giving exhibitions of fancy dancing with me as his partner, one would never have believed he was a Lt. Commdr., rather one would have said a gay young Sub. I think he was within a fortnight of his 28th birthday when his life, so rich in promise for the future, came to an end. He played the violin quite well, and many hours in the dog-watches have we spent together, as I tried to accompany him. He was very fond of dropping into my cabin and discussing the future of the Service after the war, and similar subjects. When he was at all "mouldy" over anything, he used to look in, as he kindly put it "to be cheered up" (not that he ever needed much of that). But we thought alike on many things. God rest his soul, I shall not meet his like for long years, if ever.

*29th January, 1917.* The state of unrest in which we live has never been better exemplified than in the past two days. Yesterday morning, rather early, we all went to 2 hours' notice. This was recognized by those in the know,—and three years of it, or at least 30 months, have made us pretty knowledgeable—as a sure sign that we were going out, presumably on a stunt of our own manufacture, as the notice was obviously designed to prevent anyone going ashore. We secured for sea, and were all ready at 12.30 p.m. when it was cancelled, and we went to 1 hour's notice. This was then

extended to 2½ hours' notice, and leave of a limited nature was given.

At 8 p.m. we went to 1 hour's notice, and drafts of men were hurriedly ordered away, and signals made clearly shewing that we expected to go out about 10 p.m. However, we lay at 1 hour's notice until 10 a.m. this morning, when a signal came saying that Fleet would sail at 12.40 p.m. Just now, at 11.55 a.m. comes a signal, cancelling everything. "Fleet will lie at ½ an hour's notice!" It doesn't sound much on paper, but to anyone who appreciates the influence on the internal economy of the ship, watchkeeping, boat work, etc., of the "notice" the ship is at, the cumulative strain of such a state of affairs is very obvious. It is borne out by the state of irritation into which officers and men get under these circumstances.

The upshot of all the alarms and excursions just mentioned is that we eventually shoved off in a great hurry for Scapa, via the Norwegian coast, as far as *Dublin* and ourselves were concerned.

We swept up from the Naze to about 60° N. It was a lovely day, but bitterly cold, and B.J.1. was extraordinarily unpleasant. In fact, I was chilled to the bone in the foretop, and was laid up for 24 hours on arrival in harbour. The Norwegian coast was covered with snow, and had not the cold been acute I should have appreciated the magnificent panorama of rocky coast line and distant mountains which unrolled itself along our starboard hand as we steamed North.

On arrival at Scapa we were given the *Lydie*, that perfect hog of a collier we had struggled with until 2 a.m. last time we were up here. Viewed in daylight her appalling deficiencies were most marked, and the situation at the end of an hour and a half, in which period we had laboriously taken 40 tons out of her—our requirements being 540 tons—seemed desperate. Fortunately the Commodore saw the point and signalled to the C.-in-C. that we couldn't complete with fuel until we obtained a "collier." This resulted in the *Lydie* being hurled off and the *Dublin's* collier, a fine new ship, coming to us when the *Dublin* had finished.

We did not have long in harbour, as on Friday the 9th Feb. the *Sydney* and ourselves and 4 T.B.D.'s went off for a patrol in 62° N. Beyond an antique German mine we saw nothing, but were caught in a minor gale on our return on Tuesday the 13th.

To-day, the 17th, we are leaving again to go back to Rosyth. I have just had lunch with Admiral Goodenough.

Having completed a rough summary of our movements, I will now record one or two changes that have taken place—oh, by the way, I quite forgot to say that on the 6th we went down to Cromarty, and on the 7th did a Full Calibre shoot. As Burrough, our Lt. (G) had gone to hospital with a nervous breakdown, I was doing his job. It was rather an ordeal, as the shoot at extreme range of 14,000 yards was a very trying one. By good fortune, though we did not do very well, we did better than the other two ships with Lts. (G) in them. At which the Commodore and Lecky were pleased to be pleased! On our way back from Cromarty on the 7th we heard that a submarine was coming down from the Skerries on opposing courses. We did not see him. Captain Lecky has left us to go to the *Birmingham*, much to most people's delight, though personally I rubbed along all right with him. [He was succeeded by Capt. B. V. Brooke.]

I have now been in this ship three years, and am expecting to be appointed to the *Ramillies* when she commissions.

*1st March, 1917.* Whilst we were Emergency Squadron, two of us were told off for a sweep of the usual description. To our pleasure we dodged it in this ship, as we did the last, and the *Sydney* and *Dublin* went. They picked up two lots of crews of ships which had been submarined, and the *Dublin* had a torpedo fired at her.

*3rd March.* I went up to a small dance at the Kintore Rooms. Quite forgot the war for a few hours.

*5th March.* Still in harbour, which is indeed strange after the strenuous life we have led. I have just got a new job. I have been taken out of days altogether, and am now Mate



of the Upper Deck, and Torpedo and Paravane expert in the ship.

The International situation to-day is as follows. America is apparently only held back from the war through the curious rules of her Senate, whereby apparently a minority of one can hold a Bill up. This anomaly can hardly continue to exist amongst business men, and I regard her gradual entry into the field of hostile action against Germany as inevitable. There is much speculation as to the meaning of the skilful, but marked, retreat of the Germans on the Somme.

In France we have extended our line to Roye. I am personally of the opinion that the Salonika expedition will shortly justify its existence. It would seem a more profitable front on which Italy could expend her energies than on the Corso.

In Mesopotamia, Kut has just been re-taken, and we are waiting to see whether the Turks will stand before Baghdad.

In Russia and Roumania all is quiet, but the great offensives are brooding everywhere, and must soon burst.

At home, gradually, but nevertheless surely, the Nation is being disciplined to war. The huge success of the war loan has roused everyone, as had also the submarine blockade and the resultant effect on imports. National service is starting voluntarily, probably a prelude to compulsion.

The submarine campaign went off very well for the Germans to start with, as doubtless on Feb. 1st they had everything they could on the trade routes. We have, I know, not been entirely unrewarded in our efforts to strafe them. They probably reckoned on a big initial moral effect in England. In this they were mistaken, thereby proving once again that in psychology they are hopelessly bad.

*20th March.* On the 15th, having lain for three days at 1 hour's notice during lovely weather when the beach looked most alluring, we were just congratulating ourselves that at noon we should complete our turn for Emergency squadron, when at 6 a.m. the signal came to weigh with all despatch.

We hurried out on an Easterly course until 6 p.m., when we turned and came home. We were out in support of a force of destroyers, which were hunting a submarine down the Norwegian coast. They got her off Lindesnaes. It was a great shock to the system to open the "Scotsman" on Friday and see that there had been a revolution in Russia. However, mother and child seem to be doing as well as can be expected, and if order is maintained it should be a great source of strength to the Alliance for three reasons.

1. It frees Russia from the clogging dirt of Autocracy which has been making her machinery of government creak so noisily.

2. It covers the Achilles Heel of our Alliance from the moral point of view, for there always seemed to me something ironical about the idea of "Russianism" intent on destroying Prussianism!

3. It undoubtedly leaves the Teutonic Powers in the position of being the most *undemocratic* group of nations in Europe.

The German Socialists who have (even the most moderate ones) hoped that the war would lead *during its progress* to electoral and Constitutional reform, will be all the more strident in their demands for reform. This strikes directly at the source of Prussian power, viz. German Military Autocracy. Two alternative courses seem open to the German government. Either they adopt the rôle of Pharaoh, in which case internal trouble is likely to follow, or, they give in to the liberal ideas of the Socialists. Morally this latter course seems the best, for it would undoubtedly strengthen the resolution of the German nation, and knit them together for further sacrifices, but it has the grave material disadvantage that the Prussian Military System, being the antithesis to our own, is not designed to work on a moral basis. If the government attempted to introduce a really broad-minded system of Liberal government to the German people, I believe that it would go to their head like new wine, and the military machine would suffer in efficiency.

On Saturday I received my appointment to the *Ramillies*.

The Captain has got Lambert to wire and ask if I may remain in the ship, observing that I am now doing very different jobs to what I was doing when I applied to leave. As I write I expect any moment to hear the reply. On Sunday, Allen, our late (T) came to lunch with me. He is now in the *Tiger*. He gave me an interesting insight into the mentality of the Battle Cruiser people. The attitude of a B.C. officer is in many cases as follows :—"We are *it*, and we can learn nothing from anyone." Herein, of course, they err greatly. They can learn an immense amount from the Battle Fleet, whom they almost affect to look down on. The B.C.'s have never been very good shooting ships, which is not entirely their fault, as opportunity for practice here is nothing to what it is up North.

The proximity of Edinburgh to the B.C.F., the officers of which go there every day, is in many ways a bad thing. There is amongst them a natural tendency to live rather for the afternoons, when one can go ashore, instead of the forenoons when the turrets go round. After all, human nature is human nature, even when it is in a Battle Cruiser in War-time. The Battle Fleet, on the other hand, with no temptation to go ashore, are rather inclined to look on the B.C.'s as a gay set of dogs, who frequent Prince's Street ! This is an exaggeration. I think that Infantry and Cavalry give us a kind of comparison as to what I mean. The Infantry is the B.F. officer, the Cavalryman is the B.C. I shall be accused of conceit when I say that I believe the Light Cruisers to occupy, let us say, the position of the B.F.C.—i.e. admitted by both B.C. and B.F. to be cheery, hard-working, quite efficient little ships.

*12th April, 1917.* I was just going to say "I have not put pen to paper for many weeks" when I thought I would just see how long it is. To my amazement I find it is barely 3 weeks.

As I have already stated, my appointment to the *Ramillies* arrived, and the Captain tried to get it cancelled. On Wednesday or Tuesday, 22nd March, the reply to his wire

came, saying that the Admiralty regretted, but I must go. This wire arrived on board at 6 p.m. I had hardly started to pack, but determined to get away next morning. The business was further complicated by the fact that a ship's company concert was taking place that evening at which I was performing. I was also the guest of the mess.

To cut a long story short, I had a great reception when I came on the stage, and had to sing all the choruses of my topical songs as encores. I was also given three cheers, which was embarrassing but gratifying. A scene of much wild and furious merriment then ensued in the Ward Room, and I was finally carried to bed at 1 a.m. I would ask anyone who may read this to remember that I am a teetotaller!

Next day I had a great send-off with the band playing "Lying off Lime?" a delicate compliment I much appreciated. I arrived in London on Friday morning. That night I went down to Whale Island for a short course. On Saturday morning I shook the dust of Whaley from my feet, and went up to London for the week-end.

I left London at 10.30 p.m. on Monday 11th April, and arrived Edinburgh at 8 a.m. next morning. I then got on to the Ad. Supt. at Glasgow, and after a good deal of telephoning was told I had to go to the *Royal Oak* at Scapa. I tried to avoid this by pointing out that I could learn all I wanted to in a ship at Rosyth, and so save the journey. However, red tape prevailed.

I caught the special Naval train which comes up from town by the West Coast route at 4 a.m. At Inverness the train stopped for breakfast, and I had a little difficulty proving my identity, as I had no passport with which to enter the Northern Area. We then crept North, in intermittent snow-storms through the black and dreary country. In the higher stretches of the line not a tree, nor a house, nothing but moor and snow.

At 3 p.m. we arrived at Thurso, and after tea crossed over to Scapa Flow in a little packet called the *St. Ninian*. A long and tedious wait in a drifter alongside the *Imperieuse* followed whilst they were sorting the mail. The R.N.R. officers in

the *Imperieuse* have got, and, as far as my limited observation goes, deserve, a reputation for studied rudeness to officers passing to and from the Fleet. Eventually we got hold of our mail, and went out to the Fleet anchorage. At 10 p.m. I consumed a large plate of beef in the *Royal Oak*. This was a special exception made in my favour, as in strict letter of the law, it was one of their meatless days. I had taken exactly 48 hours from St. Pancras to the *Royal Oak*.

*Thursday, 13th.* We moved over to the N. shore.

*Friday.* A very busy day firing in the Flow. I wander round and assimilate any facts that seem likely to prove useful in the *Ramillies*. They are a very nice crowd here at present, they tell me that they are suffering from one of their periodical attacks of Mould. They are certainly a very quiet mess. I think they are having rather more Gunnery than is good for them.

*7th May, 1917.* I am writing this in my cabin on board the *Ramillies*, where I have been installed for 24 hours. We commissioned the day before yesterday, though I have been in Glasgow since the 1st May, living at the Central Hotel, and coming down here every day. The ship has been built at Beardmores, Dalmuir.

We commissioned her on Saturday, 5th. I had never commissioned a ship before, and though it was certainly a trying day, it was not so bad as I should have expected it to be, judging from what I had heard. We already had 300 men living in the Dalmuir Town Hall, and they marched on board first. A draft of 500 or 600 arrived at about 9 a.m. from Devonport. Most of the forenoon was spent in settling into the ship, showing them where to put their gear, etc. After lunch we exercised fire, collision, Wireless Telegraphy, doors, and Action stations. Everyone slept on board for the first time. It was most uncomfortable living in the ship, as there was no water on, no lights would work, and the ship was full of dockyard workmen making the devil's own noise with pneumatic riveters, caulkers, electric drills, and every species of instrument.

HHS

On Sunday I escaped from the dirt and noise in the afternoon and went up to see the Rankens, where I had tea and supper.

On Monday 7th May, we left Beardmores, and escorted and dragged by 6 tugs, we started down the Clyde.

Our trouble is that, owing to the fact that when she was launched she hit the river bank on the south side, her stern post is cracked, and her bottom plates buckled. The exact amount of damage is unknown until we are docked at Liverpool, but for the time being we have no rudder which can be used. The tugs supplied were not up to much, but we started off all right, amidst the cheers of thousands of men and women who had built her, and with an aeroplane doing stunts overhead. We had four tugs aft, and two forward. All went well until we had just got past Dumbarton Rock, when abreast of No. 6 Buoy she suddenly sheered to Stbd. and, notwithstanding the frantic efforts of the tugs, she grounded heavily. To make matters worse the tide began to turn to ebb. All the tugs tried hard to get us off, and there were some amazing jumbles of tugs round our stern. One tug had her mast cut off by a wire lying across her, and at the same time another wire got underneath her and, catching in her paddle wheel, threatened to turn her turtle.

The shouting and cursing that went on can be imagined only by those who have assisted at a similar show. Of course, we completely blocked the river, and traffic began to accumulate above and below the stranded monster.

Strange to relate, but probably owing to one side of her being water-borne, we came off into the channel at 3.30 p.m. By a stroke of luck we avoided the mud on the other side, and by 4 p.m. we were once more literally staggering down the river. The tugs were much too small, and had very little control over us. It must be remembered that we are of some 30,000 tons displacement. (Sir William Beardmore told me they launched her weighing 19,700 deadweight) ; we have large anti-submarine blisters on our sides, and no rudder, and worst of all, the tide was with us. About 2 miles further on, off Gourrock, we took the ground



again, bang in the middle of the channel. The falling tide had defeated us, due to our first delay.

It was hopeless to try and get on, and we lay there, a fixed fort until 11.30 p.m. Meanwhile, owing to lack of circulating water, the condensers had got greatly overheated, and everything in the Engineroom was full of mud. At 11.40 we got her off again, and though we had at least three very narrow squeaks as we yawed from side to side of the narrow channel, we eventually more or less drifted sideways into deep water off Greenock, where we thankfully let go an anchor at 2.30 a.m., and everyone turned in. Our troubles were considerably increased from midnight onwards, as a cold wind sprang up on the stbd. quarter, and she kept on flying up into it, in a most uncontrollable manner.

*Monday, 8th May.* We have had to remain at anchor whilst the Engineers try and get things right below. We have also discovered that in one of the bumps the old rudder has been pushed up into the ship. It is, of course, probable that other damage will be revealed when we dock at Liverpool. I have been made temp. Chief Censor, which rather bores me.

*Thursday, 10th May.* After lying for one day off Greenock, we started off to Liverpool this morning. We had four tugs to see us clear of the entrance to the Clyde, and four destroyers and four sweepers as escort. As soon as we started we began to surge about in an alarming manner, and notwithstanding the desperate efforts of the tugs, we drifted (there is no other word) more or less broadside on through the gate, hitting but not damaging one gate drifter. Once outside we cast off the tugs and tried to steer with our engines. Each time we went ahead she kept perfectly straight until we had gathered way, when she would swing violently to port or stbd. and head straight for the shore. It was then necessary to go "Full speed astern both" to prevent beaching her. By noon we had proceeded about 3 miles in a series of gigantic swoops. It was obvious that the ship was quite unmanageable, so with our four tugs dragging first one

way and then the other, we crept back to our anchorage at 6 knots, managed to catch the gate entrance in the arc of one of our swoops, and anchored at 3 p.m.

Experts from Beardmore are now on board discussing the situation, as it would be almost impossible to get to Liverpool as we are under peace conditions, and with submarines it is unthinkable. We are going to dive and have another look at the rudder to-morrow, and if it is very misshapen, there is some talk of trying to cut it off.

I think the only plan is to have an escort of about 12 T.B.D.'s, and then tow a tramp and make her steer us, or else try and fit relieving tackles to the rudder and work them off the capstan. The question is, how much rudder is down there?

*Monday, 14th May.* On Saturday we tried again, as the experts discovered that only a small portion of the large rudder remained. We stayed inside the gate this time, and as far as steering the ship was concerned, it was a dismal failure.

The small rudder has no effect on her at all, and we found it quite impossible to steer with the engines. Once she starts swinging one way or the other, she goes on until her stern is up in the wind. The only way to get her straight again is to stop all her way, and turn her on her heel.

We should take a good many days to get her to Liverpool at this rate. We crawled back to our anchorage at 6 p.m. Whilst everyone was racking their brains as to what to do next, a wire came which summoned the Captain to the Admiralty. He left on Sunday evening, and to-day we have been lying quietly here. It has been raining hard, but in a temporary break Pelly and I landed and tried to play golf at Gourock. We got soaked to the skin.

*Sunday, 20th May.* Lunched with Lord Inverclyde, who had asked some of us over to his place near Kilcreggan.

*Tuesday, 22nd.* At 11 a.m. we set out on our ticklish journey to Liverpool. We had an imposing escort consisting of eight sweepers, eight Liverpool tugs, eight trawlers and

drifters, and six destroyers. Our procedure was to have an outer screen of T.B.D's, the sweepers ahead, and an inner screen of trawlers. Four tugs in two tandems towed forward. Two tugs steered us on either quarter. The expensive whiskers they have fitted to our quarters are quite useless, and will simply have to come off again at Liverpool! Two other tugs are spare numbers.

We successfully managed the gate entrance at 10.30 a.m. and slowly went down river. At 1 p.m. we passed out through the Cumbræ and at 2.30 p.m. about six miles further on, the trawler *Muse*, one of our inner screen, distant about 3000 yards on our port beam, and senior officer's trawler, struck a mine, and was blown to atoms. There was a large cloud of white and grey smoke, and in a few seconds this cleared away, and nothing was left but some bits of wood. The two officers, her captain, Lt. Fane, R.N.R., and her gunner, were in our smoking room at 10 a.m. this morning. There were no survivors; she had a crew of 12. I saw her go as I was on watch. The weather was luckily very fine, as we yawed abominably from 3 to 7 points either side of our course. Our speed made good was  $4\frac{1}{2}$  knots. We were able to warn a heavily laden passenger ship that was bound from Brodick and was steering straight for the spot where the *Muse* went down. At 8.30 p.m. we drifted past Ailsa Craig, which looked very beautiful with the sun sinking behind it. I had the middle watch, and a breeze sprang up, which made it very hard to steer her. We do it by signalling to the quarter tugs, and careful manipulation of the engines, as one has to be very much on one's guard against over-running the tandems. The tide set against us in my watch, and at times we only made good 2 knots.

*23rd May.* Our run from noon yesterday was 108 miles. The weather continues fine and hazy, which suits us. I think she would be quite unmanageable in the slightest lop. We are slowly creeping down with the Isle of Man on our stbd. beam. At noon we had 90 miles to go to Liverpool. We went to collision stations twice to-day, in the forenoon.

A submarine was seen yesterday just where we are now. I wish we were not so helpless and one welcomes the night. At present, 1.55 p.m. I am going to get my head down for an hour and repair the ravages of the middle last night !

*24th May.* Arrived at Liverpool and lay for a day off the Gladstone Dock. It was ludicrous to see Cammell Lairds hard at work cutting off the whiskers which had been put on at such expense at Glasgow, and then never used.

*25th May.* Entered Gladstone dock and bumped on the way in, but not badly.

*26th May.* Proceeded on leave.

The submarine war seems to go in periodic waves, and I much fear we are approaching the crest of one of these. I pray nothing happens to the *Kenilworth* on her way out this time.

On my arrival on board I found that the boys, some 95 in number, had just arrived on the scene. This is my division, and the organization of their instruction and their general supervision entail a great deal of work. They seem a very smart lot, and have been well shaken up in barracks. The ship is in the Gladstone dock, which is at a place called Seaforth Sands. Communication with the centre of the town is effected by the overhead electric railway, which staggers along a badly laid track just behind the docks on the North side of the river.

Nowhere have I seen anything which impressed me so much with the commercial might of England as these seven miles of docks and warehouses, storing sheds, and serried rows of rolling stock. Some of the warehouses have their doors open, and from the train it fascinated me to see the heaps of golden grain lying on the floors. There are a lot of ships unloading, and every dry dock is full. In one dock there is a steamer with her bows blown off by a mine.

Communication with Seacombe, Birkenhead and the South side of the river is maintained by a continuous service of large ferry boats. I am surprised they have not got an electric railway running under the river. There are some very

large buildings in the centre of the town. A huge edifice with an ugly bird, the Liverpool crest, on top of each of two towers is the Cunard Company's new offices. It is like a cross between a sky-scraper and the Wesleyan, or is it Baptist, cathedral in London. On the whole, viewed from the South side, the North shore of the river is an imposing enough spectacle. It suggests wealth, and the terminus of trade routes.

20th July. The ship has been delayed through a strike of the Iron workers. They have come back to-day. It is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and the net result of this is that we are getting some more leave.

7th September, 1917. Left *Ramillies* and arrived *Vernon* on 10th, via London and Brighton.

18th September. Living the strenuous life in *Vernon* doing a long course. I find I average about 11 hours work a day, mostly mental. Thank heavens one gets the week-ends off.

28th September. It really is so very vigorous here that I find I have no time except at the week-ends in which to write letters, let alone this journal.

[Briefly, to sum up Stephen's career after he left the *Southampton* :

In 1917 he specialised as Torpedo-Lieutenant, and was then appointed to the 11th Submarine Flotilla.

Appointed in 1919 to the Naval staff for special duties. Awarded the Gold Medal and Trench-Gascoigne Prize of the Royal United Service Institution. In 1921 passed through the Naval Staff College. 1922-24, served in H.M.S. *Durban*, on the China Station. 1925, appointed as student-instructor to the Military Staff College, Camberley. 1926-7, Principal Intelligence Officer to the Mediterranean Fleet on the staff of Admiral Sir Roger Keyes. 1927-28, First-Lieutenant and Torpedo Officer of the battle-cruiser *Repulse*. 1928, Promoted to Commander; appointed to the Naval Staff, Admiralty, for special duties. 1929, retired, in order to take charge of research into international, political, and economic problems at the Royal Institute of International Affairs. 1935, resigned from the paid staff of the R.I.I.A., in order

to accept an appointment with the publishing house of Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. He is a director of the United Kingdom Provident Institution.

Since 1919, Stephen has written about twenty books on a variety of subjects, fictional and otherwise. Amongst his non-fictional books are : *Western Civilisation and the Far East*, *Imperial Defence*, *Letters to Hilary*, and *Our Own Times*, 1913-1934.

In collaboration with Ian Hay, he wrote *The Middle Watch*, and other plays. Alone he wrote *B. J. I.*

In 1929 he gave his first broadcast, since when he has broadcast about 350 times, notably to children on current events, and as an expositor of economic problems.

He has contributed articles on current events to many papers, and is Editor of *Mine*. He lectures from time to time on current events, recently travelled 14,000 miles in Canada and the U.S.A., in order to study conditions in the North American continent, and broadcast on the Columbia national hook-up, on the subject, "An Englishman looks at the New Deal."

In 1919, he married Katherine Spencer, daughter of Frank Spencer of Wynberg, Capetown, and he has three daughters.]

#### A LETTER TO HIS WIFE

At Hong Kong.

*H.M.S. Durban.*

19.1.22

. . . . Having been in a ship now for some two months, I find that I can, more or less, formulate my attitude towards the Navy. At first, the novelty and change rather clouded my views, I could not exactly say how or what I felt. I often spend quite a long time in my cabin just thinking about things. If you did not know me, you might from the above statement conjure up a picture of a dreary recluse. Of course, that's rot as far as I am concerned, and I only say so because I know that there is a tendency to read all sorts of things into letters that have been six weeks en route.

The fact remains that the publicity of ship life is such



that from time to time one naturally retires to one's cabin. Some people sleep, I usually work, because sleeping bores me.

Analysing my point of view as to the Navy, I come to this conclusion.

From the end of the war until now I have felt a distaste (that's not quite the right word, because I'm not exactly unhappy, the Navy is not repugnant to me yet) for the Navy from the point of view of ambition. I have felt, and continue to feel, that the Navy, for various reasons I need not recapitulate, does not and cannot offer me sufficient scope.

This is a purely selfish reason, and really rather a low one. I never felt quite happy about it, I never felt that it was or ought to be the sole reason.

I now think that it is not the sole one, but it is only during the last six months that I have been able to get hold of and define quite another reason, and only since I have been in the ship that I have come to the conclusion that this second reason is really the one that counts, though I have hardly been conscious of it myself until quite recently.

Broadly speaking I am becoming, or have become, aware that as a result of study and thought applied to my natural instinct, I am temperamentally unfitted to be a member of a fighting service. The more I study war, the sillier the whole thing becomes, and the more criminal it appears, and yet I am in a position where I should be using my brain to fit myself more and more for war. All my principles are becoming more and more liberal and anti-militaristic.

"Theirs to do and die and not to reason why" can only be subscribed to by me in a hypocritical manner. I find myself supporting the League of Nations, with a feeling that I would like to do so actively with pen and voice.

I am gradually coming to a point of view in which I look on armament expenditure as ridiculous. In short, I am a fish out of water.

"Etienne,"<sup>1</sup> would-be politician, social-reformer, champion of under-dogs, hater of reactionaries, destroyer of

<sup>1</sup> Stephen wrote under the pen-name of "Etienne" for several years.—Ed.

mysteries, is laughing and good-humouredly despising Stephen King-Hall, the young Naval officer.

Don't run away with the idea that I am an idealist. I know that in order to achieve a fraction of one's ideals one must compromise in this imperfect world.

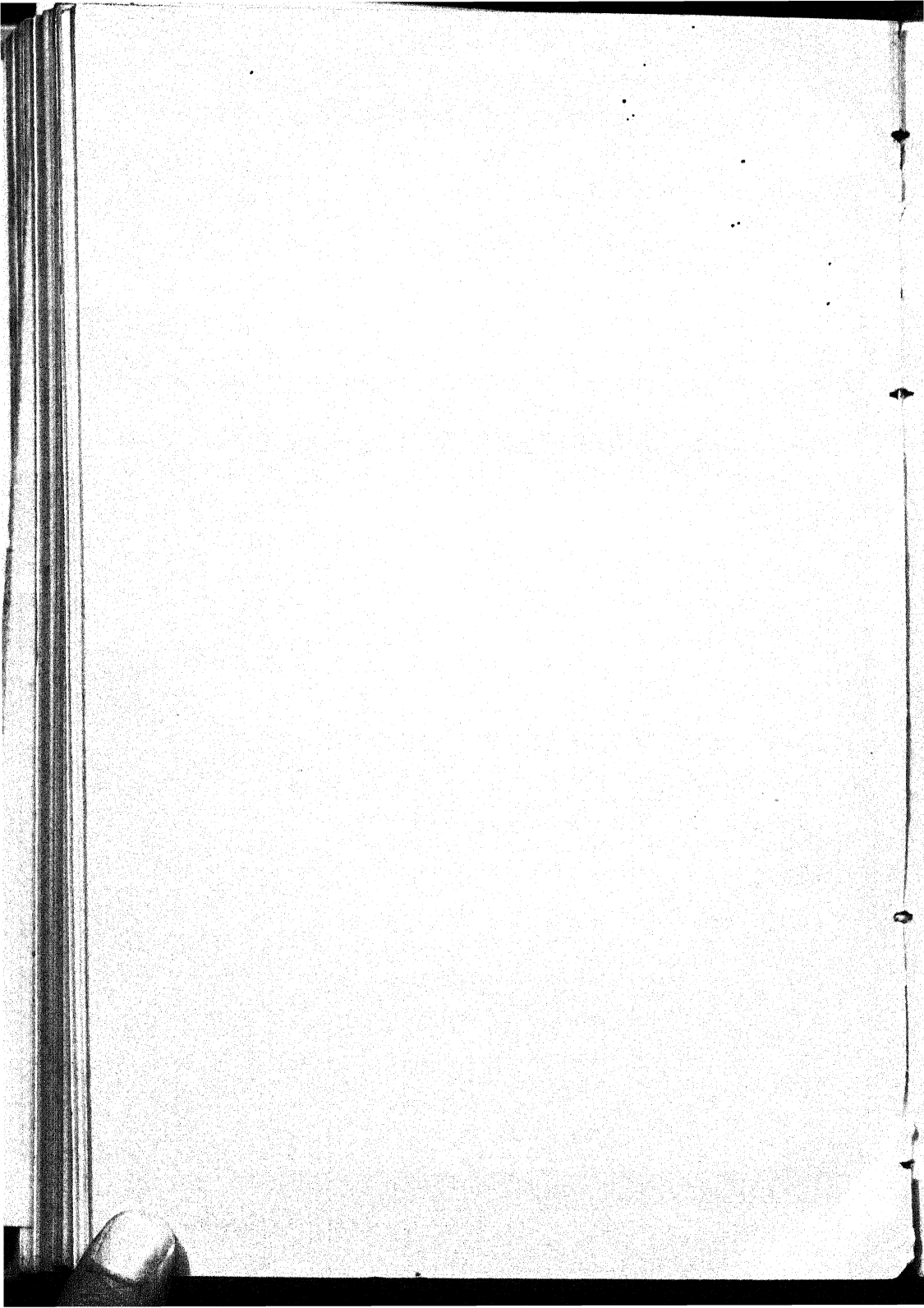
I think there may be another great war, very likely there will be, and if the war was a just war (as measured by the standards of justice applied to wars), I would gladly fight. But to be living for war, preparing for it, runs counter to all my present ideas—and they have been growing more definite ever since 1918—though only since I have been thrown back on myself in this ship have I been able to define the main idea and see whether it tends to develop. Of course, a lot of excellent fellows would say to themselves, "Oh, well! of course that's quite all right, no one wants war, but I don't 'live for war and prepare for it,' I just do my daily job."

Of course, my trouble is that I have to be doing all that I do whole-heartedly. I am not content as a "naval officer" to do just my daily job. As a naval officer one ought to do more than one's daily job, one ought to be studying, reading, writing about *War*. And *War* seems to me stupid. It's very, very perplexing.

Of course, for the moment it's all right. I am out here face to face with great opportunities of studying some of the greatest problems in the world, problems which perhaps will affect the future happiness of millions. Added to all this—what one might describe as the philosophical treatment of the question—there is the practical side. Finance, Pension, bread and butter, etc. This is very important, and I don't forget it; I am not an idealist (entirely), but even so it is not *the* vital side of the question. One's soul is greater than the body.

THE END

## APPENDIX



## APPENDIX

### JAMES HALL SERVED IN THE FOLLOWING SHIPS, AND HELD THE FOLLOWING APPOINTMENTS

Russian Navy—Assistant Surgeon . . . . .	Oct. 1805—Aug. 1807
H.M.S. <i>Repulse</i> —Mediterranean . . . . .	Feb. 1808—Dec. 1808
Hospital Ship, <i>La Pegase</i> , Portsmouth. . . . .	Feb. 1808—Aug. 1809
H.M.S. <i>Rattler</i> —Surgeon, N. America. . . . .	Sept. 1809—June 1812
H.M.S. <i>Indian</i> —Surgeon, N. America. . . . .	June 1812—Oct. 1812
Lent to Russian Fleet on account of sickness in their Ships whilst in England . . . . .	Dec. 1812—Feb. 1813
H.M.S. <i>Jason</i> . . . . .	Feb. 1813—Nov. 1814
H.M.S. <i>Hecla</i> —Algiers . . . . .	July 1816—Oct. 1816
Packet to join H.M.S. <i>Briseis</i> —N. America. Found she had been lost and James returned to England . . . . .	Nov. 1816—Jan. 1817
H.M.S. <i>Queen</i> , Transport . . . . .	Jan. 1817—April 1817
H.M.S. <i>Favourite</i> —Cape of Good Hope . . . . .	Sept. 1817—Jan. 1820
Convict Ship <i>Agamemnon</i> —New South Wales . . . . .	April 1820—Mar. 1821
H.M.S. <i>Alligator</i> . . . . .	March 1821—Oct. 1821
Convict Ship <i>Mary Ann</i> —New South Wales . . . . .	Oct. 1821—Mar. 1823
Bathurst . . . . .	March 1823—June 1823
Convict Ship <i>Brothers</i> —New South Wales . . . . .	Oct. 1823—Jan. 1825
Bermuda Hospital . . . . .	March 1825—July 1829
H.M.S. <i>Ganges</i> —Portsmouth . . . . .	Sept. 1829—July 1830
Sheerness Ordinary, H.M.S. <i>Temeraire</i> . . . . .	July 1830—Sept. 1832
Convict Ship <i>Georgiana</i> —to Hobart, which includes James' passage home in the <i>Catherine Stewart Forbes</i> . . . . .	Sept. 1832—July 1833

H.M.S. *Andromache*—China and East Indies . . . . . Sept. 1833—Nov. 1835  
 Went to Ireland as Emigration Officer in 1836 . . . . .  
 H.M.S. *Tenedos*, but transferred to H.M.S. *Ocean* . . . . . April 1843—July 1843  
 Medical Superintendent of the Convict Establishment at Bermuda . . . . . 1848—1852

WILLIAM KING HALL SERVED IN THE FOLLOWING SHIPS,  
 AND HELD THE FOLLOWING APPOINTMENTS

<i>Rapid</i>	Volunteer 2 Class	
	Officer's List	22 Sept. 1829—31 Mar. 1833
<i>Scylla</i>		Dec. 1830— 7 May 1832
<i>Rapid</i>	Master's	
	Assistant	1 April 1833—27 May 1833
<i>Barham</i>	Master's	
	Assistant	28 May 1833— 1 May 1834
<i>Childers</i>	Master's	
	Assistant	23 May 1834—28 Nov. 1834
<i>Talavera</i>	Mid.	29 Nov. 1834—12 Feb. 1835
<i>Viper</i>	Mid.	13 May 1835—28 Feb. 1837
<i>Salamander</i>	Mid. and Mate	1 Mar. 1837— 2 July 1839
<i>Benbow</i>	Mid. and Mate	3 July 1839—27 July 1841
<i>Indus</i>	Lieut.	28 July 1841—13 June 1844
<i>Pantaloön</i>	Lieut.	18 Sept. 1844—25 Sept. 1844
<i>Waterwitch</i>	Lieut.	26 Sept. 1844—19 Dec. 1844
<i>Vindictive</i>	Lieut. (and twice Acting	
	Commander)	7 Jan. 1845—28 Dec. 1847
<i>Growler</i>	Acting	
	Commander	29 Dec. 1847—22 Mar. 1848
<i>Coastguard</i>	Commander	17 Mar. 1849—16 July 1851
<i>Styx</i>	Commander	17 July 1851—20 Oct. 1853
<i>Bulldog</i>	Captain	23 Jan. 1854—18 Feb. 1855
<i>Exmouth</i>	Captain	19 Feb. 1855— 2 Mar. 1856
<i>Calcutta</i>	Captain	3 Mar. 1856— 9 Aug. 1859



<i>Indus</i>	Captain	10 Aug. 1859—19 April 1860
<i>Royal Adelaide</i>	Captain	14 July 1860—31 Dec. 1861
<i>Russell</i>	Captain	1 Jan. 1862—25 April 1863
<i>Cumberland</i>	Captain and Capt. Supt.	26 April 1863—31 Dec. 1868
<i>Agincourt</i>	Captain and Capt. Supt.	1 Jan. 1869—1 April 1869
<i>Indus</i>	Rear-Admiral, Admiral Supt. and Vice-Admiral, Devonport	22 Nov. 1871—11 Aug. 1875
<i>Duncan</i>	Commander-in- Chief, Sheerness	20 Sept. 1877—5 Aug. 1879

GEORGE KING-HALL SERVED IN THE FOLLOWING SHIPS,  
AND HELD THE FOLLOWING APPOINTMENTS

<i>Britannia</i>	Naval Cadet	9 Jan. 1864—22 Mar. 1865
<i>Victory</i>	Naval Cadet	23 Mar. 1865—5 April 1865
<i>Narcissus</i>	Naval Cadet	6 April 1865—20 Sept. 1865
<i>Narcissus</i>	Midshipman	21 Sept. 1865—12 July 1866
<i>Challenger</i>	Midshipman	13 July 1866—4 June 1867
<i>Esk</i>	Midshipman	5 June 1867—17 Oct. 1867
<i>Minotaur</i>	Midshipman	18 Oct. 1867—21 Mar. 1870
<i>Minotaur</i>	Sub-Lieutenant	22 Mar. 1870—19 April 1870
<i>Excellent</i>	Sub-Lieutenant	20 April 1870—13 Aug. 1870
<i>Lord Warden</i>	Sub-Lieutenant	14 Aug. 1870—21 Sept. 1872
<i>Lord Warden</i>	Act.-Lieutenant	22 Sept. 1872—8 Oct. 1872
<i>Lord Warden</i>	Sub-Lieutenant	9 Oct. 1872—3 May 1873 <i>Lent H.M.S. Rapid</i>
<i>Resistance</i>	Lieutenant	29 July 1873—19 Sept. 1874
<i>Excellent</i>	Lieutenant	29 Sept. 1874—25 June 1875
<i>Excellent</i>	Lieutenant	1 Oct. 1875—27 April 1876
<i>Excellent</i>	Lieutenant	5 July 1876—20 Dec. 1876
<i>Lord Warden</i>	Lieutenant	21 Dec. 1876—6 Feb. 1878
<i>Audacious</i>	Lieutenant	7 Feb. 1878—17 Feb. 1879

<i>Druid</i>	Lieutenant	18 Feb. 1879—6 Mar. 1882
<i>Druid</i>	Acting Commander	7 Mar. 1882—3 April 1882
<i>Druid</i>	Lieutenant	4 April 1882—1 Sept. 1882
<i>Duncan</i>	Lieutenant	2 Sept. 1882—4 Sept. 1882
<i>Excellent</i>	Lieutenant	3 Jan. 1883—26 Mar. 1883
<i>Lord Warden</i>	Lieutenant	27 Mar. 1883—14 June 1884
<i>Euryalus</i>	Lieutenant	15 June 1884—18 April 1885
<i>Shannon</i>	Commander	11 Aug. 1885—12 Aug. 1887
<i>President</i>	Commander	20 Sept. 1887—14 Oct. 1887
<i>Penguin</i>	Commander	4 Jan. 1888—16 July 1889
<i>Racoon</i> (Manœuvres)	Commander	18 July 1889—6 Sept. 1889
<i>Melita</i>	Commander	3 Oct. 1889—20 Feb. 1892
<i>President</i> (for R.N.C.)	Captain	30 Sept. 1892—20 June 1893
<i>Andromache</i> (Manœuvres)	Captain	11 July 1893—29 Aug. 1893
<i>Scylla</i> (Manœuvres)	Captain	18 July 1894—29 Aug. 1894
<i>Volage</i>	Captain	5 Oct. 1894—4 Oct. 1896
<i>Royal Arthur</i>	Captain	11 Feb. 1897—27 July 1897
<i>Edgar</i>	Captain	21 Oct. 1897—6 Mar. 1898
<i>Narcissus</i>	Captain	7 Mar. 1898—23 June 1899
<i>Duke of Wellington I</i>	Captain	24 June 1899—14 July 1899
<i>Revenge</i>	Captain	20 Dec. 1899—11 April 1900
<i>Renown</i> , as Chief of Staff.	Captain	12 April 1900—10 June 1902
<i>Revenge</i> and <i>President</i> , as Asst. to Adml. Supt. Naval Reserves.		1 Oct. 1902—10 May 1904
<i>President</i> , as Asst. to Adml. Com- manding Coast Guard and Reserves.	Rear-Admiral	11 May 1904—14 Oct. 1904

<i>Emerald</i> , as Senior Officer on Coast of Ireland, etc.	Vice-Admiral	28 Feb. 1906—30 July 1908
<i>Powerful</i> , as C.-in-C. Australia.	Vice-Admiral	31 Dec. 1910—21 Dec. 1911
<i>Encounter</i> , as C.-in-C. Australia.	Vice-Admiral	22 Dec. 1911—6 Feb. 1912
<i>Drake</i> , as C.-in-C. Australia.	Vice-Admiral	7 Feb. 1912—18 May 1912
<i>Drake</i> , as C.-in-C. Australia.	Admiral	19 May 1912—2 Jan. 1913
<i>Gambrian</i> , as C.-in-C. Australia.	Admiral	3 Jan. 1913—8 Dec. 1913

STEPHEN KING-HALL SERVED IN THE FOLLOWING SHIPS,  
AND HELD THE FOLLOWING APPOINTMENTS

Osborne College	Naval Cadet	15 Jan. 1906—14 May 1908
Dartmouth College	Naval Cadet	15 May 1908—14 May 1910
<i>Cumberland</i>	Naval Cadet	15 May 1910—10 Jan. 1911
<i>Neptune</i>	Naval Cadet	11 Jan. 1911—14 Jan. 1911
<i>Neptune</i>	Midshipman	15 Jan. 1911—29 Dec. 1911
<i>Hermes</i>	Midshipman	30 Dec. 1911—2 Oct. 1912
<i>Forte</i>	Midshipman	3 Oct. 1912—25 April 1913
<i>Pegasus</i>	Midshipman	26 April 1913—14 May 1913
<i>Pegasus</i>	Act. Sub-Lieut.	15 May 1913—26 May 1913
<i>Neptune</i>	Act. Sub-Lieut.	8 July 1913—2 Jan. 1914
<i>Dryad</i>	Act. Sub-Lieut.	3 Jan. 1914—29 Jan. 1914
<i>Dryad</i>	Sub-Lieut.	30 Jan. 1914—5 Feb. 1914
<i>Southampton</i>	Sub-Lieut.	6 Feb. 1914—27 Feb. 1915
<i>Southampton</i>	Lieutenant	28 Feb. 1915—20 Mar. 1917
<i>Ramillies</i>	Lieutenant	5 May 1917—7 Sept. 1917
<i>Vernon</i> (T. course) IIS	Lieutenant	8 Sept. 1917—15 April 1918

<i>Maidstone</i>	Lieutenant	16 April 1918—5 May 1919
<i>Durban</i>	Lieutenant	1 Nov. 1921—27 Feb. 1923
<i>Durban</i>	Lieut.-Comdr.	28 Feb. 1923—29 Oct. 1923
<i>President</i> , for Staff College, Camberley	Lieut.-Comdr.	21 Jan. 1924—19 Dec. 1924
<i>Queen Elizabeth</i>	Lieut.-Comdr.	13 April 1925—17 May 1926
<i>Warspite</i>	Lieut.-Comdr.	18 May 1926—25 Oct. 1926
<i>Repulse</i>	Lieut.-Comdr.	16 Dec. 1926—13 July 1928
<i>President</i> , duty in Admiralty (Tactical Section)	Commander	14 July 1928—11 July 1929

EXPLANATION OF ABBREVIATIONS USED IN KING-HALL  
DIARIES

A.B.	Able Seaman.
B.J. 1	Everyone at action stations.
B.F.	Battle Fleet.
B.S.	Battle Squadron.
B.C.F.	Battle Cruiser Force.
B.C.S.	Battle Cruiser Squadron.
C.S.	Cruiser Squadron.
D.N.P.	Dark Night Patrol.
E.R.	Engine-Room.
E.T.C.	Engineering Training College.
F'cslc.	Forecastle.
F.T.	Foretop.
G.O.C.	General Officer Commanding.
L.C., L.C.S.	Light Cruiser, Light Cruiser Squadron.
M.T.	Maintop.
O.O.W.	Officer of the Watch.
O.S.	Ordinary Seaman.
P.M.O.	Principal Medical Officer.
P.Z.	Tactical Exercise (originally, the signal for such an exercise).
Q.D.	Quarterdeck.
R.A.	Rear-Admiral.
T.B.D.	Torpedo-Boat Destroyer (always now known as a Destroyer).
"Torps"	Torpedo Lieutenant.
V.A.	Vice-Admiral.

Morning Watch : 4 a.m. to 8 a.m.

Forenoon Watch : 8 a.m. to Noon.

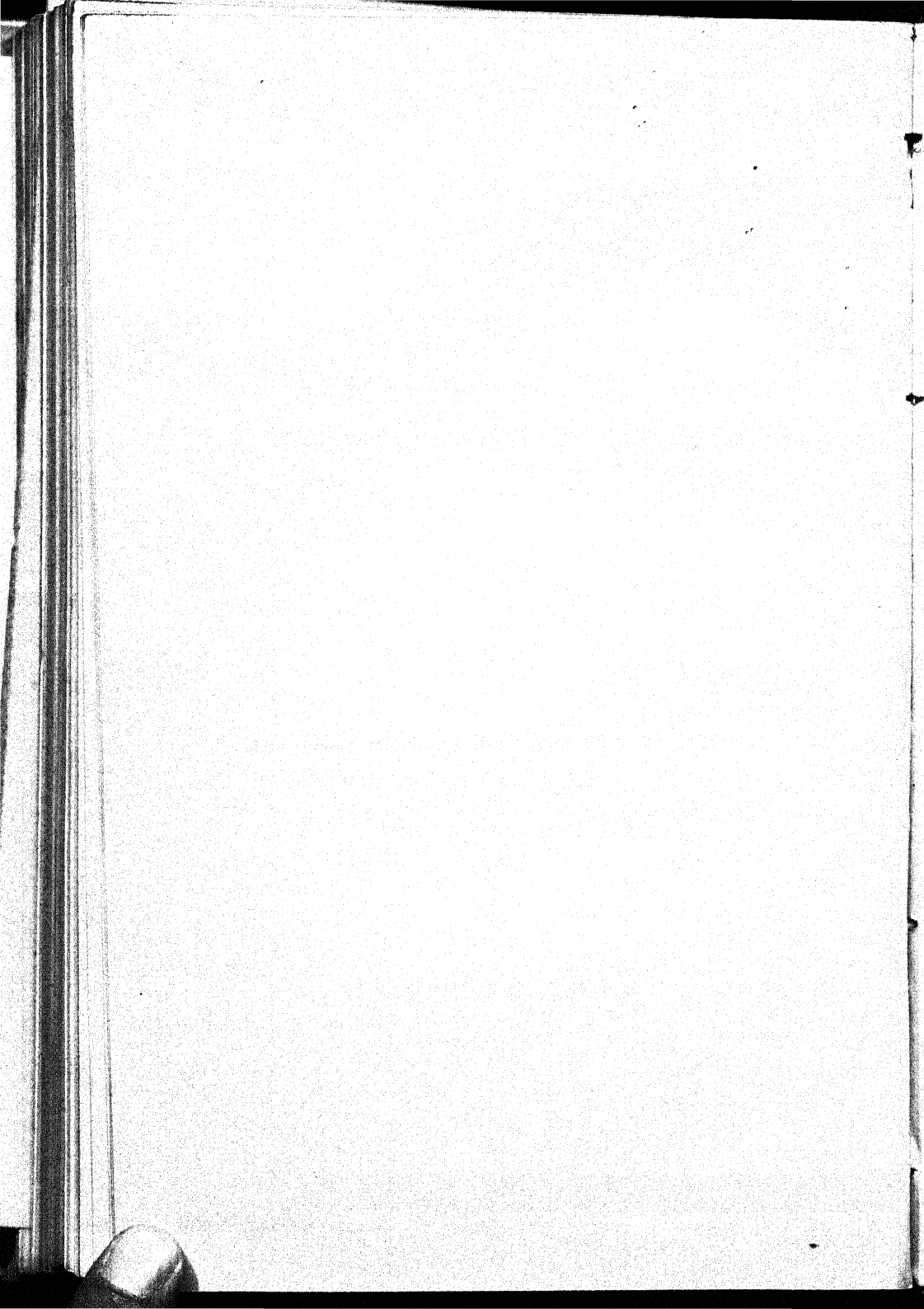
Afternoon Watch : Noon to 4 p.m.

First Dog Watch : 4 p.m. to 6 p.m.

Second Dog Watch : 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

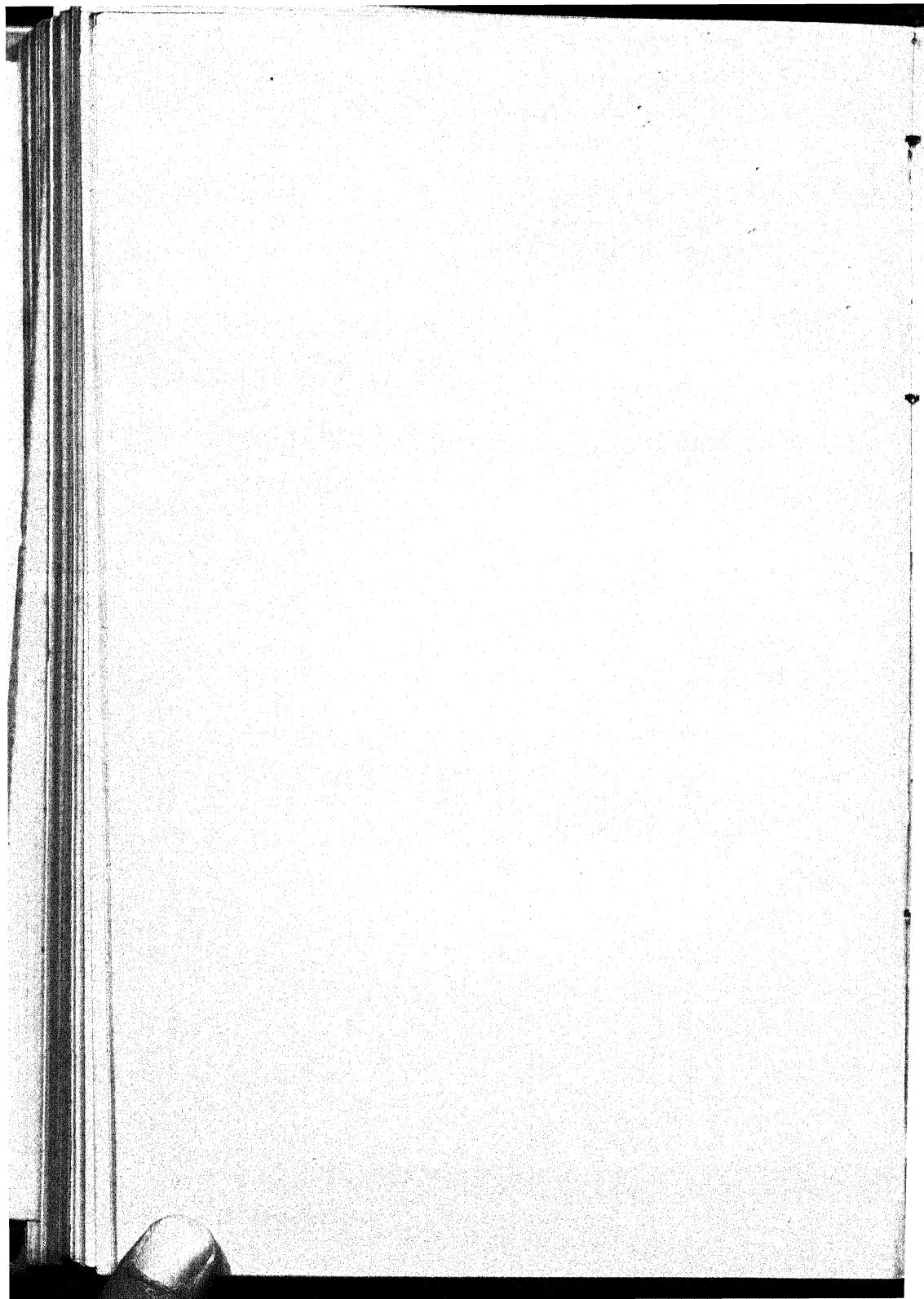
First Watch : 8 p.m. to Midnight.

Middle Watch : Midnight to 4 a.m.





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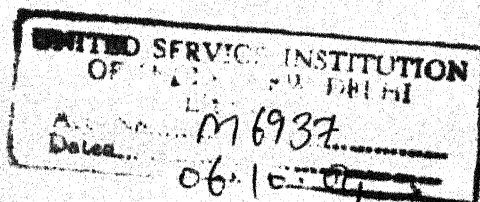
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